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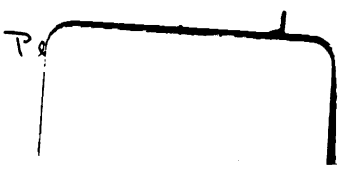
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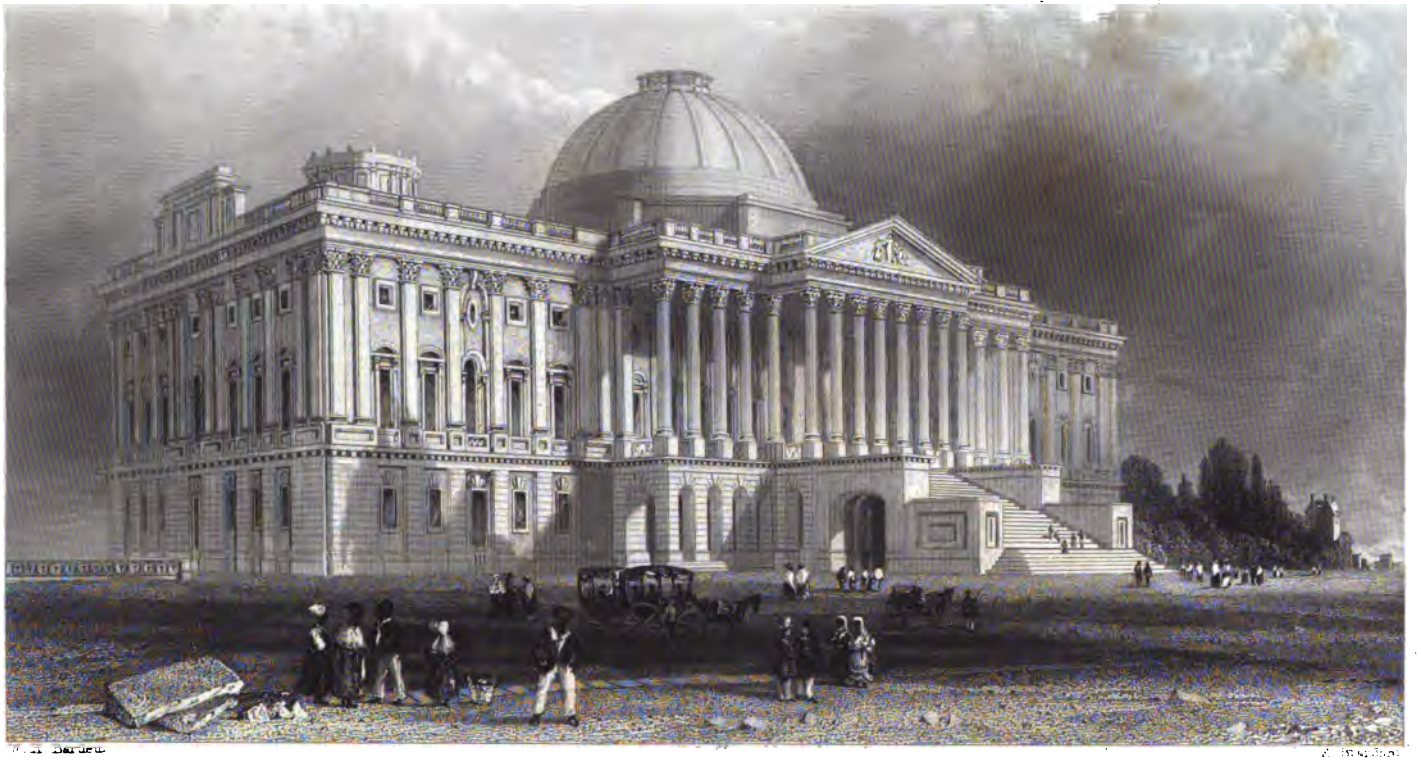
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THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

An American Prize Tale.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"AND you are really expecting to go, Maggie?"

"To be sure I am; you didn't for a moment think that I was going to be such a fool as to stay at home, did you?" was the unrefined and hasty answer.

Howard Dorrance's proud lip curled as he replied,

"I confess that I have been so foolish as to think that you would for once yield your wishes to mine. You know very well how much I disapprove of fancy parties, Mrs. Dorrance, and had you any regard for me and my opinions, you would have spared me the pain of requesting you to desist from any farther preparations, for I shall not accompany you."

Margaret Dorrance's eyes flashed, but looking up at her husband, she met a glance as resolute as her own. She had never yet openly defied him; and there was something now in that stern unswerving gaze, which checked the words that were already trembling on her lips. With a violent effort she suppressed the passionate emotions of her heart, and answered, with a calmness that surprised herself still more than her husband,

"Very well, sir; it will be as you say, of course."

There was a long pause. Mr. Dorrance had not met the opposition that he expected, and his heart was softened by the compliance which he never for a moment doubted that his wife had given to his request. He moved his chair nearer to her, and his deep low voice expressed much tenderness, as he said,

"I wish, Margaret, that we were better suited to each other."

"I wish we were," she answered, laconically.

For a moment, he was chilled; but influenced by the kind and gentle thoughts that now held their sway in his bosom, he continued,

"Were I convinced that it would eventually bring you true happiness, my wife, to indulge in the gaiety for which you have so much inclination, I would not seek to deprive you of any portion of it. I would, for your sake, renounce the home pleasures in which I alone find enjoyment; but, Margaret, such constant dissipation as your tastes would lead you into, would not only deprive you of that greatest blessing which God alone can give—the blessing of health—but your moral nature would become blighted, and the best affections of your heart would wither in the glare and heat of fashionable life. I have seen but too often the effects which it produces, and I would shield the wife of my bosom from them. Will you not, love, place your hand in mine as on our wedding-night, and promise again to 'love, honour, and obey?'"

For a moment, but only for a moment, had Margaret Dorrance relented. That unfortunate word "obey," again aroused the evil within, which her husband's earnest tones had so nearly quelled.

She drew the hand he essayed to clasp rudely from him.

"You preach well," she said, "but no eloquence can disguise to me your motives. Remember, Howard Dorrance, you are ten years older than myself, and, consequently, you have had ten more years of gaiety. I married you at sixteen—foolish school-girl that I was! to throw away liberty and happiness with a breath—now, at twenty, you would immure me, nun-like, if you could; but I insist on six more years of experience. Perhaps, by that time, the world's pleasures will pall with me, as they have with you, and then I will stay at home and abuse them to your heart's content; but now, you ask too much of me."

A wintry coldness settled on Mr. Dorrance's face, as he listened to his wife's unkind and heartless answer.

"You spoke of my motives, Margaret," he said, "as though they were other than I professed; what did you mean by that?"

"Why, plainly this, if you will have me expose them. It is your jealousy of me, and of the attention which I receive, and the admiration which is paid me at parties, which makes you so selfishly desire to keep me from them."

"Margaret!"

"What?"

There was no answer, and she continued.

"Don't look at me in that way, I beg of you; if you have anything to say, say it out."

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"Margaret! you cannot mean what you say! Jealousy! Selfishness! It was for your happiness, full as much as my own, that I have so earnestly sought to give you a distaste for the amusements of fashionable life. I see that *my* love, *my* happiness is nothing to you: everything is to be sacrificed on the shrine of vanity. Ah, Margaret, if you were foolish in *throwing away* your liberty while still a *school-girl*, I was doubly so in committing my happiness into the hands of one."

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Dorrance; and I wonder that you ever thought of *me*, when that prim old maid, Miss Ellen Graham, was so exactly suited to you, and came near dying for you, every one said. She was the very one for you, for she detests parties as much as you can, and is always preaching to me about domestic happiness, and such fol de rol. It is a pity that you didn't fancy her, isn't it?"

Mr. Dorrance's face reddened. He turned away, and paced the room hurriedly.

His wife continued: "They say that before I came home from school, you were very attentive to her; now, seriously, don't you think she was better suited to you than I?"

Mr. Dorrance paused beside his wife, and meeting her up-turned gaze, he answered calmly,

"Yes, Margaret, I do."

Nothing daunted by the serious tone in which this was said, and fully convinced that there had never been any idol save herself, on the throne of her husband's heart, and that at any moment she could resume her power, she continued her *badinage*.

"And now, if you had only taken compassion on her, and married her—"

"I wish to God I had!" broke from Mr. Dorrance's lips; and his wife read truly in his now sad, pale face, that with no idle meaning had those words been wrung from his heart.

In a moment she was subdued; she spoke no more tauntingly, for the feelings which tender words had failed to awaken, sprang up in all their strength at the first breath of that passion of which she had so unjustly accused her husband.

From that night, Margaret Dorrance harboured a new guest in her bosom—from that night, she felt in her heart the truth of this Scripture passage, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

CHAPTER II.

Frivolous and heartless as Margaret Dorrance may have appeared in the preceding chapter, she was not wholly so. Gladly would she have thrown her arms around her husband's neck, acknowledging to him that of all the unkind things she had said in anger, she had not meant one, could she have been sure that he, with truthfulness, could have said the same.

Often had he forgiven her impulsive words, and she doubted not he would again; but pride kept her from seeking him. She had educed emotions from his breast, which the dust of Time could never bury from her sight; and daily the knowledge of them grew more and more bitter to her. In assumed levity, she disguised the workings of her heart; and the studied coldness with which her husband treated her, convinced her but the more fully that she had forfeited the love, which, when she possessed, she had valued too lightly.

At length she ceased to reproach herself. If she had done wrong in not studying her husband's happiness more, she had in other respects done better by him, than he by her; she had given him a whole heart in exchange for a divided one. Thus thinking, she determined upon a course of conduct that should awaken in him the jealousy he had disclaimed.

"If he has one spark of love left for me, he shall learn what jealousy is," she thought, as, on the evening of the fancy party, her maid arranged her in the becoming Spanish dress she had selected.

Her long tresses, which were of a glossy purplish black, were folded over high up on her head, and fastened with an immense and elegantly carved comb of the rarest shell. Her velvet dress was relieved by a fall of fine lace around her exquisitely turned throat, and fastened with a single ruby. Jewels glittered on her arms and her fingers, and radiantly beautiful she looked, as, standing before the Psyche-glass, she directed her maid in arranging the heavy black lace veil, which, resting on her head, fell in careless folds almost to her feet.

But Mrs. Dorrance was apparently dissatisfied, for she glanced from her mirror to the toilet-table, where a profusion of ornaments was scattered in open caskets and cases. Her eyes fell upon her superb bouquet: seizing it, she tore out a crimson japonica, and removing the jewel which had looped back the veil from her face, she replaced it with the flower.

It was all that was needed. Her dress was now perfect, and wonderfully becoming.

With her large dark eyes, and their heavy sweeping fringe, and her rich, but transparently clear complexion, she well represented the nation whose costume she had chosen.

A carriage rattled over the stones, and drew up in front of their mansion.

Mrs. Dorrance parted the curtains, and glanced out. She saw a young man alight, and ascend the steps.

"It is all right, Matty," said she; "throw my cloak around me, and tell Mr. Dorrance when he comes home not to wait up for me."

"Mr. Dorrance is in the library, ma'am; he came in before the clock struck nine."

"Very well; I will pass through as I go out; and, Matty, you will sit up for me. I would rather have you than Richard. You know you can sit with the children after the other servants have gone to bed."

Matty yawned; and after her mistress left the room, she muttered to herself of the hardship it was to work all day and sit up all night; but when she went into the room adjoining, where the children were sleeping, the frown upon her face was chased away by a smile, for she loved the dear little ones fondly. Drawing a low chair near their couch, she leaned her head upon a pillow, and was soon sleeping as soundly as they.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dorrance descended to the library, and paused beside the door. Her heart beat quickly; she trembled at the thought of bearing her husband's displeasure, yet she dared not leave the house without his knowledge. Summoning all her courage she entered the room.

"I am sorry that you are not going with me this evening, Howard, but I looked in to say that you need feel no anxiety about me; your friend, Mr. Graham, is my courtier." Her tones were kind; but there was an air of embarrassment unusual to her, that showed her conscience was not perfectly at ease.

Mr. Dorrance looked sternly upon his wife as he answered: "I did not expect this. You told me you would not go to-night."

"No, I did not. I said from the first that I should positively go. You said *you* would not accompany me, and I answered you that of course *that* would be as you said."

"You misled me in that answer, Mrs. Dorrance, and I presume, intentionally."

Her face crimsoned; but her husband continued:

"I think you will live to regret the step you have taken to-night; I shall not molest you hereafter."

Closing the door impatiently, she swept from the room without answering.

He heard the sound of their merry voices, as laughing and chatting they passed out—the carriage rattled off, and Howard Dorrance leaned back in his chair, and in solitude and silence brooded over the bitter emotions of his heart.

The present tortured him; the future,—he dared not imagine that; and so he fell to thinking of the past.

What was there in that to bring a deeper gloom to his brow—a deeper sadness to his eyes?

There were memories of wrong and injustice which he had done another—a most cruel wrong.

From that sin was he now gathering its blighted fruit.

Heavier and heavier sank his heart within him, as he recalled, step by step, the infatuation which had lured him on to break his vows to the noble-minded being whom he had first wooed.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, as he arose, and with a heavy step paced the floor, "yes, yes, I deserve it all! My punishment is just! How gladly would I now exchange the wild and passionate worship which I bore Margaret, for the calm love that once beat within my heart for another. But it is too late! too late!"

He paused beside a crayon sketch of his wife which hung upon the wall; and now his lip quivered with tenderness as he continued.

"Ah, Margaret, how carefully would I have guarded you from unhappiness! how fondly would I have cherished you through all trials and all changes!—God grant you may never need the love which you have sacrificed to your vanity."

He gazed long upon it, noting the faultless oval of her face—the perfect regularity of her classical features—the fascinating expression of her full hazel eyes, and murmuring, "*She is beautiful!*" he turned away.

And now his heart grew cold and dead within him, as he recalled the temptations to which she would be exposed.

He thought of the homage which she would command from the world—the flattery which she would receive, and which no woman can listen to without inhaling its taint; and the reflection smote upon his heart, that his wife, now only frivolous and thoughtless, might become—oh, it was too horrible to imagine!

He resolved that he would make one more effort to save her from that vortex of fashion and folly, which too often plunges in shame and degradation those who have madly trusted to its whirl. He would plead with her for the sake of their children—for his sake; for, as he recalled their bridal days, he could not smother the conviction that beneath all her frivolity and worldliness, there smouldered a flame which might yet spring up to warmth and beauty.

Almost unconsciously, as he thought of his children, he turned his steps to their room. He opened their door. A night-lamp burned dimly upon the mantel, but its rays were strong enough to reveal to him the sleeping babes upon the couch. Babes they still were; for little Harry, the eldest, was scarce three years old, and Ida's second summer was but now approaching.

As he looked upon them, so beautiful in their dependent and helpless infancy, he questioned whether all his words might not prove powerless, when even "the profound joys of maternity" had failed to give his wife a fondness for home pleasures.

And now, unfortunately, another change came over him.

"I will not stoop to plead," he said. "In marrying, she assumed the duties of a wife and mother. I will hereafter be responsible for her fulfilling them properly. My name shall not be disgraced, nor shall these children receive a heritage of shame. I have tried kindness in vain, and will now see what a husband's authority can accomplish."

In this mood, he returned to the library; he drew his chair up to his writing-desk, and unlocking a drawer, lifted from it, one by one, the souvenirs of the past, that long had lain there hidden and undisturbed.

There were packages of letters, sketches of heads, unfinished landscapes, and beneath all lay a garland of gay-coloured autumn leaves. The scrap of paper which labelled it, bore the words, "From Helen, Egerton woods, Oct. 18th."

Before him rose the noble old forest, where he first had met one whose tastes and inclinations exactly accorded with his own. He recalled the graceful flow of her conversation, the innate dignity of her manners, the loveliness of her truthful countenance, as first it impressed itself upon him then; and, more than all, the well-balanced mind, and the mature judgment, which had afterwards been developed to him, as day after day he lingered by her side. He felt the flush that mounted to his temples, as in contradistinction to such a being, another vision rose before him,—that of the petted, spoiled, vain beauty, who had left her home that night, little dreaming how dangerous would prove the solitude to her husband.

Arousing from this reverie, he opened a folded paper. It contained a pale-blue withered flower, and a sprig of myrtle-leaf, and the words, in his own handwriting, "Woodlawn, May 20th, Helen."

Ay, he remembered that evening well; and this emblem of constancy, how it smote him now! "Forget-me-not!" the flower spoke as plainly as words could have done, and his heart answered, "By those hours of tenderness, those days of joy, thou art not forgotten! Oh, Margaret, save me from these memories!"

And now, unfolding a sheet of tissue paper, he lifted from it a long tress of soft brown hair, which fell from his fingers in spiral curls as he gazed upon it. There was no writing within. He needed none, for his eyes filled with tears as he looked upon it. Carefully he refolded and closed the paper, almost reverentially he pressed the package to his lips, and then, with a deep sigh, he leaned his head upon his hands, and mused for hours.

The clock struck one—two—still his wife came not, and with impatience added to displeasure, he went down into the parlours, and for another weary hour paced the long rooms to and fro. Not a sound fell upon his ear, save the low ticking of the French clock in the boudoir, and, now and then, the distant rumbling of carriages.

He stood in the centre of the suite of rooms, and looked around him. This home that he had fitted up so luxuriously for his young bride—the drawing-room, with its gorgeous carpet of woven roses, its lofty windows, curtained with satin and heavily-wrought lace, its antique and richly-carved furniture, and all the exquisite ornaments that art could furnish, or wealth buy—the music-room, with its splendid instrument, its rare old paintings, and its marble statuary—the little boudoir for her own especial use, with its windows of stained glass and rose-coloured drapery, its languor-inviting lounges, and its mirror-lined walls—why could she not be satisfied within such precincts to live for him, even as he had hoped to live for her?

He pressed his hand to his head; it was throbbing painfully, and hot with fever. Drawing aside the curtains of one of the front windows, which extended to the floor, he raised it, slid back the bolt of the Venetian shutters, and stepped out upon the balcony.

The cool air refreshed him; and now he heard the whirl of an approaching carriage. Nearer and nearer it came, and hastily reclosing the shutters, and dropping the window, he stood listening.

On, on the carriage rolled, stopping beside the door, and now there was a quick ring, which Mr. Dorrance answered in person. It was well he did, for Matty's slumber was unbroken. He held the door open, standing in the shade of it, so that he was not observed. He heard Mr. Graham say to his wife, in a low familiar tone,

"I am glad, my dear Mrs. Dorrance, that you have resolved to appear more frequently in the society which you so adorn. Will you hereafter honour me with any commands that you may have? for, I can assure you, that I am but too happy to be entirely at your service."

Mr. Dorrance did not wait for his wife's reply, but stepping forward into the light, he met them face to face. He forgot his usual courtesy, his studied self-possession, as, drawing his wife's hand rudely from the arm on which it rested, he said,

"I will excuse you, Mr. Graham, from all future attentions towards my wife; she will not go into society hereafter, without my protection."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that both stood speechless. The next moment, Mr. Dorrance had closed the door upon Mr. Graham, without even exchanging the civilities of parting. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed vehemently, as breaking from his grasp, she entered the drawing-room, and threw herself upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot beat the rich carpet nervously, and the soft colour of her cheeks deepened, until they glowed like the heart of the crimson rose which her white fingers were now fiercely tearing to pieces.

As her husband followed, she turned her head disdainfully from him. Each time that he essayed to speak, she answered him with scornful taunting words, until at length, stung to madness, he seized her arm, burying his nails in the flesh.

"Good God, Margaret! will you have no mercy upon me? do you not see that you are making a fiend of me?"

She did not scream, although her arm quivered with pain; she did not seek to shake him off as before; she rather exulted in the idea that he had added personal violence to the mortification he had inflicted upon her, by his ungentlemanly treatment of Mr. Graham; so she smiled coldly, and answered, mockingly,

"Your own evil passions, sir, have converted you into the fiend which you allow you are, and which I cannot dispute—no, nor even doubt," she added, as glancing at her arm, which he had now released, she saw a drop of blood trickling down its polished surface. Around it she wound her fine cambric handkerchief, and rising, would have left the room.

Mr. Dorrance stood between her and the door.

"Margaret, you maddened me," he said. "I did not know that I was so violent—listen to me—we must have an understanding."

"I understand you now thoroughly," she answered; "let me pass."

"No, I will not. You must first promise me that—"

"Must!" hissed Margaret, "must! I shall promise you nothing." Then subduing herself, she added, with more dignity, "When you are over your passion, and can treat me properly, I will listen to you—not before."

"You will listen to me *now*," said Mr. Dorrance determinedly, and clasping her hands, he held them firmly between his own.

"I will not; I will not listen to one word. Let me go! let me go, Howard Dorrance. I will not bear this. I hate you! Oh, heavens! I wish I never had married," and, exhausted by the effort she had made to free herself, she sank back upon the fauteuil, and burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

But her tears were not salutary. They arose from wounded pride—from mortified vanity—from excess of passion; and when her husband, subdued by them into a calmer state, sat down near her and tried to soothe her, she waved him from her with her hand, sobbing out—

"Go away! go away! I wish I were dead, and then I should be out of reach of your tyranny."

Mr. Dorrance answered not a word, but went straight from the room to his chamber.

And now, throwing herself across the fauteuil, Margaret buried her face in its soft cushions, and, for a few moments gave way to the most violent emotions. There were no self-accusations, mingled with her bitter upbraidings, of her husband's conduct. She was the injured one, and she resolved that her husband should confess it, and sue for pardon before she would restore him to favour. What had she done? Nothing. But he! no words were sufficient to express the measure of his condemnation. A noise startled her. She looked up. Her comb had fallen from her head, bearing with it the heavy veil, and now her rich black tresses fell in masses over her opera cloak, contrasting strongly with its snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples, which were throbbing painfully; she pressed her small jewelled hands over them, and rising slowly, while her cloak fell to her feet, she caught the reflection of her symmetrical and richly robed form in the mirror opposite. Fascinated by her own wild, gleaming beauty, she drew nearer, crushing, as she did so, her fallen bouquet.

Alas! thus destructively was she trampling down her life's flowers.

"Me!" she said, still looking on her image in the glass. "Is it possible that Howard Dorrance has treated *me* so shamefully? How many times before I was his wife did he promise to study only *my* wishes; and now, because I persevered in the accomplishment of *one* desire, he has vented his passion thus insultingly upon me! paid no regard to my feelings, even before another; adding abuse to insult!" and she glanced down upon her arm.

The sound which had before startled her, was repeated. A window-shutter creaked; it might have been the wind; but terrified, she stole from the room, across the hall, and into the library beyond. The light was still burning there, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, which her husband had forgotten to close. She lifted the gay wreath, and read the name and date. It dropped from her trembling hands, and hurriedly she looked through the other mementoes. Once she thought to tear open a package of letters, but she dared not do that; the ribbon that fastened them was sealed. At length she came to the long curl of chesnut hair, and now her face blanched, and her lips grew pallid. Wrenching it apart, she would have thrown it upon the coals; but suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper; as she did so, she looked towards the door. It was ajar, and the blood crept chillily through her, from head to foot, as she met Edward Graham's eyes bent upon her. With his finger upon his lips, he approached her with noiseless footsteps.

"Do not be frightened. I will explain to you in a moment how I came here. There, sit down; you will be ill; you look so now, with your white face and pale lips. My dear Mrs. Dorrance, let me tell you how I worship you, that I may have some excuse for intruding upon you as I have done."

Margaret's voice was hoarse as she answered,

"No, you must tell me nothing. What would *he* say, if he were to find you here? Go—go! I beg of you. I tremble to think of it."

"I will go, if my absence will at all relieve you. Oh, Margaret, if I dared to plead with you to go with me! Why will you stay to subject yourself to such treatment as I have witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will you not let me protect you from him?"

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied; she evidently did not understand his meaning, for she answered calmly,

"You are very kind. I am sorry that you have shared his anger with me; but you must excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven and forgotten all, had it not been for this"—and she pointed to the table; "see there, Mr. Graham, he does not love me; he never has; there lie the hoarded mementoes of a deeper love. Tell me, for you must know, was my husband ever your sister's professed lover?"

Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his grey eyes glittered with a steel-like brilliancy, as he answered,

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance; when he first saw you, he was Helen's betrothed."

"I will be revenged upon him," she said quickly, while her eyes flashed with their fire.

A half-suppressed smile wreathed Graham's lips as she spoke; and when she arose, and taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket near, and approaching him, asked permission to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his features.

She laid the hair idly upon the table, as she would had it been a feather or a scentless flower, and then he saw that in his eager haste he had gleaned hope for the advancement of his purpose, where there had been none for him.

"I must beg you, as a friend of my husband,"—here Graham's eyes resumed their steel-like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret continued—"not to expose our unhappiness. I know not how much you have seen, nor how you saw it, for I thought the door closed upon you, as I came into the house."

"I will explain to you," interrupted Graham. "When your husband shut me out so rudely, I observed that one of the drawing-room shutters had been but slightly closed, and still remained unfastened. I sent the hackman off, and, stationing myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned under the influence of wine, and that you might suffer from his violence. I could not account for the change in his manners in any other way. I saw all, and after he had left the room, I would have come to you, but at

each attempt to open the shutter wider, I saw that I alarmed you. When you went out into the hall, I crept carefully and quickly in, and divining that you had gone to the library, I followed you. You know the rest."

"How imprudent!" was the exclamation that escaped Margaret's lips.

A frown darkened Graham's brow. "I am nothing to you, Mrs. Dorrance," he said impatiently; "you do not even seem to consider me a friend."

"How can you say so, Mr. Graham?" and she extended her hand. "I have always thought well of you; but you must see how imprudent you have been to-night—what a position you have placed me in if my husband should appear now. I wish he would though! I wish he would!" she added eagerly, "I would not explain one word to him; he should suffer what he deserves to suffer!"

"Thought well of me!" repeated Edward Graham, "you have thought well of me, you say; Margaret Dorrance, if your whole heart was freighted with love for another, if his voice was the only music that your ears cared to listen to, his smile your only sunlight, would you be satisfied that that one should only think *well of you* in return?"

Mrs. Dorrance's large eyes first dilated with surprise, then dropped beneath the steady and burning gaze that met her own.

"Mr. Graham," she said, "I am a wife, and I cannot listen to such words; I beg you to leave me now. Had I ever dreamed that your kindness to me arose from other feelings than those of friendship, I should never have met it as I always have."

He did not turn his eyes from her, as he answered,

"Yes, you are a wife—an unloved wife these papers bespeak you—your own heart tells you that it is so. Margaret, listen to me; you said but now that you would have revenge—you cannot love one who so tyrannizes over you, while his heart is devoted to another—you cannot love—"

"I do, I do love him!" broke out Mrs. Dorrance; "I love him but too well; but he shall never know it; I will convince him to the contrary," and she sighed heavily as she thought that by that evening's conduct, and by her harsh and hasty words, she had already, perhaps, too well convinced him.

She crossed the library to the door, and opening it, said,

"I would have you go this moment;" and as he approached, she added, "if you ever wish me to consider you in the light of a friend again, do not speak another word to me of love. I will bury the past within my own bosom, and trust you will give me the same promise."

He did not answer; but he raised her hand to his lips, and in another moment left, cursing in his heart the precipitate haste which would now place her upon her guard towards him.

And now falling back upon the same fauteuil where she had thrown herself an hour before in such a storm of passion, Margaret gave herself up to reflection. She saw the dangers to which she had exposed herself, and she no longer wondered that her husband would have shielded her from the world and its temptations. And now, her conscience once awakened from its slumber, failed not to accuse her of her errors; the veil was stripped away which self-love had thrown over all, and humbled at the sight, she would have gone to her husband with penitent confessions, had it not been for the relics of the past which the open drawer had revealed to her.

"I cannot doubt that he *has* loved me," she said to herself, as she recalled many incidents of their married life, "I cannot doubt it, and it is *I* who have driven him back to memories of his first love. But he wronged me in concealing *that* from me; had I known his heart had once been another's, I should have been more careful of it; but I was too confident of my own power. Now, if I should tell him that I had done wrong, that I saw my errors, how he would exult over me, always holding up his first-love as a sort of bugbear to frighten me into submission. No; he shall not do that. I will adhere to my first purpose; he shall think that *I too* have mementoes."

So fostering a spirit of revenge, she put out the lights, and went back to the library.

Taking a slip of paper from her own writing-desk, she wrote upon it, "Edward. Midnight.—*Amor et constantia.*" Then enclosing the lock of hair which she had severed from Graham's head, she laid it in her unlocked drawer.

She went up to her children's bed-chamber, and what was her surprise to find her husband was still up, when she had supposed him asleep long ago. He was standing beside the mantel, and his face was as white and rigid as the marble upon which he leaned. Her heart accused her; but she would not listen to its better promptings.

"He is the one to make the first concessions," she said to herself; but she waited in vain for them. He saw her gather her things together and leave the room, without making the slightest motion to detain her.

There was no sleep for either that night; both were conscious of error; each imagined the other guilty of a wrong.

Howard Dorrance had been aroused from the reverie in which he had indulged, after leaving his wife, by hearing the shutting of the front door. Hastening to the window, fearing that his wife, in her impetuosity, was fleeing from him, he had seen Edward Graham leave the house. Struck with surprise, and supposing, of course, that his wife must have admitted him, he had tortured himself with suspicions, until his brain was in a whirl.

Thus were two hearts, each fondly loving the other, (one from the faults of education, incapable of making the sacrifices which love required—the other, forgetting to make allowances for the tendency of that education,) now still farther separated by a whirlpool of pride, jealousy, and passion.

CHAPTER III.

In the weeks that followed, Margaret Dorrance had ample time to regret her obstinacy. The breach that separated her from her husband

seemed daily to widen. He gave her no opportunity for explanations; but treated her with studied coldness whenever they met. Her apartment he had ceased to share, since that fatal night.

She felt now how much easier it would have been to have yielded to his wishes—even to have renounced all society—than to bear the penalty which her perverseness had brought upon her.

Often had she been upon the point of throwing herself at his feet, and begging for a return of his love; but then pride would hold her back with its iron grasp.

She felt but too truly that the difference which had separated her from her husband, had also removed her farther from her God. She could not call upon Him as before, when, looking upon her children and her husband, she had acknowledged His goodness and mercy to her, in giving her such blessings. Now, with the selfishness of an impenitent heart, she accused him of injustice; and recalling the gloomy doctrines which had been early impressed upon her memory by the pious mother who was now no more, she thought if she was fated to be an unloved wife, she would at least learn to bear it with stoicism.

Thus day after day, she wandered farther from the kingdom of Heaven; the thorns of earth wounding her, the bitter waters of her heart overwhelming her, and pride only strengthening her to endurance.

At length came an invitation to a party, given by one of her oldest and most intimate friends.

Margaret had neither inclination to go, nor spirit to prepare herself; but Emily Walton would take no refusal. Tableaux were not then out of date, and she was preparing to have them on a large scale. No one but Margaret came up to her ideas of a Rebecca, and so she coaxed Mrs. Dorrance into yielding her reluctant consent.

The day preceding the party arrived, and all the morning Margaret had been oppressed with an unaccountable sadness.

Every little event seemed to have a tendency to depress her more and more; and when the hour approached that Mrs. Walton had promised to send her husband for her, she stood shivering, although beside a glowing fire, feeling that she would be willing to die, could she but once more rest her head upon her own husband's breast.

She had ordered her own carriage that night, and at the appointed hour, it was punctually at the door.

Mr. Walton had not come. Oh, the relief, if she should not be obliged to go!

Once more she went to her boudoir—the darling little room, where she had passed so many happy hours with her husband, he reading aloud to her their favourite books; while she, pillowed upon a lounge, listened, wondering if ever human voice had equalled his in its richly modulated tones.

Now, she stood there alone. Alone! and oh, so wretched! Whichever way she turned, the lofty mirrors reflected back a pale face, with eyes that tears had robbed of half their brilliancy.

How strange it seemed!

Her dress of amber satin, with its berthé of costly lace—the delicate-coloured wreath of natural jessamine flowers that encircled her head as a coronet—the embroidered demi-skirt of lace, looped up with green sprays and jessamine buds; so much taste evidenced, so much luxury scattered around, and withal, such worlds of misery looking out from the depths of those hopeless eyes.

The door-bell rang. The servant who answered it, ushered a gentleman into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Dorrance, advancing, met Edward Graham.

"Mr. Graham! To what accident am I indebted for this unexpected call?"

"Mrs. Walton commissioned me last evening to call for you to-night, Mrs. Dorrance; her husband, she said, would be unavoidably detained."

Mrs. Dorrance's lips smiled; but her eyes changed not from their dim sorrow, as she answered,

"As Emily has not kept her part of the compact, I am released from mine. I shall not go, to-night, Mr. Graham; and am sorry to have given you all this trouble. I will not detain you one moment longer."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your friend made me promise that I would not return without you; indeed you must go; your absence would cast a gloom over the whole party."

"I am not vain enough to believe *that*, Mr. Graham," she answered, with something of scorn in her manner.

"I did not say it with any intention of flattering you, Mrs. Dorrance; it will most assuredly be so, for Mrs. Walton is relying upon you to personate several characters, and without you, the whole series must of course fall through."

"I cannot help it, Mr. Graham. As Emily did not send her husband for me as she promised, I am released from attendance. You need not urge it, for even did I wish to go, you know my husband has objected to my receiving attentions from you."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your husband has taken off that interdict," interrupted Mr. Graham, eagerly, and, as he spoke, he glanced through the suite of rooms, for they both remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room. His voice might have been a semi-tone lower, as he continued:

"I met him to-day, and asked his consent to wait upon you this evening: he replied promptly, that he had no objections. I hope now you will not consider yourself justified in disappointing your friends."

Mrs. Dorrance could not account for the sudden suspicion which entered her mind that Mr. Graham had not spoken the truth. To be sure, she had ceased to regard him as a friend, since the night he had endeavoured to persuade her to forgetfulness of her duties as a wife; and associating him with the first cause of her alienation from her husband, it was no wonder that she felt a fear of his trying to separate them still farther. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon him.

"Mr. Graham, is that strictly true?"

"What reason have you to doubt my word, Mrs. Dorrance?"

"I thought it possible," she replied, "that this might be one of the occasions for falsehood, for which fashionable life grants free and full absolution; but if it is as you say, I will not disappoint Emily; it would not be right, I suppose, for me to do so."

She prepared herself to go out to the carriage.

"You are not deceiving me?" she said.

Mr. Graham opened the door. As he followed Mrs. Dorrance into the hall, his quick eye caught a glimpse of her husband just coming out of the library. He answered, in a raised tone,

"I told you, Mrs. Dorrance, exactly what your husband said."

They were gone. Margaret had not seen the one imploring, despairing look that was cast after her. She had not a dream of the tempest of agony with which a "full grown heart," freighted with love for her, was battling throughout that weary night.

Could she but have divined it, how joyously would she have retraced her steps! with what explanations of, and concessions for, the past—with what promises for the future, would she have dispelled that momentarily increasing storm.

"False-hearted, crafty, subtle, as I believe him to be, yet has he told her all, and she has chosen to go. Now, as I said, so shall it be, though it break my heart-strings."

These were the only words that escaped his lips.

And what had he said?

It was true that Edward Graham had met him, and asked his consent to wait upon his wife; but he had told him that it was to a theatrical exhibition. It was true that Mr. Dorrance had answered he should make no objections; but he had also added, "If she consents to go with you to-night, she shall return to my house no more."

The party was over. In all her characters, Margaret had seemed to excel herself. As Corrinne, the whole company looked upon her with breathless astonishment, wondering to see such depth of expression, where before they had noted only mere regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion. Whispered words of admiration followed her everywhere when the tableaux ceased; but heartsick and weary of all—the yearning for her husband's presence creeping into her breast more and more, to the utter extinction of all other emotions, she welcomed with eager joy the announcement that her carriage was in waiting.

At length they stopped. The footman, flinging open the door, said, "Shall I ring the bell, sir?"

Margaret glanced up to the house. It was her father's dwelling.

"What does this mean?" she said quickly, "Drive back to my own residence—what are you thinking of, Richard?"

"Of my master's orders, madam; he directed us to leave you here."

There was an insolent tone in the footman's voice which was very galling; but collecting herself, Mrs. Dorrance replied with dignity,

"You know my father is in Europe, Richard—there is no one here but his housekeeper: I am sure there is some misunderstanding. Tell William to drive back, and then if your master still insists, I will make no objections."

"We can't do it; indeed, we can't, Mrs. Dorrance," answered Richard, with more gentleness. "Mr. Dorrance told me, that he would turn me out of his service if I failed to obey him."

Mrs. Dorrance threw herself back in the carriage.

"My God! what is there left for me to do! my heart is broken."

Mr. Graham bent his head, and whispered a few words in her ear.

She sprang from his side, as if he had been a serpent, and rushing up the lofty marble steps, rang the bell, peal after peal, with her own delicately gloved hands.

The shutters were closed all the way up, but now one in the second story opened, and a voice called out,

"What in goodness' name is wanting at this time of night?"

"It is I! I! do you not know me?—Margaret, Margaret Dorrance! I beseech you, Mrs. Brown, let me in quickly; I shall die if you do not."

The moments that elapsed before the door was opened, seemed to her an age, as she stood there with her opera cloak fluttering in the wind, and the cold night air striking full upon her unprotected arms and breast.

Edward Graham had followed her, and now he said humbly,

"Before we part, Mrs. Dorrance, say that you forgive me."

She stamped her foot in frenzy as she answered,

"Go ask forgiveness of God—you need it: He may forgive you, but I never will."

The door opened and closed after her as she went in. The carriage rattled off, and Edward Graham turned from the steps—his hypocritical, remorseless heart too utterly lost to all good emotions to feel other than disappointment at the thwarting of his designs.

CHAPTER IV.

Morning found Howard Dorrance still in his library—his haggard face and bloodshot eyes too well attesting the strength of the storm that had spent its fury upon him throughout those long night watches.

He had kept his word; but in so doing he had wrenched his heart until every beat was but a throb of pain.

The conviction, which in his morbid reveries had fastened itself upon him, that in his wife's unfaithfulness he was to receive the punishment of his broken vows to Helen Graham, seemed to have crowded from his mind all thoughts of a possibility of his having in any way misjudged her.

Even had his conscience accused him of too great severity, could he not find occasion to justify himself in her coldness?—in the marks of favour which she had given to his hated rival?—in the choice which she had made but the night before, in defiance of him?

As the morning hours wore on, a letter was brought him; a servant in the hall awaited an answer.

He broke the seal. It was from his wife.

Upon its pages he read such protestations of innocence, such burning words of changeless love for him, such abjurations for mercy, that his heart melted into forgiveness for the errors she confessed. He wrote hastily his answer, promising to be with her immediately; he folded the sheet; he looked in vain amidst his own papers for an envelope, and, rising, went to the drawer of his wife's writing desk. The first thing his eyes fell upon was the enclosed lock of hair. He could see what it was through the thin paper, and seizing it, he opened it with the fond hope that he might find it his own, so earnestly had she assured him that to him alone had her heart's love been given. He read, "Edward. Midnight. *Amor et constantia.*"

Staggering back, his face grew pallid, and his teeth ground fiercely together.

He threw the note he had written in reply upon the coals; he took an envelope from his wife's drawer, and enclosing in it the letter she had written to him, directed and sent it back to her by the servant.

He was weak no longer; his heart was troubled with no more vain yearnings. The woman who could call upon God to witness her innocence of any other love save that she bore her husband, while her breast was filled with a guilty passion for another—she who could thus mingle treachery and deceit, could no longer hold any claim upon his heart. He would have spurned her from him as if she had been a worm, had she thrown herself in his way. Yea, he thanked God that he was strong now—that his weakness was all over. He had done with picking flowers by the way-side; he had now to make himself a path through thorns and briars, and manfully would he toil on over them. If they lacerated him, none should know it; if he grew weary and faint, he would heed it not. On, on, pausing not even to look back into the past, until toil-worn he should welcome the only refuge from ceaseless sorrow which the world can give—the grave.

Such were his thoughts. That very day he wrote a letter to his aunt Egerton, the only relative which death had spared him, begging her to leave Woodlawn, her place upon the Hudson, and come to his city home to take charge of his children, while he should travel in Europe.

She had not visited him since his marriage, nor had he taken his young wife to her home; for a coldness had sprung up between his aunt and himself, on account of his treatment of Helen Graham, who was her devoted friend. It was at her place that he had first met her. But now he wrote so humbly, acknowledging his sin, and telling her of the severe punishment which had been visited upon him for it, that Mrs. Egerton could not refuse his request.

There was nothing to keep her at her own home, except her attachment to the beautiful spot; for she had no family, having been left a widow but a few months after her marriage. She immediately made her arrangements to leave Woodlawn, until the summer weather should come on, at which time she purposed returning with the children and their nurses.

Two weeks more, and she took from Howard Dorrance the charge of his mansion, while he continued his preparations for travelling.

CHAPTER V.

Margaret Dorrance moved about her father's house like an automaton. Since the day her letter had been returned to her, without one word of answer, she had shed no tears: she seemed petrified with grief.

Her face became pale and wan, her eyes seemed hourly to grow more cold and dim, her voice lost its sweet tone, and her form its roundness.

The return of her father was all now that she apparently desired. A faint hope dwelt in her heart that he might be able to effect the reconciliation which she had despaired of seeing accomplished in any other way.

At length came the terrible news that he had died in the steamer upon his return home, when they had been out but two days. His body had been buried at sea.

The kind clergyman who had called to break this distressing news to her, was surprised to see with what apathy it was received.

He could not read in those cold, stone-like eyes, of the heart that his words had plunged down, down into the depths of despair—to that lowest deep where the star-rays of hope never penetrate. He could not divine that that strange-toned voice was the echoing of a spirit wailing its own dirge. He could not know how, when the door had closed upon him, she had dropped like a stone to the floor. In the deathlike swoon that followed, she had been unconscious, for a brief period, of the griefs which were feeding upon her.

When she revived, there was still no alteration in her demeanour; through all the bustle that followed of preparing her mourning dresses, she was the same: her sharpened features seemed to have hardened into marble.

Mrs. Brown, with tears in her eyes, looked upon her as she moved from room to room, appearing so much taller from her thinness and her sombre garments, and she would mutter to herself, "Lord love the child! if her father had come back and found her thus, he never would have known her."

Margaret had heard through her dressmaker of the gossiping which had followed her separation from her husband.

As usual, in such instances, the censure rested upon the wife, the husband being only blamed for having too long borne her imprudent conduct. His spirit was commended in having at length sent her home to her father's, thus refusing to countenance longer her extravagancies. This was the commonly received explanation; but as always, there were two sides to the story; and Mrs. Dorrance had many devoted friends, who warmly defended her, until, at length, chilled by her repeated refusals to see them, they too shook their heads mysteriously, and gave ear to the rumours that were afloat.

From the same source, she had heard that Mr. Dorrance was going to Europe, and that his aunt was to have the charge of the children.

And now every day she looked through the morning papers, to see if her husband's name

were among the list of passengers in the different steamers that was given from time to time.

One morning her eyes fell upon his name; something of the wild light of old flashed from them as she read, "Last night, the youngest child of Howard Dorrance, Esq., was apparently suddenly seized with convulsions. Dr. Abernethy Jones was immediately summoned, who suspected, from peculiar symptoms, that the child was under the influence of some powerful narcotic. He extorted from the nurse a confession, that the child, having been restless and fretful for several nights, she had given it laudanum, being unaware of its great power. He promptly applied the usual means for the counteracting of its effects, and the child was relieved before the family physician arrived. The nurse, who had been but a few days in the family, was immediately discharged. Dr. Abernethy Jones is a promising young physician, who has been very successful in his practice. He resides at No. 141, Blank Street."

Margaret dashed the paper upon the floor.

"My child! my child!" she screamed, as clasping her hands she raised her eyes to heaven. "My baby! Oh God! have mercy upon me, and lead me to her!"

The thought that darted through her brain that moment, was it an answer to her prayer? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

She flew to her room, she habited herself in her coarsest materials; a dress of black cashmere, and a heavy shawl of the same colour. As Mrs. Brown had adopted a mourning dress for Mrs. Dorrance's father, in whose service she had been for years, Margaret hastened to her, and disclosing her plans, borrowed her coarse black straw bonnet, and thick serge veil.

How her heart palpitated as she threaded street after street, until she came to one in the suburbs of the city, where she remembered having heard that there was a large hair-dressing establishment kept only by females. She found the place easily, and to the women in waiting she communicated her desire of disguising herself, at the same time pressing upon her a bank note of considerable value to ensure secrecy.

Margaret was taken into a private room. She sat down, and directed her long exuberant tresses to be shorn close to her head. The woman, with more forethought, suggested that she should spare as much of it as possible by drawing it off from her forehead and up from the back of her head, and fastening it there, contrive to cover it with the false hair she should select, and plain muslin morning caps.

Margaret entrusted everything to her. The woman only cut off about half the hair; the rest she managed to hide with a cap of brown Holland, which she was some time in making, and to which she fastened the perruque of flaxen hair that Mrs. Dorrance selected.

Commissioned by Margaret, she then went into an adjoining store, and purchased half a dozen plain morning caps, suitable for mourning.

They were made of thick lawn, and after trying one upon Mrs. Dorrance's head, there was nothing left which could possibly lead to a suspicion of the metamorphosis.

Margaret was satisfied that no one could detect her, as she saw what a change the light hair produced; but now arose another difficulty in the attainment of her purpose. Without references or recommendation, it was impossible that she could obtain the situation for which she had resolved to apply.

She was well-nigh discouraged, when the thought struck her that Helen Graham, who had always been ready to advise her for her good, might still be willing to befriend her, if she should confess to her her whole history; and over her husband, no one would probably have more influence than Miss Graham.

Resolving that she would immediately apply to her, she bent her steps to her dwelling.

CHAPTER VI.

Helen Graham was in her thirtieth year. She was not beautiful; but her thoughtful, pensive cast of countenance never failed to interest.

She was not one of those of whom Keble has beautifully said,

> "There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
> None loves them; but, oh vain and selfish sigh!
> Out of the bosom of His love He spares,
> The Father spares His Son for them to die."

No, for upon that bosom had she alone leaned for strength, when the earthly temple, in which she had garnered too many hopes, was shattered before her eyes. She forgave freely the hand that wrought its destruction; she learned to look calmly upon the ruin; ay, more than that, she grew to thank God that in the crucifying of her earthly affections, she had been drawn nearer and nearer to Him.

When she heard the rumours of Howard Dorrance's and his wife's unhappiness, and afterwards of their separation, she said to herself—"There has been blame upon both sides;" and earnestly she wished that she might be a mediator between them. She called on Mrs. Dorrance, but received the unvarying answer—"Mrs. Dorrance sees no one." So week followed week, and no opportunity occurred.

One afternoon she was summoned into the parlour to a person who was awaiting her there. Upon entering she was struck with the singularity of the face of the new-comer. She noticed the anomaly of exceedingly light hair and jet black eyebrows and lashes. There was something also in that thin face (of a deadly whiteness, from the contrast of the black bonnet) that rivetted her gaze upon it; while she taxed her memory to recall why it should so haunt her with the feeling that she had seen it before.

The young woman seemed embarrassed by the scrutinizing look which Miss Graham fixed upon her as she approached.

"You know me, Miss Graham," she said, as one would assert a thing, not question.

"No—I—do—not," Helen answered slowly.

"Thank God! then *he* will not discover me."

"Mrs. Dorrance! is it possible that this is you, so changed? How you tremble! poor thing, what has induced you to assume this diguise?"

Briefly, Margaret told her history, only reserving that portion of it, which would be painful to Helen, as involving her brother; and now,

Miss Graham learned for the first time of the jealousy from which the young wife had suffered. Her heart ached as she saw the wretchedness which Margaret had brought upon herself, though she did not scruple to condemn Mr. Dorrance for his severity and his haste.

Through Miss Graham's sincerity, Margaret was led to see that the esteem which her husband had manifested for Helen, bore no comparison with the deep, all-absorbing love which he had lavished upon her in their early married days.

Helen Graham appreciated the thorough change which had been wrought in the thoughtless woman of the world, to inspire in her such self-devotion as she now purposed to carry out; choosing to perform the menial offices of a servant, rather than to endure a longer separation from her children.

Willingly she wrote a note to Mrs. Egerton, commending her in the highest terms—spoke of her as a gentlewoman who had known better and happier days, and suggested that she should be employed rather as a nursery-governess, having the entire charge of the children, and the control of the servants, who should be needed to wait upon them. She begged of her to engage her at once, as in so doing she would perform an act of charity, which she promised to explain to her at some future day.

Mrs. Dorrance was to bear the name of Ann Hastings. She left with the note immediately, her heart full of gratitude to Miss Graham for her prompt assistance.

It was near twilight when she reached —— Place. Inquiring for Mrs. Egerton, she was shown into the sitting-room. She waited what seemed a long, very long time to her. Then the door opened, and her husband stood before her. Her heart beat violently,

"Mrs. Egerton is engaged," he said; "perhaps I shall answer as well."

She handed him the note without speaking.

As he turned towards the light to read it, she ventured to let her eyes rest upon him. She saw that the traces of suffering were as evident in his countenance as upon her own.

He finished the perusal of the note.

"I regret to say that Mrs. Egerton has engaged a young woman; but my child is very ill, and we may need other assistance. I will mention this to her, and you might call again—say at two o'clock to-morrow."

Margaret arose, and staggered rather than walked to the door. He advanced to open it for her. Their eyes met. She felt faint and sick, almost guilty—such a searching gaze did he fix upon her. His eyes glanced to her hair, and his countenance then settled back into the same sad, gloomy expression it had worn before.

As she went out into the open air, her heart leaped with joy that she had not been recognised.

The next day she returned at two o'clock, and was engaged by Mrs. Egerton.

CHAPTER VII.

The mild, odorous breath of spring stole through the open casement into the lofty apartment where Margaret, known only as Mrs. Hastings, sat bending over her charge, who was now convalescent.

Ida, when awake, would not suffer Mrs. Hastings to leave her sight; if she was obliged to absent herself, the little sufferer would moan for her until her return. Mrs. Egerton often said that she was sure the child would never have recovered, had she had a less patient and devoted nurse. The physician said so also. Mr. Dorrance said nothing. He suffered steamer after steamer to depart without him, watching whole days and long evening hours by the bedside of his beloved child.

This pleasant spring day Mrs. Egerton had availed herself of the warm atmosphere to take Harry out upon a drive. She had not seen Miss Graham yet, to thank her for procuring so competent a nurse; and of course she had not a suspicion of who Mrs. Hastings was, never having known her nephew's wife.

In the mean time Ida slept, and her mother bent over her, her heart full of thankfulness to the kind Heavenly Father who had spared her child to her.

During her weeks of continued watching, the religious instruction of her early youth had come up before her with renewed freshness. The noble sentiments and devoted affections of her heart, which had seemed to be extinguished by vanity and the love of pleasure, had been rekindled, and they now shed their holy light through her soul. All her interest in life had revived, now that she had taken hold of its duties. She only needed a return of her husband's love, to fill the cup of her earthly happiness—a happiness deeper and more rational than life had ever before yielded her.

And now, while she watched the slumber of her innocent babe, she recalled, as she had done many times before, the errors for which her punishment had been so severe. Her vanity, her pride, her obstinacy, she saw in such a glaring light, that involuntarily she passed one hand over her eyes as though she could thus shut it out.

A footstep fell upon her ear, and glancing up she saw Mr. Dorrance looking at her. The expression of his eyes changed suddenly; she thought she detected in them a shade of sympathy at first. He said,

"Mrs. Hastings, has my aunt told you that we shall go into the country in another month?—to her place on the Hudson?"

"No, sir," she answered, her eyes dropping under his steady gaze.

"I suppose you would prefer remaining with your city friends to going so far with us?" he continued.

"No, no; not for a moment—I have no friends—that is—I mean that I love your child so well, sir, I would follow her to the ends of the earth," she answered, very much embarrassed.

There was a long silence.

"Mrs. Hastings, have you heard my history?"

"I have, sir."

Another silence, during which she walked to the window to conceal the burning glow upon her cheeks.

"I wish you would sit down, Mrs. Hastings, and listen to it from my own lips. I should like to know if it is as you have heard it."

"Indeed, sir, I know the whole. It must be a painful subject to you—I would not recall it," she said, as she resumed her seat.

"No need have I to *recall* it! It is ever present with me. Will you tell it to me as you have heard it?—it is a relief to me to talk about it to you."

Her heart beat fast; she summoned all her courage.

"Your wife, sir, as I understand, was young, giddy, and vain; she did not study your happiness as she ought; you grew cold towards her; she thought that she discovered that you did not love her as fondly as you did another—" Mr. Dorrance gave a start of surprise. Mrs. Hastings continued: "she grew proud and very wretched; she would have acknowledged all her errors, and begged for a return of your love, if she had not felt that you had deceived her; and so things grew worse and worse, until they terminated in a separation."

"You have not told all; will you let me finish the story?"

"Certainly."

"I worshipped my wife! My affection for Helen Graham was calm as a brother's love; but when year after year passed, and my wife grew more and more regardless of my wishes, I did recall the calmer emotions I had felt for Helen, with something like regret. One night, after my wife had sent me from her presence with harsh, galling words, she admitted clandestinely a man whose character I despised—a subtle, intriguing man of fashion, whom I had forbidden to pay her farther attentions. I know not how long he remained with her—stop! hear me through," he said, as Mrs. Hastings, with white lips, rose, and attempted to answer him. "From that hour I steeled my heart against her—God knows with what difficulty! That man came to me; he asked me if I would allow him to wait upon my wife to some theatrical exhibition, where they were both to take a part. I answered that I should make no objections; that she could do as she chose, but that if she went, she should never enter my doors again. She went."

Again Mrs. Hastings essayed to speak, and again Mr. Dorrance prevented her. He continued,

"That night I sent her to her father's home. In the morning there came a letter to me from her. It softened my heart to forgiveness; for I was fool enough to believe her protestations of innocence. I wrote an answer, saying that I would come to her immediately. I went to her desk for an envelope—there I found a lock of her lover's hair; and in her own writing an acknowledgment of it as such. Good God! I know not what sustained me with that damning evidence before my eyes! Woman, can such things be forgiven? Answer me: in the Heaven which you believe in, is there a place for such treacherous souls?"

Mrs. Hastings had remained standing. She trembled from head to foot at Mr. Dorrance's violence.

"It was not so; it was not so!" she answered energetically; "Oh! could you have believed all this of one who never had a feeling of love for living man but you? I did not know that earth had such fiends as that wretch Graham has proven himself to be. Mr. Dorrance, I know your wife. If I convince you that she is still worthy of your love, as far as her truthfulness to you is concerned, will you forgive her errors, and receive her back to your love as she yearns to be received?"

"I will!—I will, by yon Heaven!"

Mrs. Hastings resumed her seat, and suppressing her emotions as much as she was able, she proceeded to give a full history of everything that had occurred. When she came to the lock of hair, explaining the motives which had induced his wife, still speaking of her as a third person, to enclose it and lay it in her drawer, he drew nearer to her, and seizing her hand, pressed it fiercely between his own. His eyes glowed with the intensity of his feelings; and when all was explained, he caught her wildly to his breast, and straining her tightly to it, sobbed like a child. He seemed delirious with joy.

In vain she endeavoured to release herself.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he cried, "you must never leave me one moment again. My own good, pure wife! may God bless you, as you have blessed me this hour, and may He forgive me for the injustice I have done you."

She threw her arms around him—she laid her poor aching head upon his broad breast: she also begged for forgiveness.

Oh! that was a holy and a happy hour.

When the first violence of their emotions subsided, Mrs. Dorrance questioned him at what part of the history she had betrayed herself.

"My poor Margaret, did you think you had deceived my watchful eyes? I knew you, darling, from the moment you stood trembling at the door, when you brought me the note of recommendation from Miss Graham. I knew you, and hundreds of times since has my love been upon the point of betraying itself. Oh! my precious wife, I thank God for the misfortunes that have revealed our hearts to each other!"

And great reason had they both to thank Him; for very seldom is it, when pride, and jealousy, and suspicion creep in to separate two hearts, that any after reconciliation can entirely root out the weeds which have sprung up in rank luxuriance under their baneful influence. More frequently the breach widens with years; each grows to think the other the aggressor, and that complete isolation takes place which it is so terrible to contemplate.

In society such instances are constantly occurring; and if in any one case the difficulty could be traced to its foundation, I doubt not the cause would be found to be as trivial as was the first event in the story I have narrated.

Women do not sufficiently comprehend the responsibilities which they take upon themselves in the married life. Instead of looking upon marriage as "a career of devotion," as "an exercise of virtues often difficult," they seem to expect the homage of the lover to be continued;

and, disappointed at the outset, they indulge themselves in "sentimental reproaches," until there is danger of their happiness suffering shipwreck; for men soon weary of the "little scenes" in which women so often squander their eloquence.

Again, there are instances where the wife has faithfully performed her duties, and yet she sees a change gradually taking place in her husband. The rose-coloured tint with which she had invested the future, gives place to a cold and leaden hue, as the love of the chosen one seems to diminish, absorbed by the world and its pleasures. But even then there is hope. Let her watch occasions for making sacrifices; let her show that her husband's happiness is still her predominant study; above all, let her avoid all reproaches; and no one heart in which the flame of love has ever burned will long remain proof to such devotion.

From this long digression we will go back to Mr. and Mrs. Dorrance.

Aunt Egerton was horrorstruck, upon her return, in finding the timid and retiring "Mrs. Hastings" seemingly entirely at home in her nephew's arms.

Howard Dorrance attempted no explanations in words, but he pulled off the close lawn cap, and the flaxen *perruque*, and as Margaret's dark hair fell around her, Mrs. Egerton could not fail to recognise some traces of the beautiful crayon in the library, which she had so often studied with interest since she had become an inmate of that dwelling.

Impulsively she folded Margaret to her heart, for the sufferer had won a place there, to the extinction of all prejudices, by her gentle, patient ways, and unwearied devotion to her sick child.

There was a happy party at Woodlawn that summer.

At Margaret's earnest pleading, joined to Mrs. Egerton's kind persuasion, Helen Graham accompanied them, participating in all their pleasures with her unselfish heart. Her brother had gone to Europe.

The world said that it was very strange that the proud Howard Dorrance should receive back his wife; but the world never knew how much they rejoiced in their brief separation, as an event ordered by their all-wise Father to bring them nearer than ever to each other, and to Him.

THE DREAM OF THE TOMBSTONE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Listen, love of mine, O listen,
While thy dewy eyelids glisten,
Let me press thy snowy forehead
With a lover's holy kiss.
'Twas a dream, O gentle maiden,
When my heart with grief was laden,
Yet I pray that God may never
Send a vision like to this;
Never plunge my dreaming spirit
In so darksome an abyss.

O! methought in this my dreaming,
That the icy moonlight gleaming
On my bosom, white and naked,
Did its ghastliness illume;
That my heart no more was beating,
And the tide of life, retreating,
Left me like a sculptur'd tablet,
Like a cold and marble tomb—
Like a column, white and solemn,
In the ghostly graveyard's gloom.

Love of mine, O press me nearer!—
Let mine eyes thy love-look mirror—
Let me feel thy heart's low beating,
Fondly echoing mine own;
Give my heart the blest assurance
That my dreaming soul's endurance
Was a phantom of the midnight,
From the holy morning flown;
Let thy murmured blessing tell me
Thou art mine, and mine alone.

Coldly streamed the moonbeam o'er me,
And a new-made grave before me
Lay in loneliness and silence,
With its withered flow'rets spread,
And a myrtle wreath was braided
Round the willow, shrunk and faded,
That with melancholy motion
Waved above the grassy bed,
Like a solemn priest, at midnight,
Swinging censers o'er the dead

Then methought that, fair and beaming
Thou didst come in radiant seeming
From the shadowy groups of cypress
That around the churchyard grew;
But another's arm was round thee,
And another's love had bound thee,
And to him who loved thee only
Was thy soul no longer true;
Then I felt my heart was breaking
As to me ye nearer drew.

Clasp me closer, loved and dearest!
'Tis a dream that now thou hearest,
Yet my heart with fear is trembling
As its memory I recall.
Though thine eyes are on me shining—
Though thine arms my neck are twining—
And thy murmured words of blessing
On my heart like music fall,
Yet the memory of that vision
Shrouds me like an icy pall.

Thou and he whose arms upheld thee,
Thou and he whose love had spelled thee,
Stood together in the moonlight
That revealed my marble breast—
And with lips that faltered never,
Thou didst swear to love for ever
Him who stood in pride beside thee,
With his arms around thee prest;
While beneath, all cold and silent,
Lay the one who loved thee best.

Love of mine, this dream of terror,
God be thanked, is nought but error;
Yet its memory oft hath darkened
Like a cloud my sunny heart;
For its phantom thoughts betoken
How that heart, all crushed and broken,
Would be like the marble tombstone
Should thy gentle love depart,
And the cypress round my myrtle
From the grave of hope would start.

SOPHIE NORTON'S WAY OF HEADING A CONSPIRACY AGAINST HER PEACE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE sex to which I have the honour of belonging, has, from time immemorial, been accused of being peculiarly subject to that compound of love and hate, of folly and fury—that Lear of passions, the weak mad dupe of his own creations —*Jealousy*. In the name of the sisterhood, I deny the charge, I fling it back on our accusers; for the lordly sex it is who yield to the "green-eyed monster" the most loyal and ready obedience. Does any one doubt the truth of this position?—let him seat himself, with becoming resignation, listen to my proof, and rise up convinced.

A rare girl was my school-mate, Sophie Norton, a charming, beautiful riddle. She was a blonde, of the most delicate description, with a mild, tender, Lucy Astonish sort of a face, and ways so confidingly winning, I would defy flesh and blood to withstand them. And yet, this angel in form and feature, this seeming embodiment of all exquisitely ethereal and spiritual, was in truth the most dashing, daring, care-for-nought gipsy of a creature, dear reader, that ever took your heart by stratagem, or carried it by storm. She was admirably politic, however, seldom showing both sides of her character to the same persons, or class of persons. Our teachers praised her as a model of propriety and loveliness, while we adored her as the queen of fun and frolic, who led us into the wildest and most unheard-of scrapes, and as skilfully and triumphantly led us out.

On leaving school, Sophie spent a few months with a friend in Philadelphia. I cannot say that her visit caused any "great commotion" in right-angle-dom. She was "beautiful, exceedingly," but hers was not the style of loveliness to create a furor. She was very like one's summer dream of sweetness and gentleness, yet few people, besides poets, think of falling in love with a dream; and then, she was not an heiress.

At last, as the Germans would say, she met her destiny. Wishing to have her miniature taken, a young artist, of considerable promise, was selected by her friends. She found him quite one's idea of a true votary of the divine art; his lightest words, the tones of his voice, showing an ardent, earnest, enthusiastic temperament. His face would have been of almost too lofty and severe a beauty, were it not for a smile of childlike archness and amiability always dancing attendance on his lips. His form was finely proportioned, but in my eye rather too petit for perfect manliness.

Well, Sophie soon saw, by woman's marvellous intuition, that Mr. J. Randolph Richmond (he wrote his name thus, for fear of being called Jack;) was irretrievably in love—and with her own sweet self. Yet Sophie was a sensible girl, and kept her own heart with all diligence. She liked the lad passing well, but in regarding his character she had one chilling fear. It was, that his devotion to painting arose not from a sincere love for the art, but from personal ambition, that passion which the world has baptised with praise, and christened with a glorious name, but which is in truth but a fiery, intense, and concentrated selfishness. So she did not yield to woman's amiable weakness, and love, because she was loved;—did not let *gratitude* lead her blindfold to the altar. I know, I should put on gloves while handling this dear pet fault of my sex. But my charming sisters, why are you grateful? Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshipping, self-sacrificing love; and then place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronizing, exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up? Thank a man for reading you five unacted acts from his drama —for writing an acrostic on your name—for asking an introduction to a rival belle—for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt; —but never for the honor of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his *mouchoir* to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude; 't is but a charity-girl sort of a virtue at the least.

It was, finally, in no hour of triumph, that Sophie Norton felt all the sweet waters of her heart gushing freely, gladly, tumultuously, toward him who loved her. She had accompanied him to the Academy, where a painting, on which he had spent much time and enthusiasm, was being exhibited. There was present one of the first artists of his country, who, passing before Randolph's picture, bestowed upon it some warm praise, and then criticised it with terrible severity. Sophie attentively watched the face of her lover—flushes passed over his brow, his lips were compressed, but he silently drank in every word of the artist. When the ordeal was passed, he left her side, went up to the judge, gracefully introduced himself, and expressed his gratitude, with frank and unmistakable earnestness, for the valuable, though painful lesson. Sophie is not given to weeping, but when Randolph rejoined her, she was actually in tears. She pledged him her dear little hand that very night. There's a true woman for you!

Sophie left for her home soon after. I saw, almost as soon as we met, that she loved; that woman's destiny had floated out of heaven, and hung over her life, a cloud of purple and gold. Oh, reader mine, you should have seen some of their letters! They were tender, delicate, impassioned; flowers, music, painting, poetry, love! There was one thing I noticed—Sophie had evidently not shown her lover the playful, girlish side of her character. Woman, when first in love, seldom deals in *persiflage*. She really makes a serious, solemn matter of that which is, at best, but a "Divine Comedy."

A few months of the engagement had passed, when a sister of Randloph's visited Philadelphia. He, the adopted of a childless uncle, had not seen her for some years; meanwhile, she had come dancing up from childhood, and was now just poising herself on the threshold of sixteen; a wild, spirited, beautiful brunette. Randolph tried in vain to tame her; she would play tricks, tell anecdotes, and laugh aloud, and her Mentor ended at last by falling in with her shocking enchanting ways.

Our hero had never written to Sophie of his sister Kate, but he soon told the latter all about Sophie. He enlarged much on the *confidence* of his lady-love. "Don't you think it strange," said he, "that she never expresses a doubt of my fidelity, though she knows that in walking Chestnut Street I daily meet belles and beauties, who would not care to look farther than—the brother of so fine a girl as you, Kate?" "Ah, but has that modest brother of mine ever as much as intimated to her his knowledge of the existence of those dangerous creatures? that's the question." "Why, no, Kate." "Then she has not had the shadow of a cause for distrust; give her a hook to hang a doubt upon, and she'll—all girls are alike, Ran." Just then, she caught a glimpse of her radiant, rogueish face, in the glass opposite, and clapping her hands in ecstacy, cried, "I have it! you say she does not know that Providence had blessed you with a sister Kate—just write her a description of *me!* Don't go so far as to pretend you are in *love*, but tell her all about the lively life we live, as master and pupil; and if she doesn't fly into a beautiful passion of jealousy—if your angel don't show the woman, I'll—be a good girl for a whole fortnight!"

Well, they put their wicked heads together, and the next mail bore Sophie Norton the following, from her faithful lover.

"My dear Sophie—Your sweet letter has looked me reproachfully in the face, every time I have opened my escritoir, for some days. I have no excuse to offer for my silence that will satisfy myself, so it might not you. But you will find one for me in your heart—won't you, dearest? I shall make haste to tell you of a charming new pupil of mine; first premising that you must not be jealous; there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman. You really should see 'our Kate,' for so every one calls her. She is the most amusing little *melange* of the artless impulses, careless graces, and untamed spirits of the child, and the budding affections and harmless coquetries of the girl, you can imagine. I believe the creature has sentiment; I know she has feeling; but her animating, pervading, restless spirit, is *mirth*. Her very presence is the soul of joyousness; she dances as though her feet had unseen wings. And then her laugh—Oh, it is the silvery gush of gladness. Her face is classical in its contour, but there are so many phases to the beauty of a brunette, and each one more entrancing than the preceding, that it is impossible for pen or pencil to show them forth. Her eyes, one moment, you would swear—*affirm*, I mean—were of the softest hazel, and the next, as black as night; her hair is a dark chesnut color, curling bewitchingly. I'd not call her lips rosy, they are of a deeper, ruddier hue. I have it now; they are like rich June rose-leaves, dipped in wine. As to her manner, she has, it must be confessed, a little too much *naïveté*. But she is so young—scarce sixteen; and then she had, it seems, the most accommodating kind of guardian angels, as she has never known a sorrow. I regard her innocent breaches of strict decorum with great leniency. For instance, while giving her a lesson this morning, she laid her delicate hand on my arm, and said, with a charming smile, 'I did not think I should like you half so well when I first saw you. I find we are strangely alike in many things.' Sophie, I really felt called upon to kiss that hand—I did, indeed. She only laughed, dearest. I don't believe she thinks of me, for she knows I have only a moderate income, and her face can win her a fortune. Indeed, she *is* pretty. A brunette is a fascinating creature, yet I have always thought the empire of the blonde over the affections the more enduring.

"Kate is teaching me waltzing. I know it will give you pleasure to hear I am making rapid progress in this delightful accomplishment. Were you a silly girl, now, I should fear your pouting over this, and so, to soothe you, say, I always fancy *you* my partner; that it is *your* dear form I am whirling about in the delicious delirium of the waltz. But I don't tell you any such thing; for I know you to be a sensible, high-minded *woman*, never troubling yourself, or those who love you, with unfounded doubts and suspicions.

"Though my little friend is somewhat in my confidence, I have never told her of our engagement. I fear the madcap could not keep it to herself, and love is something far too delicate for the rough atmosphere of the world.

"Kate is waiting for me to accompany her to a concert. Forgive the brevity of this. I know you will: there is nothing in which I have greater faith than in your truth and goodness; they constitute a little heaven, of which I am the sole proprietor. Adieu, love. J. R. R."

SOPHIE NORTON'S REPLY.

"Dear Jack—I was surprised, pleased, *delighted* by your last letter. It is just the most remarkable coincidence, quite a romance in real life—'t is both funny and strange. But I must explain. Well, there lately arrived at Sweet-Briar Cottage, Lieutenant Mortimer Lacy, of the army, my own cousin, and a splendid fellow he is, Jack. He has such a faultless form and face, and so imposing an air; and then, he sports such a love of a moustache, and his uniform is so becoming! Mortimer—(how nice it is to have a pretty first name, Jack!)—said that he was the tallest cadet ever on parade at West Point. I wish *all* men were tall; it is certainly more natural to look up to them. I wish all men were soldiers, too; there is something so terribly grand in the profession, and uniforms are so beautiful in a ball-room. By the way, can't you purchase one, Jack? To be sure, Cousin Mortimer's would hang on you like a suit of alderman's clothes on your easel. Not that the lieutenant is corpulent—he is admirably proportioned—though large, a very Mars.

"I agree with you that "there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman," unless it be a prudish one. Now, some people think it shocking for me to waltz with Mortimer, but I smile at their old-fashioned notions, and away we whirl! I am glad you are learning, it will be quite convenient when cousin is gone.

"Mortimer was a splendid horseman, and we have delightful excursions *à cheval*. *You* were always so fearful the horse would run with me, or toss me over his head, that it really made a pain of a pleasure. Now, cousin pays me the compliment of trusting to my horse-womanship—gets me mad, untameable steeds, and teaches me new and daring exploits. Why, the other day we took a wild gallop, with our hands close clasped!

"Mortimer is very wealthy, and says that after he has been promoted to a generalship, he shall resign, and spend his life enjoying *otium cum dignitate*. That sounds like Latin, and means, I suppose, a house in town, box at the opera, travelling, and giving dinners and *fêtes*. He will be in Philadelphia in August, and if you call on him, and are civil, he may prove a patron, though he has no taste for the fine arts. I hope you will take his portrait, *à la militaire*, for us; it will be a pleasure, he is so handsome. I believe with you in the sacredness of love. I keep our engagement a holy secret. There is not to me a more ruefully ridiculous figure than an obviously engaged young lady, in the absence of her beloved. She sits in company with folded hands and dreamy eyes, puts on a lady-abbess look of shocked propriety when asked to waltz, and shrinks like a mimosa from the innocent kiss of a brother or cousin. I believe *my* manners have been free from this school-girlish *gauchissement;* for to tell the truth, the gallant lieutenant has already laid siege to my heart with the most soldier-like impetuosity. I know you will be proud to hear your betrothed has made so considerable a conquest.

"The horses are at the door; now for a ride! Oh, there is more music in the trampling of those hoofs than I could ever yet thump out of a piano. Good morning, Jack; I kiss my hand to you.

"SOPHIE."

A tolerable idea of a mental chaos, had Mr. J. Randolph Richmond, on reading the above. He smiled, but it was "a ghastly smile." In vain he tried to believe Sophie in jest; *jealousy* obscured his perceptions with a thick *green* cloud. Kate was going out for the evening, but he called her back, and pale and trembling, handed her the letter. The gipsy laughed over it, till he threatened to send her to the watch-house; then gave it as her sage opinion, that his love was a true love, a sensible girl, that knew how to take and give a joke; and left him, with a sisterly advice not to make a fool of himself in his reply. How he profited by it, the following will show:

"MY DEAR, TOO DEAR SOPHIE—How could you write so terrible a letter? Mine was a joke—all a joke. Kate is my *sister*, my own sister! But yours cannot be mere pleasantry; you never deal in that. Beneath the sparkling foam is an under-current of deep meaning. It is as I have often feared, you do not love me; you are lost to me for ever. You must have seen that my letter was a jest, but were too happy of an opportunity to break those ties, which to you are irksome, but which bind *me* to life; those vows, plighted before heaven, beneath the eternal stars, Sophie! I would go to you, but I dare not; the place by your side is for another, far dearer. But three short months have passed, since in a delirium of rapture I first called you mine; and now, in an agony of hopeless love, I write, *you are free!*

"O heaven! my heart is crushed, my brain whirls—I fear I am ill. Yet do not let that give you unhappiness. May love, and joy, and peace be around you, like the breath of the blessed angels. J. R. R."

He wrote the above in absolute earnest, reader; and in due time received the following.

"MY DEAR RANDOLPH—What a nice 'Comedy of Errors' we have been acting, to be sure. There was but this difference—you wrote in a lover-like way of your *sister*, while I was *romancing altogether!* I have not, I never had, a cousin Mortimer, but as I manufactured him, 'regimentals' and all, out of my own brain. I took your letter as an unmitigated hoax, and merely thought to give you 'a Roland for an Oliver.' So you see, love, you have wasted an immense amount of Romeo-ish anguish and despair. Nor is that the worst feature of your lamentable case. *You have doubted me.* In a rash mood, you have flung me back my holy plighted faith, as a thing of little worth. Now, indeed, is a noble opportunity for me to display the lofty spirit, the inborn dignity of woman, by proudly accepting the freedom you offer. But, alas! there is one provoking little obstacle in the way. It happens unfortunately, that—I love you; that it has become quite a habit with me to think of you, and I am not tragedy-queen enough to punish myself in being revenged on you. Come to us, and bring 'our Kate;' I am impatient to meet my charming rival, and to have one long, united, glorious laugh over our romance of folly. Now and ever yours, SOPHIE."

"P. S.—Don't think of being 'ill,' nor any such nonsense. If there is any accomplishment I pride myself upon, it is that of ministering to the sick. So, if it is just as convenient for you, please postpone all illness till I am within calling distance, if you wish to be nursed *con amore*.

"SOPHIE."

And now, my patient reader, have I not sustained my first position?

LIFE.

BY RICHARD COE, JUN.

AN infant on its mother's breast—
A bouncing boy at play—
A youth by maiden fair caress'd—
An old man silver grey—
Is all of life we know!
A joy—a fear—
A smile—a tear—
And all is o'er below!

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door,
—Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"
But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."
This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

READER mine, how are your nerves to-day? In sound condition, say you? *Eh bien*, you will perhaps consent to follow us through a page or two of what we may, for the nonce, term an explosive, noisy sort of literature.

Fourth of July in the United States—It is the signal—the "banner on the outward wall" for sin and shooting crackers, pedantry and pin-wheels, oranges and orations, sky-blue toilettes and sky-rockets. A day when patriotism pops and bursts about like so many bottles of sillery—when little boys are decked in their holiday-suits, with pleasure in their eyes and copper coins in their pockets—when political parties give dinners, and embryo orators pour out the waters of eloquence as freely as the fountains in Trafalgar Square—when interesting young misses and matronly mammas throw off restraint to indulge in the pretty fires of portable pyrotechnics.

Fourth of July! It is a day, in the United States, in a manner inscribed to the Goddess of Gunpowder. Ælius, in the classic fable, dedicated one day in the week to burn incense to the memory of Jupiter, and the patriotic, liberty-loving citizens of the United States set aside this day of every year to explode gunpowder by way of commemoration of the Declaration of Independence—the spirit of which document is still cherished with characteristic national fervor. It has often struck us as being an odd way of celebrating an event in the annals of history by burning, whizzing, and streaming fireworks. The whole country, from the borders of Maine to the mouth of the Mississippi, is a scene of din and smoke, reminding us of the murky clouds of Waterloo, or the tumult of some of the old Grecian frays in the time of Xerxes and Darius—only the danger in the present case is not so imminent. Shops are shut, tradesmen suspend business, and even bankers and usurers seem to agree that toil shall have a gala-day. The young throw care to the canines, and the old cry "Nepenthe." The rich and poor alike make merry.

The day is ushered in with ringing of bells and firing of small-arms. Old pistols that have rested peaceably in their undisturbed neglect the whole year, are at this period hunted up and pressed into service. Rusty cannon, that time out of mind have been deemed valueless, are overhauled, and like worthy time-worn veterans, again "thunder o'er the plain," with the vigor of former days, proving that though rusty and disregarded, they have not lost their *strength of voice*. From various house-tops, just as the day is dawning, flashes of flame may be seen momentarily breaking on the hazy light. Occasionally a roguish boy, prompted by that indefinable love of mischief peculiar to the masculine gender at an early age, will be observed on the tiles as early as four in the morning, exploding squibs and "torpedoes," to the horror of the family, who, not yet out of their beds, and being suddenly awakened from their genial daybreak slumbers, are frightened out of their senses, and wonder what *can* be the matter on the top of the house. Perhaps the young rogue aforesaid has been industriously "saving up his money" for three months, in order to purchase the noisy toys, and has smuggled them in his bed room the day before, not sleeping a wink that night, in the joyful anticipation of hearing them crack and fizz in the morning.

This is a day replete with hopes and fears, promises of enjoyment, and feelings of pleasure to all classes of society. Hasty breakfasts are in order, and then all is life and excitement. The streets are full of both sexes, the most of whom are young people, smartly dressed, and to all appearance out for the day. A picturesqueness of thoroughfare not peculiar to the panorama of American street-life may be seen. Soldiers dressed in gay uniforms are hurrying to their armories, in all the blaze of martial importance. Volunteer corps being numerous, the Fourth of July is the universal parade-day, when "Washington Greys," "National Guards," "State Fencibles," "Union Blues," and a legion of companies, are to march through the streets for the purposes of discipline and commemoration. Drums briskly clatter and fifes scream in concert, which together with the ceaseless detonations of the fireworks, may give the reader an idea of the confusion, excitement, bustle, and clamour, that reigns around.

So many scenes of stirring novelty are everywhere transpiring, that unless we contrive to speak of them in order, we shall get sadly bewildered, in striving to draw the various outlines of the day's festivities. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Americans are devotedly patriotic, and their *amor patriæ* amounts to a passionateness peculiar perhaps to few nations. The Fourth of July, then, is hallowed with all possible enthusiasm—that is to say, in a sly corner of everyone's heart a sacred spark gently reposes, which, if fanned by the breath of opposition, would blaze with the fiercest vigor. They do not hold, albeit, that their great National Holiday should be distinguished by dull sober quietude, or that any prescribed conventional sanctity is required.

It would be entirely foreign to their temperament; and, so to give it *éclat*, it is created a brief era of relaxation, merriment, and commemoration. As we have before intimated, its celebration is *universal*, (to be minute in inconsiderable facts,) except to the retailers of fire-works, hotel-keepers, and public conveyancers, all of whom are making capital out of the popular enthusiasm, something on the principle that hay is made while the sun shines. Everybody is on the wing—the streets, roads, alleys, and lanes are in a flutter of life, and it would seem that the heart of the vast country was afflicted with a spasmodic palpitation. The handwriting on the wall of popular feeling is, HIC ET UBIQUE, and the rest-

less populace uphold the principle of the proverb with Figaro-like earnestness.

Perhaps the most distinguishable feature of the day, is the reading of the "Declaration of Independence," the duty of which, if done in public, devolves on some recognized orator, who, by general request, is appointed to the important office. A large common or park is usually selected, where a temporary rostrum is erected, around which thousands of good citizens cluster, in the pride of republican presence, to listen to the simple yet eloquently powerful language of a document signed by fifty-six pure-minded, unfeignedly honest patriots, who stood prepared to sacrifice their all on the shrine of Freedom, and of whose memory the Genius of Liberty has reared a glorious monument, for the respect and admiration of the world.

It may be, that, after the reading, speeches are made by the leading politicians of the district, irrespective of party, who on this occasion bury their prejudices and extend the right hand of fellowship on the broad platform of universal freedom. These remarks not only apply to the large cities and towns, but also to minor villages, although there are exceptions, as in limitedly-populated places, cases may occur where no one with sufficient pretensions to oratory can be found to undertake the task. It requires a little nerve and a gift of the *os rotundum*, as Hazlitt would write it, so that the honor generally falls to the village lawyer, or perhaps his clerk, if he be ambitious and self-possessed; or if both of these swerve, the parson kindly consents, and as a *dernier ressort*, the doctor has been known to come forward at the last moment, when all doctors should come in, *i.e.*, at the *death*, and look his patient in the face in a new character.

Cases are frequent where the Declaration is read after family prayer in the morning, by either the head of the family or one of the sons that may be getting on towards manhood. It will be clearly inferred that the Americans do not in anywise neglect the decrees of their forefathers. The injunction of the venerable patriot, John Adams, is stamped on the eternal memory of the nation, and the written response seems—*Esto perpetua*. The memories of those fine "old Yankee gentlemen" are still fresh, and every name enrolled upon that Declaration of Independence is deeply cherished by their kinsmen. Each separate autograph, from the bold flourish of John Hancock, the chairman, to the palsied tracery of Stephen Hopkins, is looked upon again and again with the same honest glow of enthusiasm, the same feelings of devoted gratitude. There they are indelibly written on every heart in lines of gold: those fifty-six names, and brave pure-hearted creatures too, deserving all of their apotheosis.

Now for another page of the book of this holy-day.

Dinners and Feastings. We may probably be asked, what affinity exists between bills of fare and patriotism? We will reply; the same that so intimately and inseparably allies apple sauce and Michaelmas, turkies and New Year's Day, hot-cross buns and Good Friday, mince-pies and Christmas. What are those lines of Pope?—

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their throat, or I mistake mankind."

In all of the large cities, take, for example, New York, as a great metropolis, second only to London in point of magnitude and interest, the various political sections and societies make a great point of this day in the celebration of a grand dinner. It is the old gentlemen and young orators that are in the lavender of happiness here. The first from a gastronomic inclination; the latter because of the opportunity afforded them to launch out on the exhaustless theme of patriotism, which is never so welcome as after that peculiarly indifferent, listless satisfaction following the enjoyment of a good dinner.

The young Fourth of July orator is a class of himself. He awaits with a resignation amounting to positive fortitude the annual coming of the day. He reads the speeches of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Monroe, and marks the good passages—those "bits that will tell" and make the wine goblets clatter and the napkins quiver under the breasts of rubicund-visaged old gentlemen. He selects strong words and fiery expressions to weave into his declamations; also one or two classical anecdotes, in order to assume an air of learning. When the day comes, what high feather he is in, to be sure! The first thing he looks at in the morning is his notes, which are to remind him of several anecdotes of Washington, and a tribute to the memory of the old veterans of the Revolution. He is certain to speak of Washington as the great and good man of his times. As Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, was the bravest of the Greeks in the Trojan war, so George Washington was the greatest chieftain of modern times. He will perhaps relate the anecdote of the Roman warrior that bit off the head of the woodpecker because the soothsayer said that if the bird lived, his house would flourish and Rome decay. This he will instance as a specimen of by-gone single-heartedness, and only such as existed in the days of Claudius, in Rome, and General Washington, in America. He is safe to tell his hearers that if there were a war to-morrow, he would feel a pride—a glorious (a pet expression) pride in taking up arms in support of his country. Of course he would, and so would everybody present, if the case demanded it. This last appeal will gain for him a rattle of the glasses, and perhaps some bravos, from the maudlins at the end of the table, who have fallen back in their chairs. What between the wine, the provender, and the patriotism, the Fourth of July orator always gets red in the face when he speaks, as if the crimson of his subject, by some unaccountable influence, insinuated itself into his system. What we call the crimson of the subject, is the never-failing recital of the victories of Bunker's Hill, Yorktown, and Trenton—all of which fields present to the enthusiastic mind stirring scenes of blood and carnage. The Fourth of July orator does not drink water between his rests and pauses. He disdains any fluid short of champagne and brandy, which seem to invest, not only himself, but his subject, with additional spirit. Your temperance cold-water orators are apathetic patriots at a dinner-table, being too definite and

punctilious to stir up the mass. Sentiments red-hot from the furnace of the heart, and words as strong as Sampson's locks are in demand. Milk and amiability are good things in their way, but to-day *aque vitæ* and enthusiasm suit the popular system. All the time this mental fire is going on inside, the fireworks and guns are blazing away incessantly without; squibs sometimes fall at the orator's feet, and if, like Charles the Twelfth, he does not move at the burst, he is unanimously voted as a fearless champion of the Rights of Liberty. *Viva!*

All public dinners are discussed with more or less fuss and bustle; but a Fourth of July dinner seems to surpass all others in these respects. Some stages of the proceedings of what is called by the printers in England, a "way-goose," are tolerably extravagant, but these are eclipsed by far. The waiters seem more vivacious, and the guests more uproariously enthusiastic than on similar occasions. How the little men—those of brief duck-legged architecture—do appear at these festivals. We could almost suspect them, if we were to judge by seeing them eat, of having sold their birth-rights, like Esau, for a beefsteak. Talk to them of walking in military processions. Fie! They repudiate labor in whatever shape, preferring to glorify the day of Independence, by a grand demolition of turkey, with copious washes of golden sherry or libations of sparkling moselle.

Everybody, that *is* somebody, and even these who are to a certain extent considered nobody, for at least a fortnight before the "Fourth," have pockets full of tickets to sell, for this or that grand dinner. It is dangerous to walk in a hurry along a principal thoroughfare, as every friend you meet is sure to stop you, in the hope "that you'll just purchase a ticket for the 'Grey's' dinner—it will be such a beautiful affair;" or "your appearance would add so much to the fête of the Sons of Temperance, to be given at the —— Gardens." It may be, that you have promised your family to dine at home on the "Fourth," and consequently object to being present at any other dinner save your own; but the friend is importunate. He was never known to take "no" for an answer, and in order to disentangle yourself from his meshes, you are in the end compelled to take a ticket, and march off with it in your waistcoat pocket, with the idea, that dinners *are* a bore, when they are so unceremoniously thrust upon you.

We have said that these dinners are got up on a scale of magnificence. Extravagance exerts her golden wand without limitation here, but the good denizens deem it patriotic, occurring only "once a year," and wink at the prodigality. Old misers as close-fisted as ghouls, relax their avarice to-day, and give their souls and bodies a respite from the iron drudgery of life. The milk and honey of yore flowed not freer than do the dainties of life. The expense of every object conducive to pleasure, from a squib to a dinner party, is most unequivocally and systematically damned, as surely as he in the play would have been had he dared to cry—"Hold, enough!"

But we must get on with the dinner.

After the cloth has been removed the speeches and toasts commence. A band is in attendance, and a regular series of toasts similar to the following are given and drank with enthusiasm:—

The Day we celebrate—may it it ever be remembered with gratitude and patriotism. Air—"Yankee Doodle."

Our country always right, but right or wrong, our country still. Air—"Hail Columbia."

The Union. Air—"Star spangled Banner."

The President of the United States—His noblest prerogative a faithful execution of the laws. Air—"President's March." —(Three cheers and a tiger.)

The Army and Navy—Their brilliant achievements proclaim their glory. Air—"March to the Battle Field."

The Memory of General George Washington—The first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen." (Drank in silence.)

The Constitution—The palladium of our political and religious liberties; upon a faithful adherence and strict construction depend the perpetuity of the American Republic. Air—"Jefferson's March."

State Rights—The surest guarantee against sectional encroachments. Air—"Calhoun's March.

The Heroes of the Revolution—May their posterity emulate their noble example. Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

The Independent Press—The faithful guardian of the people's rights. Air—"Franklin's March."

The Centrifugal Force of the Constitution—May it link these confederated States into the unrelaxing embrace with which the earth clasps the sea.

Education—The fountain from which a nation receives power and prosperity.

Woman—Heaven's choicest gift—her true value cannot be estimated. Air—"Green grow the Rushes, O!"

The last is never forgotten, which is but a commentary on the deference exercised towards the sex in the United States.

We will now say a word about the military pageants.

This is also a very great day for the military, which, numerous as it is, appears in all its strength. In order to give the reader a clearer idea of the general muster, we will take for example the city of New York. The Commander-in-chief of the volunteer forces issues an order for general parade, which is well responded to. The line is formed very frequently of ten thousand soldiers, which being comprised of various companies, in different habiliments, the effect is picturesque and imposing. A route of march is selected through the largest and most important streets, and gaily the bright lines make their way through crowds of spectators, with dogs barking, handkerchiefs waving, powder cracking, boys shouting, the populace cheering, and the polished bayonets of the soldiers glittering like gleams of flame in the rich sunlight. It is a cheering solace to the soldiers while marching (the reader bearing in mind that it is a hot day with Fahrenheit perhaps at 96°, and the perspiration starting from every pore,) to know that bright eyes are beaming on them from every window. How the cambric flutters in the breeze as it is held by white and jewelled hands! The soldier glances aside, and meets perhaps the gaze of one who is dear to him—she has promised him that she will be at a certain station to see him pass in his regimentals—he returns the approving smile, and marches on with a heart lighter than the lounging townsman who

only lolls at his window, on a damask couch, to witness the great parade "drag its slow length along." It would seem rather a labour than a pleasure to walk uninterruptedly three or four hours in the hot sun, dressed in thick garments; but it is the perpetuation of an old custom, and the volunteers nobly sacrifice, not a little comfort, to conform with it.

July is an intensely warm month in the States, and by some weather-freak, the fourth, of all days, is the very fiercest. Shirt collars, after ten o'clock in the morning, do not pretend to stand, but fall over bedrenched like welted mullein-tops. By the time the soldiers are dispersed they look half cooked, and perhaps their gay uniform is dotted with small incisions made by the banging of the firecrackers over which they have unconsciously passed. Yonder is a group of the "State Fencibles," in scarlet coats and blue breeches. They have come on from the city of Philadelphia, by invitation of the Brooklyn Continentals, to participate in the festivities of New York. We will draw near them, and hear what they are saying.

"Well, Josh., how do you feel?" says one of the group, addressing a short, thick-set man, with a very red countenance, over which the little drops of water are coursing playfully, and pushing each other off at the end of his chin, "I'm pretty nearly used up myself."

"Feel," replies the short man, applying his handkerchief to his face, "just as if I'd been six weeks in an oven eating hot coals: hang me! if I think the General should order out the division when it's so terrific. My countenance ran like Niagara Falls while I was in the lines. I'll lay a dollar, you could track me like a watering-pot all along Broadway."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laugh the soldiers in noisy concert.

"Phew! isn't it hot?" remarks another of the group, removing his hat, and taking a long, deep breath; "I've a proposition: suppose we go over to the Astor House and take a sherry cobbler all round. It'll do us good; and then we'll get ready for dinner—What do you say, boys?"

"I wonder where Colonel Page is," remarks a stout man; "he'll dine with some of the Politicians, and make a speech. The Colonel is a long-winded little fellow, and never gives up the ship for trifles."

"Not he!" chimes in a fourth red coat. And accordingly, the group take the pavement in little squads with the determination of refreshing themselves at the Astor house. We will not see them as far as the dinner table, for we can rest assured that they are booked for a plate and napkin in good quarters. Now that the parade is over, uniforms dot the streams of pedestrians every way the eye turns, but they look fagged and weary under the scorching sun. Some hasten to divest themselves of their heavy regimentals; other content themselves with a simple rest, and then hie to one of the grand dinners we have spoken of. Away they go, each bent on a different destination, but all in the pursuit of happiness. By nightfall, the scarlet is scarce, it having been cast aside for the more sober garb of citizenship. The sabres, sashes, and epaulettes are carefully hung up in great closets, while formidable guns, and inhospitable bayonets repose harmlessly in their cases, unconscious of the admiration they have elicited from the wondering gaze.

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The sun has gone down in the heavens and left a track of gold and purple shooting its soft feathery rays of light over the drifting clouds. The dim etherial twilight now steals in with its edge of grey, confusing the vision and robbing the light of that intangible silver which lends such beauty to the day-god's reign.

What was that cluster of stars that fell with a sudden hiss into the blue waters of the bay. A sky-rocket? True—it is time for the fireworks to commence; and now we shall have the really brilliant phase of the festivities of this day of jubilee. Bang! bang! bang! Hear the incessant reports of the guns in the distance, each one gleaming with its jet of flame. Hark! A cannon, far, far out on the river, has sent its booming messenger to wake the echoes along the banks of the Hudson. Turn an ear to the city, and the noise is terrific. Glance along the vista; how the little shooting-crackers sparkle and coruscate, as if the stars had condescended to come upon earth, and have a regular jolly row, just for the fun of the thing. We must keep a bright look out for them.

Whiz go the rockets, cleavingly into the air with many a snap, crack, and whir! Some shower silver stars, others red—as if a cherubim had thrown away a handful of rubies—perhaps green, orange, and blue. How magnificent the spectacle! High and loftily it mounts, like the impatient bolt of a war-horse; gradually the sound diminishes; we hear a gentle report, like a pistol discharged high in the air, and then the scattered lights dance on the bosom of the darkness, with fairy-like brilliancy. Now they flicker and run in grotesque circles; all expire save one, which seems coquetting with the air currents—ah! it's turn has come; like a bright hope quickly crushed, it has fled, and all again is dark and solemn above.

Once more the air is stirred by drifting flakes of emerald fire that, illumining the space around, reveal tens of thousands of spectators collected, with up-turned eyes, gazing at the pyrotechnic wonders. Up bound the serpents—orange and brazen. How they twizzle and fizzle with their bright curves in the soft night air! Then the Roman candles pop out the little red balls of fire, suggesting to the mind an endless visitation of electrical sugar-plums. The wheels flash and dart forth their spiral threads of light—every revolution raining a myriad of golden flecks, that fall like Jupiter's artificial shower on the couch of Danæ. Then there are larger pieces of fireworks—such, for example, as the Temple of Liberty, which with its columns of lurid flame, wreaths of metallic brightness, and the name of WASHINGTON, in silver lights, quivering through the lucid arches, form a scene of dazzling beauty, momentarily enchaining and bewildering the gaze.

This grand display is the omega of the day's

expenditure of gunpowder. The boys have singed their finger-ends finely, all day long, in exploding square, red-covered packs of Chinese shooting-crackers, the queer characters on which, we confess, we were never able to decypher, being as mysterious to our comprehension as that ornamental work one sometimes observes on Welch smock-frocks, the peculiar twist of which we find it impossible to define. The city smells at night as if it had undergone a fierce bombardment, what between the fumes of the sulphur and the lingering odour of the pistol-shots. On every side a wad may be seen smoking, or a shred of tow burning with a dense smoke. The usually red pavements are charred and blackened by the blasts of powder, and even the sides of the houses seem more gloomy than usual. Till past midnight the noise and din is continued. Which ever way the eye turns, we care not where the gazer may stand, a coruscating gleam flashes on his view, either high in the air, or just darts like a will-o'-the-wisp around the peaks of the steeples in the distance.

The Morning Papers abound with accounts of accidents the next morning; some poor unfortunate having lost an eye or an arm, by the premature explosion of the guns or rockets. It must be expected that where so much danger is present all cannot escape unharmed, and our only wonder is, that the celebration of the day is not attended with more disastrous results than usually occur.

By the dawn of the Fifth, the last rocket has mounted to the clouds, and a farewell squib frets itself into atoms on the ground beneath. The patriots, by this time, have laid aside pistols for pillows—the little boys have done following the soldiers, and are enjoying sunny dreams of candy and fireworks—the orator has blended his harangue with a snooze; and so we leave the Fourth of July commemorators all alone in their respective glories.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtue less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—
If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

MY BOYHOOD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

AH me! those joyous days are gone!
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers.

Ah! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering rays,
When all was fair and new;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true!

While yet of sin I scarcely dreamed,
And every thing was what it seemed,
And all too bright for choice;
When fays were wont to guard my sleep,
And *Crusoe* still could make me weep,
And *Santaclaus*, rejoice!

When Heaven was pictured to my thought,
(In spite of all my mother taught
Of happiness serene,)
A theatre of boyish plays—
One glorious round of holidays,
Without a school between.

Ah me! those joyous days are gone,
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!
For lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell
And hides his face in flowers.

THE LITERATURE OF MIRTH.

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THE ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gaiety, to the deepest, most earnest humor. Thus, the wit of the airy, feather-brained Farquhar glances and gleams like heat lightning; that of Milton blasts and burns like the bolt. Let us glance carelessly over this wide field of comic writers, who have drawn new forms of mirthful being from life's ludicrous side, and note here and there, a wit or humorist. There is the humor of Goethe, like his own summer morning, mirthfully clear; and there is the tough and knotty humor of old Ben Johnson, at times ground down at the edge to a sharp-cutting scorn, and occasionally hissing out stinging words, which seem, like his own Mercury's, "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." There is the incessant brilliancy of Sheridan,—

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

There is the uncouth mirth, that winds, stutters, wriggles and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Izaak Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation,—and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee,—and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith,—sly, sleek, swift, subtle,—a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! Mark, in contrast with him, the beautiful heedlessness with which the Ariel-like spirit of Gay pours itself out in benevolent mockeries of human folly. There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonic smile; and see! the immortal personality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and in a strait, luminous line, with a twang like Scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope,—to

"Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,
And bare th' base heart that lurks beneath a star."

There, a little above Pope, see Dryden keenly dissecting the inconsistencies of Buckingham's volatile mind, or leisurely crushing out the insect life of Shadwell,—

"owned, without dispute,
Throughout the realms of Nonsense, absolute."

There, moving gracefully through the carpeted parlor, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyrotechnic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter, to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humor, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving. And now for another change;—glance at the jerks and jets of satire, the mirthful audacities, the fretting and teasing mockeries, of that fat, sharp imp, half Mephistopheles, half Falstaff, that cross between Beelzebub and Rabelais, known in all lands as the matchless Mr. Punch. No English statesman, however great his power, no English nobleman, however high his rank, but knows that every week he may be pointed at by the scoffing finger of that omnipotent buffoon, and consigned to the ridicule of the world. The pride of intellect, the pride of wealth, the power to oppress,—nothing can save the dunce or criminal from being pounced upon by Punch, and held up to a derision or execration, which shall ring from London to St. Petersburgh, from the Ganges to the Oregon. From the vitriol pleasantries of this arch-fiend of Momus, let us turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character, by that humor which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter; which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists, whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire, in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in subtlety of insight which often reaches farther than the subtlety of Steele,—the humor of Hawthorne presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the subtle sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis,—

"And no speed of ours avails
To hunt upon their shining trails."

And now, let us breathe a benison on these

our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses, these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

> "the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart,—"

wherever Wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity,—there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the ludicrous side of life is its wicked side, no less than its foolish; that in a lying world there is still no mercy for falsehood; that guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn; and that the lesson they teach, agrees with the lesson taught by all experience, that life, in harmony with reason, is the only life safe from laughter—that life, in harmony with virtue, is the only life safe from contempt.

NATURE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THERE are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian Summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks, almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal; they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home; as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes, and hands, and feet. It is firm water; it is cold flame: what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother, when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveller rushes for safety,—and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and foretel the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think, if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel and Uriel, the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving rye-field; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames; or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room,—these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics

and personalities — yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in this painted element: our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am over instructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance: but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most— he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, islands, parks, and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the state with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite — not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances, I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon, and the blue sky for the background, which save all our works of art, which were otherwise baubles. When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of men, reputed to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens, and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echo of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp, and this supernatural *tiralira* restores to him the Dorian mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful? To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove, which they call a park; that they live in larger and better garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, to watering-places, and to distant cities, are the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and well-born beauty, by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road,—a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

The moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempés so easily, may not always be found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira Islands. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape, the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common, with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the sandy deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening, will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is a great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape, as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in every where.

THE FATAL SECRET.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he

yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

A SCRAP FROM HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the New England poet, has recently delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College. He calls it "Astræa: The Balance of Illusions." We make a brief extract to show the quality of his style, promising the reader some of his fugitive waifs, if the subjoined meets with approval.

Winter is past; the heart of nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden,—drift, or sky, or sun;—
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chesnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps the embryo leaves;
The house-fly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenaceous, o'er the lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusted walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tesselated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the bright tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls;
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, *staccato*, his peremptory note;
The crackbrained bobolink courts his crazy mat
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air and spreads his idle wings.

STREETS OF PARIS—THE BOULEVARDS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

If London and Paris were as far apart as London and Jedo, they could hardly be more different in the traveller's eye. In spite of all the real magnificence and even elegance of parts of London, the general impression is that of smoke, dirt, and gloom; while, with all the squalor and dinginess that may be found in certain quarters of Paris, the aspect to a stranger is one of festive brilliancy, in comparison. Architecture has done little for London, except in the way of churches; but in Paris nobody seems content with the mere utilities of building. The Thames flows between black warehouses for nearly the whole length of London; while the Seine, muddy and shallow in itself, yet, from reflecting whole rows of white-browed palaces on either side, looks as if awaiting a regatta. Nothing seems commerce-soiled, in Paris. The *depots* of corn, wine, and oil,—primitive, poetic merchandize,—do not disdain to aim at elegance of exterior. Whatever old Paris may have been, the city of Napoleon is ornate and gay; not like an every-day, working city, but a place to hold pageants in. The world shows no such quadrangle as that whose extreme points are the Tuileries and Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Madeleine. (We do not pretend that our quadrangle is a square.) The beautiful cream-coloured stone, of which a large proportion of the better part of Paris is built, contributes not a little to the gala-look. It would not be possible to give brick-and-mortar streets such an air. And white marble preserves its whiteness here, instead of contracting those inky stains which make it so unsuitable a material for London. One can stand at the centre of the Place de la Concorde, near the obelisk of Luxor, and, looking on either side, imagine the aspect of ancient Rome in her palmiest days, when the Forum was surrounded by the many-columned temples of the gods. We speak of it as we have seen it, on many a fair summer morning, when the sunshine seemed to rest lovingly on the achievements of human taste and industry,—when the Seine had some surface-clearness from the rest of the night, and the trees of the Tuileries waved in the gentle breeze all the arms that French rural taste has left them. At such times, spite of our warm predilection for England, we have been disposed to think of London as the work-shop of the world, Paris as its drawing-room. But it must be confessed that Paris requires sunshine.

Rain in Paris! Paris should be all sunshine, young ladies think. What becomes of those exquisite shoes, those dainty stockings, those darlings of gums and loves of bonnets, when it rains? Where do the lemonade-fountains, with their red velvet and gold lace, and the huge moving stalls of cutlery and knick-knacks, and the *bonbonniers*, and the dancing dogs, and the tumbling boys, and the conjurors, find shelter?

Nobody knows;—but they are all gone. For in Paris the rain comes down in earnest when it does come. Nobody can bring against it the reproach sometimes brought against those whose streets it washes;—that it is mere show and pretence. It falls in sheets, turning the gutters to rivers, and making it so dark that one can scarcely see to write. There goes a cabman at this moment,—for the scene is living before us,—with the water pouring off the rim of his glazed hat, like a veil, over his eyes. The Boulevard is almost cleared. Here and there a blouse appears, with an umbrella running a stream at every point. Under every *porte-cochere*, every projecting ledge,—whatever can afford the least shelter,—stand whole rows of people, pressing their heads and shoulders against whatever is behind them, like a class of school girls suffering the back-board, or if they were standing straight for a wager. Carriages continue to pass, but at a pace that looks as if they were trying to run between the drops. Now and then a female figure—resolution written all over her appearance and manner—crosses the streets, with an evident determination not to soil as much as the hem of her garment, let the mud be ever so deep. She has a straw bonnet and a black umbrella, a shawl suited to the hour, and a costume bespeaking no inordinate vanity; but when you look at her shoes, you might almost take her for an American. Would she be seen on the Boulevard with double soles? No rain is hard enough, no night dark enough, for that. "Bien chaussée" would mean in England, shod suitably as well as handsomely; in Paris and the United States, it means shod elegantly and delicately, without the least regard to the season or weather. And truly, is not rainy weather the time to exhibit a "belle chaussure?" The lady just crossing the Rue du Helder thinks so, evidently.

Since the early morning we have had nothing but showers, every one harder than the last, with momentary intermissions, or promises of intermission, that tempt people out, so that there has been fine scampering. The troops that passed to go to the Carrousel for a review, or something of that sort, tried hard to look as if they did not mind it, but, like him of the barnyard, whose feathers they are proud to carry on their heads, they are decidedly humbled by a good shower. The odious French drums, that sound as if they were made of tin and struck with flint, are not perceptibly softened by the deluge, but the clang is a little muffled, at least. The tricolor has a most draggled appearance; it looks as it ought to look,—ashamed of itself. An emblem of liberty, equality, and fraternity, flaunting over a nation of soldiers.

The showiness of a military dress has been supposed to be one of the temptations to a military life, and perhaps may have been so, though it seems strange that any man can covet a livery which shows he is not his own master. But the uniform of the French soldier is so utterly de-

void of taste, gaiety, or beauty, that one would think it would rather deter than incite young men. A slovenly blue frock with full skirts, or a scanty coat with tails six inches long, is the costume of the greater part of those that throng the streets; and nearly all wear immense blood-coloured trowsers, with or without huge patches of black leather, according as they belong to cavalry or infantry. Crown all this attractive costume with a little cap that slopes off at the top as if for the purpose of showing that the wearer has no need of a place for his brains, and you have the ordinary French soldier, as he walks the street or lounges about the gate of the *caserne*. Nor is the general effect of this costume good, as may be said of some uniforms, of which single specimens are not to be commended. It is dingy and vulgar in the ranks, besides calling up the inhuman idea of men wading in blood.

But while we are talking of the soldiers, there comes a harpist, who stations himself before the windows of the *salon*, in the full force of the shower, and, without uncovering his harp, begins playing and singing, and strange to say, singing with taste, and in operatic style. He can, to be sure, exhibit few graces on the harp with his hands, under the green baize; but he makes out chords enough to accompany himself very well. Verily, there is something new under the sun?—or the rain, rather.

Those two ladies, with—let us see—one, two, three, four skirts apiece, are going to some table-d'hote or restaurant for their *dejeûner à la fourchette*. Each has her umbrella, and can manage it as well as any gentleman she meets, even though one hand be entirely occupied in taking care of the dress. It is wonderful to see that Frenchwomen, whom we are taught to consider as a sort of naughty butterflies, are not afraid of seeming competent to any of the ordinary business of life, while we, descendants of the hardy Puritans, think we cannot be feminine without being helpless! Yet these ladies, who are not afraid of the wet, would very probably—judging from their appearance, and our observation of such—be found truly accomplished in all those things which make a woman shine in society, including graceful manners and polished conversation. They would be astonished if we should tell them that ladies confine themselves to the house as long as it rains, in America.

But there is a gleam of sunshine! How it found its way out of that labyrinth of heavy clouds nobody knows, but there it is, illuminating the whole wet surface of things, and making people that have been walking in the rain look more draggled than ever. And here are all the *petits marchands* out again, already; they must have crept out of the ground like angle-worms. There is the man with a great breast-plate of cutlery and hardware, penknives, scissors, boot-hooks, nut-crackers, and twenty other things, neatly fastened to a great sheet of leather, which is so arranged as to resemble a cuirass, while the owner's hands are left at liberty to flourish in gesticulation, while he sets forth the admirable quality of his wares. He is not allowed to cry them, but he talks about them in declamatory tones, with so much eloquence, that all new people listen. And near the lamp-post is the razor-strop man, who all day long sharpens a razor, and cuts off flying hairs and feathers with it, delivering his oration as if he were the only speaker. A little further on is the cravatist, whose sole stock in trade (no pun intended) is a grey silk cravat, on which he gives lessons, always to a crowd. His method of teaching is novel, whatever be the value of the art. He rests his foot on a bench, and ties the cravat round his leg. When he has given it one turn, and is about to proceed to the important matter of forming the knot, he intermits his harangue—which, we ought to have premised, is perhaps the most enthusiastically anxious of all the eloquence of the Boulevards,—and looking round the circle, says: "*Quelque petit cadeau, s'il vous plait, messieurs,*" and not a blouse but makes him a "present" of a sous or two, which he forthwith empockets, and then proceeds to teach the exact, and he says the only method of forming "*le nœud comme il faut,*" in which he has certainly acquired a remarkable dexterity. The cravat has been tied so many times, that it seems to have a certain intelligence, and to go into its proper shape in advance of his fingers; but if it could go alone, it could not talk, so there would be no crowd to look at it.

The *décrotteurs* at the corner are busy the moment the rain ceases. Their shop consists of a box to hold brushes, blacking, and a stool on which the passenger rests his foot. No matter how muddy the boot, it is astonishing how soon they bring it to its looks again; though indeed the heat of such friction should be alone enough to dry it. Gentlemen stand with the greatest patience on one foot, and now on the other, while a furious brushing goes on which one would think must turn to the advantage of the "*pedicure*" people, who are very numerous in Paris. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, since it is to Paris that we owe the invention of shoes shaped like scissors-sheaths, forced to fit feet of every size and character. The *décrotteurs*, the *pedicures*, and the shoemakers, may be all in league, perhaps, at the expense of the gentle public. Nobody has large feet in Paris except the priests. They wear the most conscientious shoes, well-blacked, but monstrous. Their whole costume is ludicrously ugly, and the shoes do but complete it. Their gowns are mean and ill-shaped, and hang about their ankles, so that they are obliged to hitch them up behind with cord and button, in the most awkward style possible. They are an inferior set of men, at best; ignorant and low bred for the most part; and their costume has nothing redeeming about it, like that of the priests at Rome. In France, since revolutionary ideas have denuded the priesthood of its ancient prestige, it is mostly supplied from the lower ranks, which here are low enough. It is only where there is a good chance of a bishopric, or archbishopric, that the sons of the upper classes enter the church. One guesses this easily after seeing many priests; but we have better authority for the assertion.

The nuns, of which there are great numbers, wear a variety of costumes, all of them pictures-

que, and even graceful, compared with the stiff gear of fashion. It cannot be said of them, as has sometimes been said of the Quakers, that they indemnify themselves for their submission to a prescribed form and color by using the richest materials. The garments of nuns of all ranks are of the commonest, cheapest, and most substantial fabric. Two are passing at this moment, dressed in black stuff gowns and veils, blue stockings, coarse leather shoes, blue cotton aprons, and a sort of white pelerine, neither pretty nor graceful. Others wear caps with very wide, stiff-fluted borders, between which you see the face as at the end of a long perspective vista. Others, again, have a white bonnet, of such a shape as one pins up out of a large newspaper, to keep the sun from one's face in the country. These bonnets are starched to the last degree of stiffness, and the large flaps or valves that are turned backwards from each side, are like butterflies' wings in shape and position. Such a head-dress on a serious person, is one of the oddest solecisms that can be; it looks fitter for a scene of domestic mumming at Christmas; and as the nuns are generally rosy, to say the least, the effect is the more contradictory to their air and character of sobriety. The nuns of St. Vincent de Paul, who have the care of the great prison of St. Lazare, wear under the black veil, an inner one of light blue, which is very pretty, but gives a strange, masquerading look to the costume otherwise so grave. Bands of white cloth, cover forehead, cheeks, and throat; the gown is of black serge, with long, loose sleeves; the veil of black *mousseline de laine*, shaped like a scarf, but sewed together at the back, so that the ends may not fall forward, and interfere with business. With all deductions, and in all varieties, the dress is beautiful and fascinating. No milliner ever devised one more becoming to good looks, or more favourable to bad ones. For this reason we are apt to fancy all the nuns handsome, or at least well-looking; though it must be confessed that their teeth are apt to show a not commendable contempt for the art of dentistry. The shoes afford certainly the last proof of humility and self-renunciation in a French woman, for they are next to *sabots* in coarseness.

The *sabot* is a curious substitute for shoes, which is made to fit the human foot about as well as the nutshells of the mischievous boy fit those of the unhappy cat. It is hollowed out of a single piece of wood, with high heel and pointed toe, and necessarily worn so large, on account of its unyielding nature, that it slips partly off at every step, so that it makes a great clatter. In Paris, this foot-gear is seen only about the outskirts, or in the lowest neighbourhoods. Little children, who can but just walk, make the oddest figures; but it is wonderful to see how deftly they manage this strange hoofing.

We asked whether such shoes ever wear out? "Oh, indeed! they last but a little while! One unlucky blow against a stone splits them; and even with fair and fortunate wear, they do not last above three months, as they are necessarily made of light wood."

Walking is really the great business of Paris. Carriages are comparatively little used by the many. In London one observes just the contrary. But your true Parisian loves the pave, and leaves the confinement and indolence of a carriage to the too-rich-to-be-happy people. The Boulevard is made on purpose for promenading. There is its wide, clean pavement, from which everything disagreeable is strictly excluded, watched by unseen policemen shut up in little dwellings, stationed at certain intervals along the curb-stone, reminding one of Young's description of Conscience, who,

> "While she seems to sleep,
> On rose and myrtle, lulled with siren song,
> And give us up to license, unrecalled,
> Unmasked,—see, from behind her secret stand,
> The sly informer minutes every fault," etc.

Whether these dignitaries have rose and myrtle to sleep upon or not, they certainly have little windows to look out from, and a door, out of which they sally, upon occasion, to make very sharp inquest upon what seem trivial occasions. Each of their curious little domiciles has its clock, illuminated at night, so that no one need plead ignorance of the time to go home.

In summer evenings there is no such spectacle as the Boulevards, their immense width and length, all alive with human creatures at leisure, and gathered for the pleasure of social intercourse. The moving throng,—that part of the show which is naturally and continually ambulatory, from not possessing the wherewithal to make stopping at a *café* pleasant,—is particularly interesting, because peculiarly national. It is composed, for the most part, of artisans and their families, or people whose daily efforts are necessary for their daily bread; who live in crowded streets or *au cinquième* in better ones, and who cannot afford to wear their Sunday clothes too often, even on the Boulevards. You will see the stout man and his stout wife, with all their children, down to the baby in its tight black silk cap. Perhaps the father has a cap on, too, or an apology for one; the mother certainly has, and no bonnet. Not a bonnet is to be seen on any woman who does not claim the rank of a lady, on some tenure or other. Besides these family groups there is an immense number of young people in pairs, who evidently consider the Boulevard the best place for a tête-à-tête, and whom you will pass and repass so often that you can easily guess they find no lack of topics for conversation. Comparatively few persons are seen walking alone, though here and there a melancholy individual passes, looking on the scene with a countenance that shows he has no part in it, or as if he once had, and thought he ought to have now. We have tried, by the aid of imagination, to read the hearts of these moody lookers-on, and fancied we saw in them the despairing workmen, who are first at the barricades on occasion of an *emeute*, or perhaps the still more deeply despairing lovers, who try charcoal as an antidote for their woes, or plunge into the muddy Seine at midnight, to furnish a spectacle for careless eyes, at the Morgue, the next day. Perhaps if we saw just

such men at home, we might not be so struck with their moody air, and lowering or depressed looks. But in contrast with the gay-seeming crowd, and with the knowledge we have of the amount of secret suffering that exists in Paris, we weave a history for every solitary promenader where so few are solitary.

The lamps on the Boulevards, brilliant as they are, do but little towards producing the blaze of light by which we see all this. It is from the wide plate-glass windows and open doors of the *cafés*, that those floods of radiance come, multiplied to the uttermost by countless mirrors. And not the least interesting and characteristic part of the show, is the company seated in front of the *cafés*, at little tables covered with some slight refreshments, chatting away by the hour, as they sip their coffee, chocolate, or ices, with light wines, or now and then a *petit-verre* of Cognac. Clouds of tobacco-smoke envelope these out-door groups, which, as we ought to have mentioned, include ladies as well as gentlemen, seated on light, slender chairs, at the smallest of stands, all in the open street, and in the full lustre of gas. Within are other loungers, reading the papers, at marble tables, on which are spread similar refreshments to those without, while, at a particularly resplendent central point, on a sort of tribune adorned with drapery and other graceful objects, sits the presiding genius of the place, a lady, who directs everything, without herself being very conspicuous. Great quiet prevails, and all conversation is carried on in an under tone. There are private parties in upper rooms, but all noiseless. The French certainly excel in the externals of decorum.

Thus far for the Boulevard des Italiens. As we go higher up, the crowd thickens, is more vivacious, and less genteel. Street music is heard, and a loud laugh occasionally. About the doors of the minor theatres there is a lower class of loungers; and the vicinity of the various less pretentious places of amusement, presents a scene of somewhat rougher, jostling manners. But still there is a great quiet, considering. Above the Porte St. Martin the throng is immense. In the open space near the Gaïte, are vendors of journals, flowers, and small wares; jugglers, tumblers, and catch-pennies of all sorts. Bouquets for five sous are plenty, and play-bills are urged upon you. Scarcely any carriages are seen; and they would find it difficult to make their way, for the crowd fills the middle of the streets as well as the side-walks. When the theatres empty themselves, the press is tremendous for a few minutes; but, thanks to immensely wide streets and good manners, all is still far from noisy. There is a deep continuous hum of life, but no outbursts, even of fun.

At twelve, the *cafés* close; and by that time the company is nearly all gone. As the gay, brilliant windows and doors are shut, one by one, we begin to see that the Boulevards are well lighted by their own lamps, which seem nothing in the greater illumination. At three, looking out upon the Boulevards from an upper window, we have seen the whole immense space vacant, with its rows of lamps shining on, making the solitude more lonely and striking. It was as if some great procession was expected —a procession that would never come. Or like a ball-room waiting for guests cut off by some strange fatality. Melancholy was the predominant expression, perhaps, naturally enough, because of the life and gaiety of the day-view we had so often admired.

Another view of the great thoroughfare that we particularly enjoyed, was the twilight, or early evening one, when the lamps of the thousand carriages passing up and down and across —for when we spoke of the Parisian taste for walking, we did not mean that there were not a multitude of carriages, but only a still greater multitude of foot-passengers—reminding us of the flitting of fire-flies over a marsh in the wild woods, where we have so often watched them during the still, sultry hours of a summer evening. The beauty of the Boulevards is wonderfully enhanced by the smoothness of footing. No jarring stones break the even roll of wheels, no discordant rumble reminds us that luxury has not yet conquered the homeliness of nature's facts. A coating of asphalte, even as a dancing-floor, covers the pavement, and bears the throng of wheels without a sound. The great street is silent as a sick-chamber, and you may sit at your window composing philosophical treatises if you will, looking out upon the gay scene for an illustration when you choose, but forgetting the vicinity of so much life whenever you would be self absorbed, or lost in "heavenly contemplation." Because of this advantage, we advise all strangers in Paris to do what the roar of an ordinary pavement would forbid—take a lodging on the Boulevard. It is customary to prefer the Rue de Rivoli, or the Rue de la Paix, which have their advantages, certainly. But we have tried them all, and give warm preference to the Boulevard. The Rue de la Paix is pretentious and dull, and much affected by travelling English, whose main object in coming abroad seems to be to bring as much of England with them as possible, as we leave a body of earth clinging about the roots of transplanted trees, to keep them from dying in strange soil. There are elegant shops in the Rue de la Paix; but prices one-third higher than elsewhere are demanded for the most ordinary articles, because the English and Americans buy there. On the whole, we found the whole neighbourhood comparatively dull, and resolved on the spot to advise all our travelling friends who would see Paris as Paris—unique, splendid, gay, French Paris—to go at once to the ever-lively Boulevards, and study that most fascinating of panoramas at all hours of the day and night, as we have done, with never-weary eyes.

LOANS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A LOAN is an entrusted possession, to be returned, or repaid. When not limited by any stipulated term of continuance, it may be reclaimed at the volition of the owner; and its temporary use generally implies a favour, or obligation of gratitude.

Strictly speaking, are not all our earthly gifts loans? We are accustomed to speak of them, as if their title was inherent in ourselves, yet their unannounced departure often corrects this error, and discloses the tenure by which they are held.

All history is but a field to illustrate the shadowy nature of ambition's honours. Multitudes who, by virtue, or valour, laborious service, or hazardous enterprise, deemed themselves wealthy, or secure of popular favour, have been made examples of its uncertainty. Thus was Aristides, in his banishment, and Socrates, under the chill of the hemlock, and Columbus, in his sequestration at Valladolid, and the fallen Wolsey, in his remorseful admission:

> "Had I but served my God, with half the zeal
> I served my king, He would not in my age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Still more touching was the exclamation of the noble Strafford, on his way to the scaffold:—"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, with whom there is no help."

The strongest antitheses of fortune, and of fate, have been exhibited in different ages and climes, by those who have held the hereditary sway, and born the envied insignia of royalty. Hippias and Hipparchus taught ancient Greece the frailty of pride and power, when vengeance, unsheathing her "sword, by myrtle leaves concealed," struck one a lifeless corse, and drove the other a fugitive to Persian wilds. The same lesson was given to iron-hearted Rome, by the sons of Aucus Martius, when the sceptre on which they would fain have fixed their youthful grasp, changed like the rod of Aaron to a serpent, and they fled away, wrapped in peasant's weeds, leaving a stranger seated upon their father's throne. How mournful is the voice from England, our own ancestral clime, when the second of the Stuarts came forth, beneath the shadow of his own palace at Whitehall, to die, and one of the meanest of the people reddened his axe in the life-blood of his anointed sovereign. France made her sixteenth Bourbon and his beautiful queen, beacons amid the quicksands of rank and splendour, as she hurried them from the brilliant fêtes of the Tuileries, the gorgeous gardens of Versailles, to the bar, the prison, the guillotine. Bonaparte read the fearful "*Mene, Mene, Tekel*," on the conquering banners of the allied powers, in the capitulation at Paris, in the solitudes of Elba, on the rough face of the great grey rocks at St. Helena. There, the heavy surges breaking against the shore, spoke hoarsely day and night, of the glory that was departed, as erst the ghostly "majesty of buried Denmark," accosted the musing melancholy Hamlet.

Wealth, though one of the most coveted, is also among the most transitory of loans. It is unnecessary to revert to storied annals, or foreign lands, for a commentary on the inspired assertion that it taketh to itself wings, and flies away. It is subject to the sway of all the elements. Fire may devour it, water submerge it, earth swallow it, winds sweep it away. Its tendency to transition, to disappearance, without leaving a trace behind, is obvious to all, while the conscientious mind perceives yet another evil, *the danger of abuse*. "What way can Christians take," says the pious John Wesley, "that their money sink them not into perdition? There is but one way, and no other, under heaven. And this is it: let those who *gain* all they can, and *save* all they can, likewise *give* all they can. Then the more will they grow in grace, and the more treasure will they lay up in heaven."

Wealth, unallied to benevolence and a sense of responsibility, is perilous to our eternal interests. Faithfully used, as a means of influence, of imparting happiness, relieving suffering, enlightening ignorance, it is one of the richest blessings. What an example have we at this time, and on our own shores, of the noble adaptation of this gift to the highest purposes. The world has never seen, in a female form, such a union of rare endowments, unbounded liberality, and unostentatious goodness, as is now exhibited by our Swedish guest, Mademoiselle Lind. With the wonderful talents which, as the sister of the nightingale, she possesses, she cheers, charms, and elevates, with a singular freedom from all selfishness and display; while, with the harvest of those exertions, she feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, comforts the desolate, aids the holy temple to uplift its spire, and the school to gather listening children under its brooding wings, to all future generations.

> "One there is, that doth inherit
> Angel gifts, and angel spirit,
> Bidding streams of gladness flow
> Through the realms of want and woe;
> Mid lone age and misery's lot
> Kindling pleasures long forgot;
> Seeking minds oppressed with night,
> And o'er darkness shedding light:
> She the seraph's speech doth know,
> She hath done their deeds below,
> And when o'er this misty strand,
> She shall clasp their waiting hand,
> They will fold her to their breast,
> More a sister than a guest."

But to return to our subject of *loans*. Some of them, we perceive, expire by their own limitation. The season of youth is one of these. Its beauty, and the attractions that depend upon that beauty must pass away. Conceal-

ment, resistance, regret, are alike ineffectual. The rose and lily upon the cheek, like their prototypes in the garden, must blight and fade. Let us not, on this account, bear in our hearts the murmur of ocean's tinted shell. Time will tarnish and shred away the shining, luxuriant tresses. Why should we dread or be ashamed of the snows that he showers upon the temples?

He will scarcely forget to furrow the forehead. Let us meet his ploughshare with an added smile. The eye must abate in its brilliance; the ear, perchance, forfeit its exquisite perceptions; and the limbs their elastic play. Since these possessions are fleeting, is there aught that can supply their place or console us for their departure?

To every period of life, as to every changing season, there is a peculiar privilege, an annexing charm. Grave autumn may not wear the buds of spring, but it hath the glory of harvest. There is a beauty that surmounteth age. We will therefore seek, if advanced years are our portion, the evergreen that crowns the winter of life; we will wear the perennial adornment of cheerful interest in the young, and in passing events, a deeper forbearance, a broader charity, the spirit of those who, drawing nearer to a cloudless clime, should reflect its smile. We will take the beauty of heaven in exchange for that of earth, and be content.

Our most precious earthly loans, next to the salvation of the undying soul, are the partakers of kindred blood, the dear objects of affection and friendship. Yet, by the tenure of this transitory existence, they must either go from us, or we from them. The order of precedence is known only to the Eternal. Whether the silver-haired grandsire or the cradled babe shall be first summoned, the father, in the pride of his strength, or the daughter, growing up like a pure violet, beneath his protective shadow, the mother, in the tenderness of her unfaltering love, or the son, upon whose young arm her weariness rested as a prop, is known only to Him who formed our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust. "For within a little while, we return to that from which we were taken, when the life that was lent us, shall be demanded."

But in what manner should the heart's loans be restored? We return a book to its owner, with thanks for the privilege of perusal; and repay money, with interest for its use. How shall we render back our soul's chief jewels, when He who entrusted sees fit to reclaim them? Must it be without tears? No! the voice of nature may have utterance, and we are permitted to weep, but not to murmur, or repine. We should resign our precious ones, unmurmuringly, with gratitude for so long a period of intercourse and enjoyment—with praise, if they were fitted for a higher state of existence, and called by the smile of a Father to his home of rest in heaven.

Thus, should we leave our dearest earthly friends, and our own lives also, meekly in His hand whose infinite love and wisdom will do no wrong, either to them or to us. *Our own lives*, said I? Have we aught that we can call our own the next hour or the next moment? The eloquent apostle answers us: "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits, which are God's."

May we, who have together contemplated the nature of our earthly loans, the uncertainty of their continuance, the suddenness of their flight, and the fitting mode of their restitution, be thus assisted faithfully to use, or fortified quietly to resign them; and with an eye ever reared to Him, who hath a right, when he will, to reclaim his own, "revere Him, in the stillness of the soul."

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

TAKE it for all and all, it is not too much to say, that this character is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man of historical celebrity that we now recall, who combined, in so eminent a degree, the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business; though achieving with the most wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present, and whatever was going on around him; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yet chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse; a man with a heart as capacious as his head; a Tory, brim full of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest; a successful author, without pedantry and without conceit; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, as of all great charcters, was his energy. We see it, in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and, in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise; clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism that make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects. A striking example occurs in his organization of the journals and the publishing house in opposition to Constable. In what Herculean drudgery did not this latter business, in which he undertook to supply matter for the nimble press of

Ballantyne, involve him! while, in addition to his own concerns, he had to drag along by his solitary momentum a score of heavier undertakings, that led Lockhart to compare him to a steam-engine, with a train of coal waggons hitched to it.

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labor, not a page of Ivanhoe would have been written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable." But the most extraordinary instance of this trait is the readiness with which he assumed, and the spirit with which he carried through, till his mental strength broke down under it, the gigantic task imposed on him by the failure of Constable.

It mattered little what the nature of the task was, whether it were organizing an opposition to a political faction, or a troop of cavalry to resist invasion, or a medley of wild Highlanders or Edinburgh cockneys to make up a royal puppet-show—a loyal celebration—for "His Most Sacred Majesty"—he was the master-spirit that gave the cue to the whole *dramatis personæ*. This potent impulse showed itself in the thoroughness with which he prescribed, not merely the general orders, but the execution of the minutest details, in his own person. Thus all round him was the creation, as it were, of his individual exertion. His lands waved with forests planted with his own hands, and, in process of time, cleared by his own hands. He did not lay the stones in mortar, exactly, for his whimsical castle, but he seems to have superintended the operation from the foundation to the battlements. The antique relics, the curious works of art, the hangings and furniture, even, with which his halls were decorated, were specially contrived or selected by him; and, to read his letters at this time to his friend Terry, one might fancy himself perusing the correspondence of an upholsterer, so exact and technical is he in his instructions. We say this not in disparagement of his great qualities. It is only the more extraordinary; for, while he stooped to such trifles, he was equally thorough in matters of the highest moment. It was a trait of character.

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given the tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water. In early life, and possibly sometimes in later, high spirits and a vigorous constitution led him occasionally to carry his social propensities into convivial excess; but he never was in danger of the habitual excess to which a vulgar mind—and sometimes, alas! one more finely tuned—abandons itself. With all his conviviality, it was not the sensual relish, but the social, which acted on him. He was neither *gourmé* nor *gourmand;* but his social meetings were endeared to him by the free interchange of kindly feelings with his friends.

Scott was not one of the little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness or cordial greeting for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. His frank address was a sort of *open sesame* to every heart. He did not deal in sneers—the poisoned weapons which come not from the head, as the man who launches them is apt to think, but from an acid heart, or, perhaps, an acid stomach, a very common laboratory of such small artillery. Neither did Scott amuse the company with parliamentary harangues or metaphysical disquisitions. His conversation was of the narrative kind, not formal, but as casually suggested by some passing circumstance or topic, and thrown in by way of illustration. He did not repeat himself, however, but continued to give his anecdotes such variations, by rigging them out in a new "cocked hat and walking-cane" as he called it, that they never tired like the thrice-told tale of a chronic *raconteur*. He allowed others, too, to take their turn, and thought with the Dean of St. Patrick's:—

> "Carve to all, but just enough,
> Let them neither starve nor stuff;
> And, that you may have your due,
> Let your neighbours carve for you."

He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugher," said Scott himself, on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford. His manners, free from affectation or artifice, of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humour with himself, in the same manner as a cunning portrait painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote as may throw them off their guard, and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

OTHELLO TO IAGO.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

Accursed be thy life! Darkness thy day!
Time, a slow agony; a poison, love;
Wild fears about thee, wan despair above!
Crush'd hopes, like wither'd leaves, bestrew thy way!
Nothing that lives lov'st thou; nothing that lives
Loves thee. The drops that fall from Hecla's snow
'Neath the slant sun, are warmer than the flow
Of thy chill'd heart. Thine be the bolt that rives!
Be there no heaven to thee; the sky a pall;
The earth a rack; the air consuming fire;
The sleep of death and dust thy sole desire—
Life's throb a torture, and life's thought a thrall:
And at the judgment may thy false soul be,
And 'neath the blasting blaze of light, *meet me!*

KATE LORIMER; OR, THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The pearl in ocean's cavern lies,
The feather floats upon the wave."

KATE LORIMER was neither a beauty, a wit, nor an heiress: she was only one of those many commonplace young ladies, who are "brought out" every winter to laugh, dance, and flirt, for a season or two, then to marry, and fulfil their destiny by immuring themselves in a nursery for the rest of their lives. So said the world—but for once that many-eyed and many-tongued gossip was mistaken. Kate was very unlike most young ladies. With her Juno-like figure, and fine, though somewhat massive features, there needed only a careful study of the mysteries of the toilet to make her appear what dandies call "a splendid woman." But Kate, though in reality she was neatness itself, generally *seemed* but one degree removed from a sloven; so careless was she respecting the color, make, and adjustment of her clothes. Then she had what Shakespeare calls "a very pretty wit," a certain shrewdness of intellect, and a quiet sense of the ridiculous, which wanted only the piquant sauce of boldness and ill-nature to make her what the witlings in primrose kids would style "*bre-i-lliant.*" But Kate was equally indifferent to her own looks and manners. She seemed like a kind of human machine moved by some invisible springs, at the volition of others, but by no positive will of her own.

What, you will ask, was the secret of this cold abstraction in a young and not ungifted girl? There was no mystery about it; Kate was only one of the many instances of "a candle placed in the wrong socket," as my poor friend —— used to say. She was one of a large family, but she was neither the oldest—the first inheritor of parental love—nor the youngest—the recipient of its fond dotage. Her elder brother, a tall, graceful youth, was the pride of both father and mother, and whatever privileges Kate might have claimed as the *first* of the troop of damsels who chattered their days away in the nursery and school-room, they were entirely forgotten in favor of the second daughter, who chanced to be extremely beautiful. The fact was, that Kate occupied a most insignificant position between a conceited eldest son and a sister who was a belle. Her brother Tom's sententiousness overwhelmed her and crushed her into nonentity, while Louisa's beauty and vivacity threw her completely into the shade.

At her very first entrance into society, Kate felt that she had only a subordinate part to play, and there was a certain inertness of character about her, which made her quietly adopt the habits befitting her inferior position. Her mother, a handsome, stylish woman, with an easiness of temper which won affection but not respect from her children, and a degree of indolence which sadly interfered with the regularity of her household—sometimes fretted a little at Kate's sluggishness, and wished she was a little less "lumpish" at a party. But there was a repose in Kate's manner, which, upon the whole, Mrs. Lorimer rather liked, as it effectually prevented any rivalry between the two sisters. Aunt Bell, a somewhat precise, but sensible old maid, was the only one who was seriously dissatisfied. She remembered Kate's ambition as a school-girl; she preserved among her most precious mementoes all Kates "prizes," "rewards of merit," etc., and she could not conceive why this enthusiasm and eagerness for distinction should have died away so suddenly and so completely. Aunt Bell suspected something of the truth, but even she, who loved Kate better than anybody in the world, could not know the whole truth.

Kate Lorimer was like one of those still, quiet mountain lakes, which at one particular spot are said to be unfathomable, but whether because they are so deep, or because a wonderfully strong under-current carries away the line and plummet in its descent, is never clearly ascertained by those who skim over the surface of the sleepy waters. Almost every one liked her; that is, they felt that negative kind of liking which all persons have for a quiet, good-humored sort of a body, who is never in the way. At a crowded party Kate always gave up her place in the quadrille if there was a want of room on the floor; if beaux were scarce, Kate was quite content to talk to some frowsy old lady in a corner; if a pair of indefatigable hands were required to play interminable waltzes and polkas, Kate's long white fingers seemed unwearied; in short, Kate never thought of herself, because she honestly believed she was not worth anybody's thinking about.

Was she so inordinately humble as to set no value upon herself; Not exactly that; but she had so high a standard of excellence in her own soul, and she was so conscious of her utter inability to attain to that standard, that she seemed to feel a species of contempt for herself, and therefore she neglected herself, not as a penance, but because she would not waste thought or time upon any thing appertaining to herself. No one understood poor Kate, and of course nobody appreciated her. When she spent hours in dressing her beautiful sister for a ball, and then twisting up her own fine hair in a careless knot, and, slipping on a plain white dress, was ready in ten minutes to accompany the belle to the gay scene where she knew she could never shine, people only called her slovenly and careless, but gave her no credit for the generous affection which could lavish decorations on another, and be content through a whole evening

"to hear
Praise of a sister with unwounded ear."

When she refused invitations to parties that she

might stay at home and nurse Aunt Bell through a slow fever, people said—"She is so indolent, she is glad of an excuse to avoid the trouble of going out." No one knew that she was not too indolent to watch through the long hours of night beside the sick-bed of the invalid, while her lovely sister was sleeping off the fatigues of the dance. When she gave up a gay season at the Springs, rather than disappoint her old grandmother, who had set her heart upon a visit from one of the sisters—when she spent a long, dull summer in a hot country-house, with no other companions than Aunt Bell and the infirm old lady, and no other amusement than could be found in a book-case full of Minerva-Press novels, then people—those wonderfully knowing people—again said, "Kate Lorimer is turning her indolence to account, and will earn a legacy out of it;" while the fact was, neither Aunt Bell nor grandmother had a cent in the world beyond their life-interest in their old country-home.

"If Louisa makes an engagement this winter, I think I shall hurry Ella's education a little, so as to bring her out next season;" said Mrs. Lorimer to her husband, during one of those "*curtain conferences*" which are quite the opposite to "curtain lectures."

"Why should you do that? You will have Kate still to provide for, and Ella will be all the more attractive for another year's study," was the reply of the calculating though kind father.

"Oh, Kate is a hopeless case; she will never be married, she is too indifferent; no man will take a fancy to a girl who at the first introduction shows by her manner that she does not care what he thinks of her."

"Then you think Kate is one of the 'predestinate old maids?'"

"I am afraid so."

"Well, Kate is a good child, and we shall want one of the girls to keep house for us when we grow old; so I don't know that we need regret it much."

"You don't consider the mortification of bringing out two daughters at a time and having one left on hand, like a bale of unsaleable goods, while such a woman as that vulgar Mrs. Dobbs has married her four red-headed frights in two seasons."

"How was that done?"

"Oh, by management; but then the girls were as anxious as the mother, and helped themselves along. As to Kate, I don't believe she would take the trouble to walk across the room in order to secure the best match in the country."

"She certainly is very indifferent, but she seems perfectly contented."

"Yes, that is the trouble; she is perfectly satisfied to remain a fixture, although she knows that she will have to rank with the '*antiques*,' as soon as I begin to bring out her four younger sisters."

"Perhaps it would be better to bring out Ella next winter," sighed the father.

"Yes, Ella is lively and fresh-looking, and during the festivities which will follow Louisa's wedding, she can slip into her place in society without the expense of a '*coming-out*' party."

"You speak as if Louisa's marriage was a settled thing."

"Because she can have her choice now of half a dozen, and by the time the season is over she will probably decide."

"Well, under your guidance, she is not likely to make an imprudent choice."

"I hope not. To tell you the truth, I am waiting for one more declaration, and then there will be no more delay," said the mother.

"Has she not admirers enough?"

"Yes, but if she can secure young Ferrers it will be worth waiting."

"What! Clarence Ferrers? Why he is worth almost half a million; is he an admirer of Louisa's?"

"He is a new acquaintance, and seems very much struck with her beauty; but he is an odd creature, and seems to pride himself upon differing from all the rest of the world; we shall see what will happen. One thing only is certain, Louisa will be married before the year is out, and Kate will, I think, resign herself to old-maidism with a very good grace."

And having come to this conclusion, the two wiseacres composed themselves to sleep.

Clarence Ferrers, so honorably mentioned by Mr. Lorimer as "*worth* half a million," was a gentleman of peculiar tastes and habits. His father died while he was yet a boy, and he had struggled with poverty and hardship while acquiring the education which his talents deserved, and which his ambition demanded. He had stooped his pride to labor, and he had learned to submit to want, but he had never bowed himself to bear the yoke of dependence. Alone he had toiled, alone he had struggled, alone he had won success. His mother had been the first to encourage his youthful genius, and to plant the seeds of honorable ambition within his soul. He had loved her with an almost idolatrous affection, and when he saw her eking out by the labors of the needle the small annuity which secured her from starvation, in order that he might devote all his own little stipend as a teacher to his own education, he felt that gratitude and love alike required him to persevere until success should reward the mother by crowning the son.

There is something ennobling and hallowing in such a tie as that which existed between Mrs. Ferrers and Clarence. A gentle, humble-minded woman herself, she was ambitious that her son should be good and great. She knew the benumbing effect of poverty upon the soul, but she took care that the genial warmth of affection should counteract its evil influences upon the gifted mind of her darling son. She was his friend, his counsellor, his sympathizing companion, sharing all his hopes, his aspirations, his pleasures, and his sorrows, as only a true-hearted and loving woman can do. Long ere he had reached the years of mature manhood the bond between mother and son had been made stronger than death; and, alas! far more enduring than life. Mrs. Ferrers lived to see Clarence occupying a position of honor and usefulness as professor in one of our most distinguished colleges. Her death left him a lonely and desolate man, for so

close had been their communion, so thorough had been their mutual sympathy, that he had never till then felt the need of another friend. But in the enthusiasm of his deep and fervent love, he felt that he was not dissevered by the hand of death; and many an hour did he hold converse in his secret soul with the "spirit-mother," whom he felt to be ever near him.

Clarence Ferrers had counted his thirtieth summer, when an old great-uncle, who had suffered him to struggle with poverty during all his early years, without stretching forth a finger to sustain him, died very suddenly, leaving behind him an immense fortune, which he distributed by will, among some dozen charitable associations, whose very names he had never heard until they were suggested by his lawyer, and making not the slightest mention of his nephew. Luckily for him, the will was *unexecuted*, and the neglected Clarence learned that, as heir-at-law, he was entitled to the whole of his miserly uncle's hoarded wealth. Years had passed since Clarence had even seen the old man; and he certainly owed him no gratitude for the gift which would have been withheld from him if death had not been more cruel even than avarice. But Clarence was not a man to feel selfishly on any subject. One hundred thousand dollars, the fifth part of his newly-acquired fortune, was distributed among the charities named in the will, thus fulfilling the supposed wish of the deceased. With another large portion he endowed a "Home for Poor Gentlewomen," as a tribute to the memory of his mother, whose life had been one of struggle and care for want of such "a home," in the early days of her widowhood. Then, after liberally providing for all who had any claims upon the old miser, he placed his affairs in the hands of a trusty agent, and sailed for Europe.

Clarence Ferrers set out upon his travels with no fixed purpose, except that of acquiring knowledge of all kinds, and of compelling occupation of mind to quiet yearnings of the heart. Eight years elapsed ere he revisited his native land; during that time he had explored every part of Europe, treading the greensward of its by-ways, no less than the dust of its high-roads. From the islands of the Archipelago to the most northerly part of Russia, he had travelled, commanding respect by his scientific attainments, receiving attentions every where for his courtly elegance of manner, winning love wherever he went by his suavity and kindness. Then to the East, that land of sacred memories, he turned his steps; Egypt, the land of mystery, too, was not forgotten; and when Clarence returned to his own country, he bore with him treasures of learning and wisdom from every land where the footsteps of man had trod. Yet was he as modest as he was learned, and few would have suspected that the quiet, gentlemanlike person, whose tall figure bent so gracefully over some timid girl at the piano, or who so carefully escorted some old lady to the supper-room at a party, was the celebrated traveller and man of world-known science.

Such was the man whom Mr. Lorimer pronounced to be "WORTH *half a million!*" I have sketched him at some length, because this is no fancy portrait, and memory has been faithful to her trust in thus enabling me to trace, though but in faint and shadowy outline, the noble character of one of God's noblest creatures.

But all this time I have forgotten poor Kate Lorimer. She would have thought it strange that she ever should be remembered, especially when Clarence Ferrers was in one's mind. Kate had seen Clarence Ferrers introduced to her beautiful sister, and had felt a glow of pleasure as she marked his look of genuine admiration. She had listened to words of graceful compliment, so unlike the vapid flattery of others. She had heard the tones of that thrilling voice, whose musical accents had been able to move alike the wild Arab, and the wilder Cossack, by their melody. She sat alone in the only shadowy corner of a gay and crowded saloon, but she would not have exchanged places with the most flattered and courted of the guests; for she could listen unobserved to the gifted traveller, and look unnoticed upon his expressive countenance. She had heard of him from childhood; for Aunt Bell had been one of Mrs. Ferrers' earliest friends, and the story of his early struggles, his devoted love for his mother, and his subsequent good fortune, had been one of Aunt Isabel's favorite themes. But he was a man when Kate was still in the nursery, and was but a shy girl of fourteen when, as she remembered, he called to pay his farewell visit to his mother's friend previous to his departure. To the unappreciated girl, living in the midst of an ungenial though not unhealthy moral atmosphere, the picture of perfect sympathy and affection, as it had existed between the gentle mother and her gifted son, was one which, unconsciously, left its reflection within her soul, and became a sort of ideal to her half-developed nature. She did not retain the slightest remembrance of his actual appearance, but so vivid an image of his mental and moral gifts was traced upon her memory, that she felt she needed not the intercourse of social life to make her know him better. Yet, as the beauty and vivacity of her sister attracted him closer to her side, it was impossible for Kate, with all her shyness, to avoid becoming acquainted with him; and it sometimes happened, that when the beautiful Louisa was led off to the dance by one of her host of admirers, she would leave Kate to entertain Mr. Ferrers till her return, thus flattering him by her evident desire to retain his society, and at the same securing him from all rival belles.

Clarence Ferrers was now eight and thirty; an age when a man, however gifted, will not be insensible to the evident admiration of a very young and extremely pretty woman. He was still a fine looking man, but he was no longer youthful in his appearance. His teeth were fine, and his eyes, those soft, bright, tender eyes, were as beautiful as in boyhood, when his mother loved nothing so well as to kiss those full, heavily-fringed lids for the sake of the beaming look which rewarded the caress. But Clarence had not escaped the touch of time; his luxuriant locks were thinned, and the silver threads were mingled among those dark chesnut curls. He appeared full as old as he really was; but who could look on his magnificent brow, watch the

play of his flexible lips, or listen to the tones of his exquisite voice, and think of the ravages of time?

Kate Lorimer was one of the best *listeners* in the world. There was a certain negligent ease with which she inclined herself toward the speaker, and a look of quiet attention on her countenance, which always gratified the self-love of those who conversed with her. To be sure, in nine cases out of ten, this pleasant manner arose only from her indolent good humour, which found a kind of luxurious repose in the monotonous hum of a busy talker. But when listening to Clarence Ferrers, (for she seldom talked with him, except as much as common politeness required,) Kate soon found that his conversation did not afford her a mere cushion for mental repose. Not that Clarence dealt much in the marvellous, or excelled much in narration, although he abounded in illustrative anecdotes and reminiscences on every subject; but he had the art—so rare and so delightful—of waking up every faculty in the mind of those with whom he conversed. He imparted knowledge in such a manner as to make his hearer feel as if the *ideas* were his own, and the corroborative *facts* only were the results of the traveller's observation. Yet he was no flatterer; he only, as I said before, had the power of arousing and stimulating the intellect of his hearers.

If Clarence Ferrers had been at first struck with the extreme beauty of Louisa, he was not less sensible to the "surprises of sudden joy" with which he beheld the dawning of Kate's peculiar qualities of character. Her moral nature he had read at a glance, and it inspired him with respect and esteem, but her intellectual being, which was a mystery even to herself, became a study to the man of science and research. There was so much freshness of thought in her hitherto slumbering mind; such clearness of perception when she was unconsciously led to exercise her mental vision; such harmony of movement between the reasoning and the imaginative faculty, that Clarence became daily more interested in the "lumpish" Kate, despite the attractions of her beautiful sister.

"Mamma, I do not believe I can put off Frank Dormer any longer; he is desperately in love, and determined to make a declaration," said Louisa, one morning, as she sat assisting Kate to trim a ball-dress with which she expected to charm all eyes.

"It would be a pity to lose so rich and generous an admirer, Lou'," was the reply of the prudent mother.

"But suppose I should accept him, mamma?"

"That you would not do; Frank Dormer is only rich in expectancy, while Clarence Ferrers has both wealth and fame."

"I like Frank best;" said the young lady, coolly.

"My dear Louisa, have you lost your senses?"

"No, madame; but you may as well let me tell you now, that, for all his fortune, I would not marry Clarence Ferrers."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he is so frightfully sensible, I should never dare do or say an absurd thing for fear of seeing those great *lamping* eyes looking reproval at me. Besides, he does not seem inclined to offer himself."

"How can you say so, Louisa? I am sure he never leaves us at a party, and seems never so happy as when sitting near us and watching your graceful movements when you are dancing."

"Well, he can't expect me to drop into his arms by the mere fascination of his look. If he were not so rich, I should not think of him for a moment, while I really like Frank. He is full of gaiety and frolic, and with him I should have a merry life. Clarence Ferrers is too old and grave for me. Don't you think so, Kate?"

Kate started at the question; she had evidently been in one of her dreamy moods, and perhaps had not heard a word of their conversation.

Poor Kate! she bent over her sewing, and seemed intent only on placing at proper distances the delicate white roses which looped the gauze drapery of Louisa's new dress; but she felt a sudden faintness come over her, which required all her habitual self-control to subdue. Not until the dress was finished and displayed upon the sofa to her mother's criticism; not until the pearl ornaments had been laid upon the beauty's dark curls by the skilful fingers of the all-enduring Kate; not until she had listened to all her sister's ideas respecting the sash, which was to be tied at the side, with long floating ends; in short, not until all the important trivialities of a belle's ball-costume had been discussed and decided upon by the aid of Kate's taste, was she at liberty to retire to her own room. At last she was released, and as Louisa sprung up stairs, humming a lively opera air, Kate, gathering up her sewing materials, slowly followed till she arrived at the door of her own apartment, which, in consideration of its being the smallest room in the house, and in the fourth story, she was permitted to occupy *alone*. This had long been poor Kate's sanctuary, where she could think and feel and act as she pleased. Now she quietly locked the door, and then, when she had secured herself from intrusion, she sat down in the rocking-chair which had been her companion from childhood, and gave way to the tears which were pressing so painfully against her hot eye-lids.

Kate had often wept—much oftener than those who called her indifferent and cold in temper, could have imagined—but never had she shed such bitter, burning tears as now. There was grief and shame, and wounded affection, and mortified pride, all blended in the emotion which now agitated her. She could not have analysed her own feelings; she only knew she was very unhappy and very lonely.

That evening Kate was too unwell to accompany her sister to the ball. A severe headache, arising from an attack of influenza, which accounted for the humid eyes that would weep in spite of all poor Kate's efforts, was sufficient apology. So Mrs. Lorimer, with her tall son and beautiful daughter, were whirled off to the gay scene, leaving Kate to read the newspaper and play backgammon with her rheumatic father, who never went out after sunset.

But the old gentleman's evenings were gone

rally short. By nine o'clock he was comfortably asleep in bed, and Kate sat alone in the deserted drawing-room, when she was startled by the sound of the door bell. It was too late for a visitor, and Kate's first thought was that it might be a message with a parcel for her brother. She did not alter her position, therefore, but sat with her head bent, her hands listlessly lying in her lap, and her whole attitude one of the deepest dejection. A gentle footstep, and the tones of a well-known voice startled her from her painful dream, and as she looked up her eyes fell on the stately form of Clarence Ferrers.

"I heard you were kept at home by indisposition, Miss Lorimer," said he; "will you pardon me if I have availed myself of this opportunity of seeing you alone?"

Kate was a little bewildered, but she murmured something about "the pleasure of seeing him," &c., like a well-bred young lady.

"Kate—Miss Lorimer—will you answer me frankly? I have lately indulged the hope that we may be united in a closer bond than even the friendship with which you have honoured me; have I deceived myself with vain fancies?"

Kate's heart seemed to stand still for a moment, and an icy coldness ran through her veins. She saw it all in a moment. Clarence Ferrers wanted to learn from her his chance of success with her beautiful sister. What could she do? Louisa did not love Clarence, but it was a desirable match. Should she sacrifice the prospects of her sister, or should she betray the noble confidence of him who called her his friend? How could she decide when her own heart was just awakened to a dim sense of its own mad folly and weakness?

Clarence watched her countenance, and marvelled at the lights and shadows that flitted so rapidly across it. "I am afraid I have given you pain, Miss Lorimer," said he at length: "I meant not to distress you; only tell me whether I have done wrong in believing that I might yet occupy a nearer and dearer place in your esteem; whether I have been mistaken in my hope of finding you my strongest advocate?"

Kate felt that she must speak. "You can scarcely need an advocate," said she timidly. "I presume I understand your meaning, and I can only say that any woman might be proud to be the object of your choice."

"And is this all you can say? Am I to think that on the empty gifts of fame, or the paltry advantages of fortune, I must depend for that most precious of earthly things, a sympathising heart. '*Proud to be my choice*'—oh! Kate, I did not expect such a cold rebuff from you."

Tears rushed into Kate's eyes; she felt herself growing weaker every moment, and she determined to put an end to the conversation.

"Have you spoken to my sister, Mr. Ferrers?" said she, while she strove in vain to check the quick gasps that almost suffocated her.

"To your sister!" said Clarence, in some surprise. "No, Miss Lorimer, I preferred coming first to you."

"I have but little influence over Louisa," said the trembling girl, "but all that I have shall be exerted in your behalf."

"Louisa!—your sister!—I really do not comprehend you, Kate."

A momentary feeling of wounded pride aroused Kate, and mastered her coming weakness. She rose from her seat; "Did you not ask me to be your advocate with my sister?" asked she, while her cheek and lip grew white as ashes.

"My advocate with your sister!" exclaimed Clarence; "no indeed: Kate! my own dearest Kate! it was with your own sweet self I wanted an advocate, and hoped to find my strongest one in your heart."

Kate grew dizzy and faint; a mist gathered before her eyes, and when it cleared away she was sitting on the sofa, with a strong arm lovingly twined about her waist, and on the soft white hand which lay in the grasp of Clarence glittered the betrothal ring, though how or when it was placed there she never clearly could remember.

"How strangely Clarence Ferrers disappeared from the ball to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorimer, as she puffed her way up to her room at two o'clock in the morning.

"I was not sorry he went, mamma, for it gave Frank the chance he has so long wanted. He offered himself last night, while we were in the midst of that last polka; and I referred him to papa," said Louisa, as she turned towards her own room.

"Well, I only hope you have not been too hasty," said the mother, too sleepy just then to care much about the matter.

The next morning Mr. Lorimer was visited in his private office by the young and handsome Frank Dormer. He was an only child; his father was prepared to "come down" handsomely with the cash, and Mr. Lorimer gave a ready assent to the proposition of the enamored youth. He had scarcely finished his after-dinner nap, on the same day, when Clarence Ferrers sought an interview. Matters were soon arranged with a man who was "*worth half a million*," and Mr. Lorimer chuckled and rubbed his hands with infinite glee, as he reminded his wife of her prediction, that "*Kate was a predestinate old maid.*"

Kate has been more than two years a wife, and in the elegant, self-possessed, dignified woman, whose statuesque repose of manner seems now the result of the most perfect grace, no one would recognise the dull, indifferent, "lumpish" Kate of former years. In the atmosphere of affection every faculty of mind and body has attained perfect development. She has learned to value herself at her real worth, because such a man as Clarence Ferrers has thought her deserving of his regard. She is not the less humble, but she is no longer self-despising and self-neglectful. In order to do honor to her husband, she has striven to be all he would have her, and the result is one of the most intellectual and elegant of women of whom our country can boast. The "light" which was threatened with extinction has now found "its right socket," and no brighter luminary shines either in the world of fashion, or in the circle of home.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

(See Engraving.)

The principal front of the Capitol presents a very noble appearance as the spectator advances to it in the point of view taken by the artist; and, from what is shown of the proportions and size of the building, a very imposing effect is produced. Its height, the ascending terraces, the monument and its fountain, the grand balustrade of freestone which protects the offices below, and the distinct object which it forms standing alone on its lofty site, combine to make up the impression of grandeur, in which its architectural defects are lost or forgotten. The President of the United States, on the Fourth of July of this year, laid the corner stone of an additional wing to the Capitol, which will be immediately erected of white marble.

The district of Columbia, which was set apart to the General Congress by the different States, is not densely populated; and its distance from the sea, and the natural independence of its position, render it impossible that it should ever become a commercial or a thickly populated mart.

The city of Washington is situated on the Potomac; and in a little volume written by a descendant of Washington, an account is given of the first survey of this river by the great patriot, with reference to the navigation above tide-water:—

"The canoe, or pirogue," says the author, "in which General Washington and a party of friends first made the survey of the Potomac, was hollowed out of a large poplar tree, on the estate of Colonel Johnson, of Frederick county, Maryland. This humble bark was placed upon a waggon, hauled to the margin of the Monocacy river, launched into the stream, and there received its honoured freight. The General was accompanied by Governor Johnson, one of the first commissioners for the location of the city of Washington, and several other gentlemen. At nightfall, it was usual for the party to land and seek quarters of some of the planters, or farmers, who lived near the banks of the river, in all the pride and comfort of old-fashioned kindliness and hospitality. Putting up for a night at a respectable farmer's, the General and the two Johnsons were shown into a room, having but two beds. 'Come, gentlemen,' said Washington, 'who will be my bedfellow?' Both declined. Colonel Johnson often afterwards declared, that greatly as he should have felt honored by such intimacy, the awe and reverence with which the chief had inspired him, even in their daily and unreserved intercourse, would have made the liberty seem little short of profanation.

"While the party were exploring in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, news arrived of the burning at the stake of Colonel Crawford, by the Indians at Sandusky. Washington became excited to tears at hearing the recital, for Crawford had been one of the companions of his early life, and had often been his rival in athletic exercises. The unfortunate man was brave as a lion, and had served with great distinction in the war of the revolution. Tears soon gave way to indignation, and Washington, pointing to a lofty rock which juts over the stream, at its remarkable passage through the mountain, exclaimed, with a voice tremulous from feeling, 'By heaven! were I the sole judge of these Indians, it would be slight retaliation to hurl every spectator of his death from that height into the abyss.'"

To the reader who venerates the name of the great patriot, no anecdote, however trifling, told in connection with the monuments of his greatness, can be unappropriate or uninteresting.

TWO POEMS BY J. R. LOWELL.

HEBE.

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.
As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.
I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp;—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up:
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?
O spendthrift Haste! await the Gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.
Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

A FRAGMENT.

Thick-rushing, like an ocean vast
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
Rising and rising momently,
As o'er a harp Æolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute drops of rain
Ringing in water silvery,
They lingering dropped and dropped again,
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be.

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO? OR, THE INFLUENCE OF AN EXAMPLE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"I AM glad you admire my pretty cousin," said Isabel Gray to a gentleman seated near her. "She deserves all her good fortune, which is the highest possible compliment when you see how devoted her husband is and what a palace-like home he has given her."

"It does, indeed, seem the very abode of taste and elegance," and the speaker looked around the luxurious apartment with undisguised admiration.

The room, with its occupants, seemed, in the mellow light which came from lotus-shaped vases, like a fine old picture set in a gorgeous frame. The curtains, falling in fluted folds, shut out the dreariness of a chill November night—a glowing carpet, on whose velvet surface seemed thrown the richest flowers and the most luscious fruits, in wild but graceful confusion, muffled the tread of the well-trained servants. A few rare pictures hung upon the walls, and a group of beautiful women were conspicuous among the guests who this evening shared the hospitality of the master of the mansion. The dessert had just been placed upon the table—rare fruits were heaped in baskets of delicate *Sèvres*, that looked *woven* rather than moulded into their graceful shapes; cones and pyramids of delicately tinted ices, and sparkling bon-bons—in fine, all that could tempt the most fastidious appetite, had been gathered together for this bridal feast.

Very happy was William Rushton that night, and how fondly he glanced, in the pauses of conversation, toward his lovely wife, who, for the first time, had assumed her place as mistress of all this elegance. But her's was a subdued and quiet loveliness,

"Not radiant to a *stranger's* eye,"

and many wondered that his choice should have fallen upon her, when Isabel Gray seemed so much better suited to his well-known fastidiousness. Isabel had passed the season of early girlhood, yet her clear brow was as smooth, and her complexion as glowing, as when she had first entered society, the belle of the season. Four winters had passed, and, to the astonishment of many an acquaintance, she was still unmarried; and now, as the bridemaid of the wealthy Mrs. Rushton, she was once more the centre of fashion—the observed of all.

Glittering glasses, of fanciful shape and transparent as if they had been the crystal goblets of Shiraz, were sparkling among the fruits and flowers. Already they were foaming to the brim with wines, that might have warmed the heart of the convivial Clarence himself, whose age was the topic of discourse among the gentlemen and of comment to their pretty listeners, who were well aware that added years would be no great advantage to *them* in the eyes of these boasting connoisseurs.

"No one can refuse that," came to the ears of Isabel Gray, in the midst of an animated conversation.

"The health of our fair hostess," said her companion, by way of explanation. "We are all friends, you know. Your glass, Miss Gray," and he motioned the attendant to fill it.

"Excuse me," said she, in a quick, earnest voice, which drew the attention of all. "I will drink to Lucy with all my heart, but in water, if you please," and she playfully filled the tall glass from a water goblet near her.

"May I be permitted to follow Miss Gray's example? She must not claim all the honor of this new fashion," and the speaker, a young man with a fine though somewhat sad face, suited the action to the word.

Courtesy subdued the astonishment and remonstrances of the host and his fashionable friends, and this strange freak of Miss Gray's formed the topic of conversation after the ladies withdrew.

"I do not think it a fancy—Isabel Gray always acts from principle," said one of the party, with whom she had been conversing; and Robert Lewis, for so they called her supporter in this unparalleled refusal, gaily declared himself bound, for that night at least, to drink nothing but water, for her sake.

"Oh, Isabel, how could you do so?" said her cousin, as they re-entered the drawing-room, and the ladies had dispersed in various groups to examine and admire its decorations.

"Do what, dear Lucy?"

"Why, act in such a strange way. I never knew you to refuse wine before. You might, at least, have touched the glass with your lips, as you always have done. Mr. Rushton was too polite to remonstrate, but I saw he looked terribly annoyed. He is so proud of his wines, too, and I wanted him to like you so much. I would not have had it happen—oh, for any thing!" and the little lady clasped her hands with a most tragical look of distress.

"How very terrible! Is it such a mighty offence? But, seriously, it was not a freak. I shall never take wine again."

"And all my parties to attend? You will be talked about all winter. Why, nothing is expected of a lady now-a-days but to sip the least possible quantity; and, besides, champagne, you know, Isabel—champagne never hurt any one."

"I have seen too much of its ill effects to agree with you there, Lucy. It has led to intemperance again and again. My heart has long condemned the practice of convivial drinking, and I cannot countenance it even by *seeming* to join. Think of poor Talfourd—what made him a beggar and a maniac! He was your husband's college friend."

"Oh, that is but one in a thousand; and, besides, what influence can you possibly have. Who, think you, will be the better man for seeing you so rude—I must say it—as to refuse to take wine with him?"

"We noneofus know the influence we exert

—perhaps never will know it in this world. But, still, the principle remains the same. To-night, however, I had a definite object in my pointed refusal. Young Lewis has recently made a resolution to avoid every thing that can lead him into his one fault. Noble, generous to 'the half of his kingdom'—highly cultivated, and wealthy, he nearly shipwrecked his fortune when abroad, brother tells me by dissipation—the effect of this same warm-hearted, generous nature. It is but very lately he has seen what a moral and mental ruin threatened him, and has resolved to gain a mastery over the temptation. I knew of it by accident, and I should not tell it, even to you, only that it may prevent his being rallied by Mr. Rushton or yourself. To-night was his first trial. I saw the struggle between custom, pride, and good resolutions. If he had yielded then, he would have become disheartened on reflection, and, perhaps, abandoned his new life altogether. I cannot tell—our fate in this world is decided by such trivial events. At any rate, I have spared him one stroke—he will be stronger next time to refuse for himself."

"I should not have dreamed of all this! Why I thought it was only his Parisian gallantry that made him join with you; but, then, if he has once been dissipated, the case is hopeless."

"Oh no, Lucy, not hopeless; when a strong judgment is once convinced, it is the absence of reflection, or a little moral courage, at first, that ruins so many."

"Excellent, excellent!" cried the lively Mrs. Moore, who came up just in time to hear Isabel's closing sentence—"If Miss Gray is not turned temperance lecturer! Come, ladies, let her have a numerous audience while she is about it. Ah, I know you think to get into Father Mathew's good graces. Shall you call upon him when he arrives, and offer your services as assistant?"

"We were discussing the possibility of entire reformation," said Isabel, calmly, quite unmoved by Mrs. Moore's covert sarcasms, to the ladies who now gathered round the lounge on which she sat. "The reformation of a man who has been once intemperate, I mean."

"Oh, intemperance is so shockingly vulgar, my dear," quavered forth Mrs. Bradford, the stately aunt of the hostess. "How can you talk about such things? No, to be sure, when a man is once dissipated, you might as well give him up. He's lost to society, *that's certain;* besides, we women have nothing to do with it."

"I beg your pardon, my dear madam, but I think we have a great deal to do, though not in the way of assisting Father Mathew to address Temperance Conventions, as Mrs. Moore kindly suggests. Moreover, I have known a confirmed inebriate, so supposed, to give up all his old associations, and become a useful and honorable member of society."

"Tell us about it, please, Mrs. Gray," urged Emily Bradford, deeply interested. "There will be plenty of time before the gentlemen come in."

And as the request was seconded by many voices, Isabel told her simple tale.

* "There is no romance about it, Miss Emily; but you remember those pretty habit-shirts you admired so much last fall—and *you* have seen me wear them, Mrs. Moore. They were made by a woman—a *lady* whom I first saw years ago, when I passed my vacations at Milton, a little town not far from Harrisburg. My Aunt Gray was very domestic, and thought it no disgrace to the wife of a judge, and one of the most prominent men in the state, to see after her own household.

"There was a piece of linen to be made up one vacation; and I remember going into my aunt's room and finding her surrounded by 'sleeves and gussets and bands'—cutting out and arranging them with the most exemplary patience. 'Pray, aunt, why do you bother yourself with such things?' I said, for I was full of boarding-school notions on the dignity of *idleness.* 'Why don't you leave it for a seamstress.'

"'If you will go with me this afternoon to see my seamstress, you will find out. I should like you to see her.' And that afternoon our walk ended at a plain brown frame house, with nothing to relieve its unsightliness but a luxuriant morning-glory vine, which covered one of the lower windows.

"'How is Mrs. Hall to-day?' aunt said to a dirty little fellow who was making sand pies on the front step.

"'She's in there,' was all the answer we received, as he pointed toward a door on the right of the little hall.

"'Come in,' said a faint and very gentle voice; and, at first, I could hardly see who had spoken, the room was so shaded by the leafy curtain which had interlaced its fragile stems over the front window. There was a neat rag carpet on the floor; a few plain chairs, a table, and a bureau, ranged round the room; but drawn near the window, so that the light fell directly upon it, was a bed, covered by a well-worn counterpane, though, like everything else, it was very neat and clean—and here, supported in a sitting posture by pillows, was my aunt's seamstress. I do not think she had been naturally beautiful—but her features, wasted by long illness, were very delicate, and her eyes were large, and with the brilliancy you sometimes see in consumptives, yet a look of inexpressible sadness. She was very pale in that soft emerald light made by the foliage, and this was relieved by a faint hectic that, if possible, increased the pallor. She smiled as she saw my aunt, and welcomed us both very gratefully. As she held out her long thin hand, you could see every blue vein distinctly. I noticed that she wore a thimble, and around her, on the bed, were scattered bits of linen and sewing implements. You cannot tell how strange it seemed to see her take up a wristband and bend over it, setting stitch after stitch with the regularity of an automaton, while she talked with us. She seemed already dying, and this industry was almost painful to witness.

"I gathered from her conversation with my aunt,—while I looked on and wondered,—that Mrs. Hall had long been a confirmed invalid. They even spoke of a ruptured blood-vessel, from the effects of which she was now suffering. She did not complain—there was not a single murmur

* The circumstances here related are substantially true.

at her illness, or the hard fate that compelled her to work for her daily bread. I never saw such perfect cheerfulness, and yet I knew, from the contracted features and teasing cough, that she was suffering intensely. The little savage we had seen on our arrival, proved to be the son of her landlady, who was also her nurse and waiting-maid.

"I was very much interested, and, by the time we bade her good-bye, I had sketched out quite a romance, in which I was sure she had been the principal actor.

"'Poor lady,' said I, the instant we were out of the gate. 'Why do you let her work, aunt? Why don't you take her home, you have so many vacant rooms—or, at least, I should think, there were rich people enough in Milton to support her entirely. She does not look fit to hold a needle? Has she no children? and when did her husband die?—was she very wealthy?'

"I poured out my questions so fast that aunt had not time to answer any one of them, and I had been so much engaged, that I had not noticed a man reeling along the side-walk toward us, until just in time to escape the rude contact of his touch, from which I shrunk almost shrieking.

"'Who told you that Mrs. Hall was a widow, Isabel?' said aunt, to divert me from my mishap.

"'Nobody; but I knew it at once, as soon as I looked at her; how lonely she must be—and how terrible to see one's best friend die, and know you cannot call them back again.'

"'Not half so dreadful, dear,' answered she very seriously, 'as to live on from day to day and see the gradual death of the soul, while the body is unwasted. It would be a happy day for Mrs. Hall that made her a widow, though she, poor thing, might not think so. That wretched inebriate'—and she pointed to the man we had just met—'is her husband; and this is why she plies her needle when we would willingly save her from all labor. She cannot bear that *he* should be indebted to the charity of strangers.'

"It was even so, for the poor fellow had reached the garden-gate, and was staggering in.

"'So he goes home to her day after day,' continued aunt; 'and so it has been since a few years after their marriage. When I first came here, he had a neat shop in the village, and was considered one of the most promising young men in the neighbourhood. Such an excellent workman—such a clever fellow—so fond and proud of his wife; and everybody said that Charlotte Adams had married 'out of all trouble,' in the country phrase. Poor girl! she had only entered a sea of misfortunes—for, from the death of her only child, a fine little fellow, they have been going down. It is a common story. First, the shop was given up, and he worked by the day; not long after, they moved to a smaller house, and sold most of their furniture. It was then she first commenced sewing, and, with all her industry she could scarcely get along. She could never deny him money when she had it—and this, with his own earnings, were spent at the tavern. She remonstrated in vain. He would promise to do better—in his sober moments he was all contrition, and called himself a wretch to grieve such a good wife. I do not believe she has ever reproached him, save by a glance of sorrowful entreaty, such as I have often seen her give when he entered as now he is going to her.

"'She was never very well, and under repeated trials, and sorrow and mortification, her health gave way. Many a time have I parted with her, never expecting to see her alive again; but there is some concealed principle of vitality which supports her. Perhaps it is the hope that she will yet see her husband what he has been. I fear she hopes in vain, for if ever there was a man given over to the demon of intemperance it is James Hall. But it is for this reason that she refuses the assistance of her acquaintances, and works on from day to day, sometimes, as now, unable to leave her bed. Of course she is well paid, and has plenty of work, for everybody pities her, and all admire the wonderful patience, cheerfulness, and industry which she exhibits. She never speaks to any one, even to me, of her husband's faults. If she ever mentions him it is to say, 'James has been such a good nurse this week—he has the kindest heart in the world.' 'She is a heroine,' exclaimed my aunt warmly. 'The best wife I ever knew—and if there is mercy in heaven, she will be repaid for all she has suffered in this world.'

"'Poor lady!' I thought and said a hundred times that week. I suppose I must have tired everybody with talking about Mrs. Hall."

"And did you ever see her again—*did* she die, Miss Gray?" asked Emily Bradford, as Isabel paused in her narration.

"I told you she made those pretty habit-shirts for me. They were not in fashion in those days if you will recollect. The first summer after my debut in society I passed at Milton. I never shall forget the second evening of my visit. If you recollect, there was a great temperance movement through all our towns and villages just about that time. Reformed inebriates had become the apostles of temperance, and went from village to village, rousing the inhabitants by their unlearned but wonderful eloquence. Public meetings were held in the town-hall at Milton nightly, and by uncle's invitation—for he went heart and hand with the newly awakened spirit of reform—aunt and myself accompanied him to one of these strange gatherings. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get a seat. Rough labourers, with their wives and children, crowded side by side with the *élite* of the little place; boys of every age and size filled up the interstices, with a strange variety of faces and expressions. The speaker of the evening was introduced just as we entered. He was tall, with a wan, haggard-looking face, and the most brilliant, flashing eyes I ever saw. A few months ago he had been an outcast from society, and now, with a frame weakened by past excesses, but with a spirit as strong as that which animated the old reformers, he stood forth, going as it were 'from house to house, saying, peace be unto you.' Peace, which had fled from his own hearth when he gave way to temptation, but which now returning, urged him to bear glad tidings to other homes.

"I never listened to such strange and thrilling eloquence. I have seen Fanny Kemble as Portia plead with Shylock with all the energy of justice, and the force of her passionate nature, but though that was beyond my powers of conception, I was not moved as now. With what touching pathos he recounted the sorrows, the wasting, mournful want endured by the drunkard's wife! The sickness of hope deferred and crushed —the destruction of all happiness here, or hope of it hereafter! It was what his own eyes had seen, his own acts had caused—and it was the eloquence of simple truth. More than one thought of poor Mrs. Hall, I am sure. As for myself, I know not when I have been so excited; and after the exhausted speaker had concluded his thrilling appeal, and the whole rude assembly joined in a song arranged to the plaintive air of 'Auld Lang Syne'—more like a triumphal chant it seemed, as it surged through the room—I forgot all rules of form, and though I had sung nothing but tame Italian *cavatinas* for years, my voice rose with the rest, forgetful of all but the scene around me.'

"Scarce had the last strains died away, when, through the crowded isles, passing the very seat we occupied, some one pressed forward with trembling eagerness. At first I did not recognize him—but uncle started and made way for him to the table in front of the speaker's seat. A confused murmur of voices ran through the room, as one and another saw him grasp the printed pledge which was lying there, with the eagerness of a dying man. The first name subscribed to the solemn promise of total abstinence that night was JAMES HALL. When it was announced by my uncle himself, whose voice was fairly tremulous with pleasure, the effect was electrical. The whole assembly rose, and the room rang with three cheers from stentorian voices. All order was at an end. Men of all classes and conditions pressed forward to take him by the hand, and more names were affixed to the pledge that night than any one could have counted on.

"It was a proud tribute paid to woman's influence, when James Hall, grasping the hand of the speaker, ejaculated—'Oh, it was the picture you drew of what my poor wife has suffered. Heaven bless her! she has been an angel to me —poor wretch that I am.'

"My aunt's first impulse was to fly to Mrs. Hall with the good news, but, 'Let him be the bearer of the glad tidings himself,' she said afterward; 'we will offer our congratulations tomorrow.' And never were congratulations more sincerely received than by the pale invalid, trembling even yet with the fear that her great happiness was not real."

"Oh! very well," broke in Mrs. Bradford. "Quite a scene, my dear; you should have been a novelist. But did he keep it?—*that's* the thing."

"You would not ask, my dear madam," answered Isabel, "if you could have witnessed another 'scene,' as you term it, in which Mrs. Hall was an actress.

"There is a pretty little cottage standing at the very foot of the lane which leads to my uncle's house. This has been built since that memorable evening by Mr. Hall, now considered the best workman, and one of the most respected men in Milton; and it was furnished by his wife's industry. Her health was restored as if by a miracle; it was indeed such, but wrought by the returned industry, self-respect, and devotion of her husband. My aunt and myself were her guests only a few months ago, the evening of her removal to her new home.

"We entered before her little preparations were quite finished, and found Mrs. Hall arranging some light window curtains for the prettily furnished parlour, while a fine curly-haired, blue-eyed little fellow was rolling on the carpet at her feet. She was still pale, and will never be strong again, but a happier wife and mother this world cannot contain. Her reward has been equal to her great self-sacrifice, and not only this, but the example of her husband has reformed many of his old associates, who at first jeered at him when he refused to join them. There is not a bar now in all Milton, for one cannot be supported."

More than one thoughtless girl in the little group clustered around Isabel, began, for the first time, to feel their responsibility as women, when her little narrative was concluded. But the current of thought and education is not so easily turned, and by the time the gentlemen entered the room, most of them had forgotten every thing, but the desire to outshine each other in their good graces.

Emily Bradford alone remained in the shadow of a curtain, quiet and apart; and as she stood there musing, her heart beat faster, it may be, with an unacknowledged pang of jealousy as she saw Robert Lewis speaking earnestly with Isabel.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Gray! I confess I wavered—you have made me ashamed of my weakness; I will not mind their taunting now," was all that the grateful, warm-hearted man could say; and he knew by the friendly clasp of Isabel's hand that nothing more was needed. Who among that group of noble and beautiful women had more reason for happiness than Isabel Gray? Ah, my sisters, if you could but realise that all beauty and grace are but talents entrusted to your keeping, and that the happiness of many may rest upon the most trivial act, you would not use that loveliness for an ignoble triumph, or so thoughtlessly tread the path of daily life!

* * * * *

"Oh, Isabel!" said Lucy Rushton, bursting into her cousin's room, some two years from the scenes we have recorded, "what *am* I to do? Pray, advise me, for you always know everything."

"Not quite as wise as that, dear, but what am I to do for you?"

"Oh, Emily Bradford has been proposed for by young Lewis; and aunt, who sees only his wealth and connections, is crazy for the match. Emily really loves him devotedly; and what am I to do, knowing how near he once came to downright intemperance? Is it my duty, or is it not, to tell aunt? It has no effect on Emily,

and, besides, he confessed it all to her when he proposed."

"And what does she say?"

"Why, it's your fault, after all, for she quotes a story you told that same night I heard about his folly. You told me that, too. Well, he declares he has not drank a glass of wine since then, and never will again;—particularly if he has Emily for his guiding angel, I suppose, and all that sort of thing. And she believes him, of course."

"Well, 'of course'—don't say it so despairingly; why not? I do, most assuredly. I might perhaps have distrusted the reformation, if it had been solely on Emily's account—a pledge made to gain her; but, if I am not very much mistaken, I think I can trace their attachment to that same eventful night, but I am very certain he did not declare himself until quite recently."

"So I am to let Emily run the risk?"

"Yes, if she chooses it; though I do not think there is much. I should have no hesitation to marry Lewis if I loved him. Emily is a thoughtful, sensible girl. She does not act without judgment, and she is just the woman to be the wife of an impulsive, generous man like Lewis. Sufficient time has elapsed to try his principles, and her companionship will strengthen them."

And so it proved; for there are now few happier homes than the cheerful, hospitable household over which Emily Lewis presides. Isabel Gray is always a favourite guest, and Robert predicts that she will never marry. It may prove so, for she is not of those who would sacrifice herself for fortune, or give her hand to any man she did not thoroughly respect and sympathise with, to escape that really very tolerable fate—becoming an old maid.

WANT OF MARRIED BELLES IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY N. PARKER WILLIS.

Duke.—"For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.
Viola.—"And so they are! alas that it is so—
To die ev'n when they to perfection grow!"

Twelfth Night.

LET us shape out a similitude, to outline first a little what we have to say:—

Our entrance to this life and our entrance to the next, are the dawns of two successive mornings of the days of eternity. Our *forenoon* is childhood; our *noon* brings us to adult completeness: our *afternoon and sunset* are the enjoyment of the ripening of foregone hours; our *evening* is the thoughtful and willing relinquishment of glaring day, the loss of which is compensated by the fainter and purer lights which beckon with twinkles from the sky above us; and our *midnight and darkest hour* is the old age in which we wait for another morning.

But these portions of our day of life are capable, to a certain extent, of differing in their distribution of enjoyment—as the distribution of light in the common day differs with climate and atmospheric changes. Leaving, to the fancy of the reader, the tracing out of other obvious analogies—(how, for instance, a morning of lowering sky will protract the forenoon's ripening, and how clouds may hasten our evening and hide the stars from our lengthened midnight)—let us select the common phenomenon of a *November day in London*, when there is no daylight till an hour before noon, and when, *an hour after noon*, the lamps are lit and night prematurely commences. For this corresponds with curious truthfulness, we think, to the duration of the *afternoon* (or period of active enjoyment,) in the *day of female life in America.*

Poetry aside, the cultivated woman is put earlier "on the shelf," in this country, than in any other—obliged by public opinion, that is to say, to give up soon after the birth of a first child all active participation in society, and devote herself to the cares of her nursery, or (in addition,) to such ostentations of dress and establishment as may be prompted by the necessities or vanities of the family position or ambition. Display and the domestic virtues, in fact, are all a woman has to choose from who wishes to pass in common acceptation for "an exemplary wife."

But does not woman, at any age when she can exercise it, owe a share of her time, attention, and influence, to general society? Or, if she has no *social duties* (out of her own family,) has she not *social privileges*, if she chooses to avail herself of them? May not a married woman, consistently with all her obligations to husband and children, be an object of attention and attraction to a well chosen circle of acquaintance—shining by her powers of conversation, her elegance, and her powers of pleasing? Is it not important to *daughters*, that their mothers should go into society *with them*, as companions—share in their gaieties and in the admiration they excite—be intimate with their intimates—sympathetic enough with girlish tastes and interests, to be their confidants and advisers?

The most delightful age of woman, in cultivated society, is between the noon and the evening of her life—when her attentiveness of mind is calm; when her discriminations are rational; when her self-approbation knows what it receives, and her preference knows what it bestows; when she is wise enough to be an adviser and counsellor to a male friend, and yet attractive enough to awaken no less respect than admiration. It is this most charming and most partakeable period of a woman's life that is lost to American society. The exchange of thought and feeling, in fashionable circles, is carried on, on the female side, by girls, with only school knowledge and their natural instincts to

guide them; while the mothers (who should be the inseparable stems and leaves of these half-blown flowers), are at home, limiting their completed powers to the cares which a nursery maid would do as well, or appearing occasionally at a large party, to sit, unattended to, against the wall. The general tone of society—its tastes, partialities, and prejudices—are shaped and colored accordingly. Bread-and-butter standards prevail. An intelligent foreigner, who was taken to a stylish party in New York, on his first arrival, and introduced to the leading beaux and belles, is said to have remarked, toward the close of the evening:—"Charming children! but where are the grown-up people?"

It is the *men*, however, who lose most by this post-nuptial "taking of the veil." The majority of youths admire without choosing. They pay attention where it is expected, or encouraged. Not one in a thousand has a mind or taste of his own, or would venture to show any natural instinct of preference, unsupported by the attention of others to the same object. For an hour of mere conversation at a party, or the exchanging of sentiment in a rational friendship with a superior woman, there is little or no taste. But it might be otherwise. It might be "the fashion" for young men to have *married friends* as well as *dancing partners*—to value talking with lovely and thoughtful mothers as well as flirting with pretty and giddy daughters—to admire and appreciate the sex, in its ripeness and completeness, as well as in its immaturity and thoughtlessness. This would easily be brought about if cultivated middle-aged women would dress and go to parties *to please and to be admired*—the refined, among middle-aged *men*, of course, coming out from their retirement (when there was anything to come for,) and society thus gaining two varieties of contributors to its gaiety—varieties, besides, which, in other and older countries, are prized as giving a brilliant circle all its value. What the effect of this new two-fold admixture would be, on the tone of the general polite intercourse of New York, and especially on the characters of young men and young women, whose minds and tastes are materially influenced by what they encounter in society, it is easy for the most casual observer to divine.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK.

(*From the German of Chamisso.*)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Rein in thy snorting charger!
That stag but cheats thy sight;
He is luring thee on to Windeck,
With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
Of the outer gate arise,
The knight gazed over the ruins
Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him;
The castle was still as death;
He wiped the sweat from his forehead,
With a deep and weary breath.

"Who now will bring me a beaker
Of the rich old wine that here,
In the choked up vaults of Windeck,
Has lain for many a year?"

The careless words had scarcely
Time from his lips to fall,
When the lady of Castle Windeck
Came round the ivy-wall.

He saw the glorious maiden
In her snow-white drapery stand,
The bunch of keys at her girdle,
The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage;
With an eager lip he quaffed;
But he took into his bosom
A fire with the grateful draught.

Her eyes unfathomed brightness!
The flowing gold of her hair!
He folded his hands in homage,
And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
A gentle look of pain;
And quickly as he had seen her
She passed from his sight again.

And ever, from that moment,
He haunted the ruins there,
A sleepless, restless wanderer,
A watcher with despair.

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
With a dreamy, haggard eye;
He seemed not one of the living,
And yet he could not die.

'Tis said that the lady met him,
When many years had past,
And kissing his lips, released him
From the burden of life at last.

LIFE IN THE WOODS—A SONG.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

A merry life does the hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day;
He whistles his dog—he mounts his steed,
And hies to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle startles the cheerful lark,
As she carols her morning song.

The hunter's life is the life for me!
That is the life for a man!
Let others sing of a home on the sea,
But match me the woods if you can.
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer, as they bound along!
My steed, dog, and gun, and the cheerful lark,
To carol my morning song.

SHORT PATENT LECTURES—No. 1.

BY DEAN SWIFT THE YOUNGER.

ON BEAUTY.

Text.—Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his mind possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their vigors to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawn with the powre of a heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasuance molifye,
Their hardened hearts enured to blood and cruelty.

My Hearers—I suppose that all of you have often felt the despotic power of beauty, and have had your obdurate, adamantine, calcined hearts softened down by its omnipotency to the yielding substance of a boiled carrot. That which appertains to the flesh, is most arbitrary and soul-fretting in its influence; but that which belongs to nature alone—such as fills the whole universe with its allurements—is calculated rather to inspire, and raise the thoughts up to that concentrated essence of beauty which sparkles with loveliness from the beginning to the end of the end. I shall dwell first upon the beauties of nature; but, as saith the auctioneer, I can't dwell long, for my discourse must be condensed into a certain number of paragraphs, beyond which limit I care not to trespass.

My dear friends—it matters not upon whichsoever side we turn our eyes, we behold such beauty in its primitive nakedness as cannot fail to captivate the heart of every true worshipper of the God of nature, and make him feel as though ten thousand slugs were crawling up and down the ossified railway of his back. Look at yonder myriads of stars that glitter and sparkle from the dome of heaven's high concave! Say, is there not beauty in these? Aye, there is beauty, magnificent in these little celestial trinkets that stud the ebon brow of Night—shining, as they do, like a multitude of beacon lights of glory in the blue black of eternity, or like so many cats' eyes in a windowless garret. Observe the silvery moon, pale-faced Cynthia, wandering Luna, or whatever you choose to call her—see how gracefully she promenades the self-same path which was laid out for her at the beginning of the world, and deviates not a particle from it, although she has been maliciously termed the strumpet of the planets. Look at the resplendent sun. See how it has sustained its unsullied brightness through the rust-gathering ages of time. Not a single thread has been lost from its golden fringe, and not even a fly-speck has marred its splendor; but is to-day the same beautiful, lovely object that it was when it first burst upon Paradise, and rolled back the darkness of chaos into the unknown regions of nowhere. There is beauty at sun-set. Who can look at all the glories of an autumnal twilight and not have the furze upon his hands rise up in rapture! Oh, it is, by all odds, the grandest and sublimest picture in the royal academy of Nature! At the festooned gates of the West, angels of peace and loveliness have furled their purple wings and are sweetly sleeping with their heads upon pillows of amber, overcanopied with curtains of damask and crimson, tempting poor mortals like us to climb up the ladder of imagination and steal kisses by the bushel! When the morning, too, as my friend Hudibras observes, like a boiled lobster begins to turn from brown to red, there is beauty of the tallest order. Yes, when Aurora hangs out her red under-garment from her chamber window, prepares her perfumed toilet and sweeps out the last speck of darkness from the oriental parlor, there is such blushing beauty resting upon the eastern hill-tops as cannot fail to be appreciated by any one whose heart-strings are not composed of catgut and horse hair.

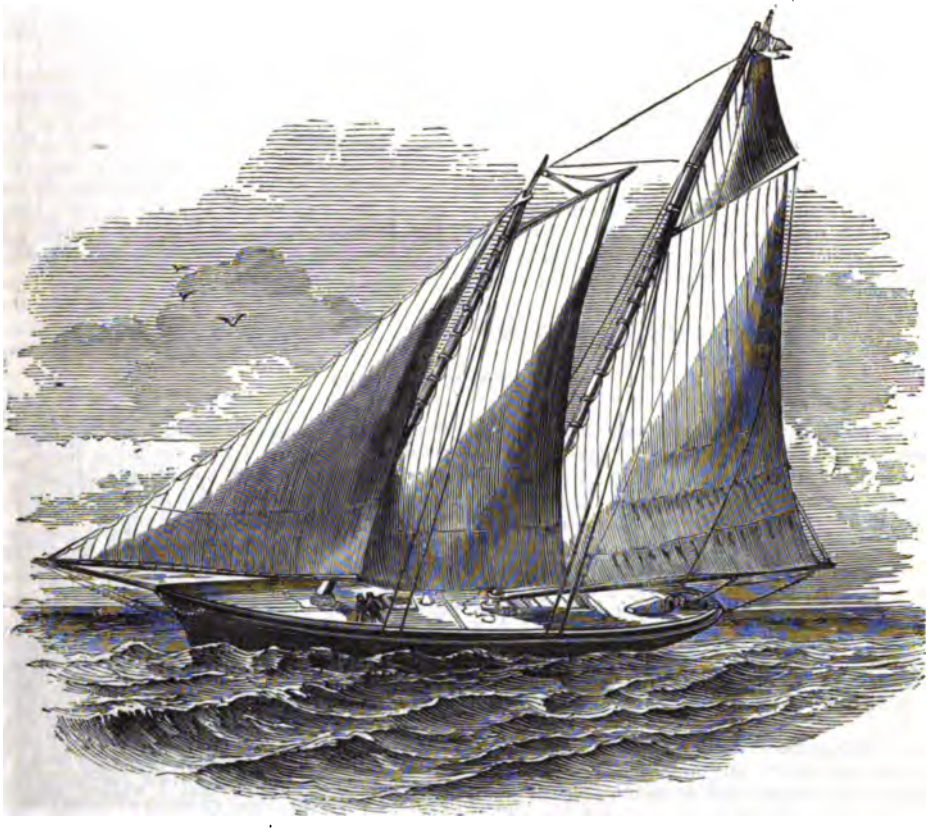
My Friends—I speak of these beauties of nature because they are unadorned, and consequently are the most beautiful. You might hang a necklace of diamonds round the sun, and extra-jewel the stars—but would they appear more lovely? Not a bit of it. You Gothamites, by dwelling upon these, may receive good, and have your ferocious tempers completely subdued; but I don't want to have anything to do with your down-east Yankees. I have understood that their hearts are so inclined to wooden nutmegs and singing psalms, that they have no idea at all of the sublime and beautiful. They won't believe what I tell them, because of their stiffneckedness. I do think that if an angel were to come down from heaven and swear upon a waggon-load of comic almanacs that what I tell them is true, they would'nt believe it any the sooner. Let them go.

Now, my friends, I am about to speak of beauty where it exercises almost unlimited control over the hearts of men. It is when it is concentrated in lovely woman—when it flashes from her dark eye—when it lurks in her raven ringlets—when it mingles with the rose of her cheek and the lily of her brow. By it kings have been brought upon their marrow bones at the foot of their thrones—warriors have been spurred on to battle, and kept from it, by having their hearts wrapped in fetters of a golden tress—young biped tigers have been transmogrified into peaceable lambs, and their blood-thirsty appetites for ever allayed. But, my young friends, you must also beware of a beautiful woman. She is a snake that has the power to charm such fledglings as you; and when you are once cap-

tivated, you are a gone case. The delicious poison which you drink from her eye acts as a stupifying opiate to your reason and lets the pleasure rush recklessly into the wilds of unrestraint. I admire a pretty female face and figure as much as any one ; but unless they are unadorned by the flummery of fashion and fancy shops—unless the heart is a casket for the gems of purity and truth—they never can catch this old bird. O, my friends ! the real queen of beauty is Miss Morality. Court her as much as you like, but don't sit up after midnight to do it—walk in her garden, and cull the flowers of peace and contentment—tread upon her trail even to the dividing line between time and eternity, and you will pay the debt of nature respectably, and in the full hopes of a glorious reward ! These are my ideas.

DEAN SWIFT THE YOUNGER.

THE YACHT "AMERICA."



IT is a source of some gratification to the Americans, to find that one of their yachts has caused so unanimous an expression of admiration in the mother country. Our artist has furnished us an excellent view of her, which, just at this time, will doubtless prove acceptable to the readers of this Magazine. She was designed and constructed by a gentleman of New York named Steers, who is the builder of a number of vessels celebrated for their speed. He is at present in England on a visit, having crossed the ocean in the yacht.

The *America* registers 171 tons, and is the part property of her commander, Mr. J. Stevens, Commodore of the New York Yacht Squadron. Her dimensions are—length over all, from stem to stern, 94 feet ; length of keel, 82 feet ; extreme breadth, which is rather aft than amidships, 22 feet 6 inches ; and moulded breadth, 22 feet. The dimensions of her spars are—foremast, 79½ feet ; mainmast, 81 feet, with a rake aft of $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches to the foot. When afloat, however, her rake does not appear to be quite so great. Her bowsprit is hollow, to prevent unnecessary weight forward, and measures the extraordinary length of 32 feet, but of this only 17 feet is outboard, or projecting beyond the bows. Her fore gaff is 24 feet, main gaff 28 feet, and the main boom no less than 56 feet. It will be at once seen that many of these proportions are far different from those usually recognised in vessels of her build and tonnage. Her ordinary standing sails are the jib, foresail, and mainsail ; the foot of the mainsail, as well as of the jib, faces to the boom, and in light winds she sets a gaff topsail. The forestay is an enormous wire rope, and is the principal supporter of the foremast, and the number of ropes, stays,

and sheets is much fewer than ordinary. The internal accommodation of the *America* are extremely neat and chaste, exhibiting a due regard to comfort. The fore cabin is 21 by 8 feet, at least 10 feet from the bows being completely useless, from her extreme sharpness above. She has 14 berths ranged on either side for the crew, beside state cabins for the master and mate. The galley or cooking department is aft, between the fore and after cabins, a great desideratum in warm climates, which comfort, as regards the men, has been overlooked in our yachts. The fore cabin is ventilated by a circular skylight, three feet in diameter. Between the galley and the main cabin, there are two large state rooms, and two smaller ones for guests, with a pantry and wash-room. The cockpit, as it is termed, is a circular opening abaft, of 30 feet circumference, from which is the entrance to the main cabin. On the starboard side is the bath room, and on the opposite a clothes and wine-room, and under the cockpit is a sail-room. The main cabin or saloon is fitted with sofas of mahogany and velvet, and corresponding furniture, with a splendid carpet. Lockers extend the whole length of the cabin, with plate glass panels. The internal decorations are French white and gold, with mahogany reliefs, which gives the whole an air of great lightness and elegance. On deck, by the mainmast, there is a break, which gives the appearance of a raised quarter deck. The bulwarks are only 14 inches high, and the sails come close down upon the deck. She has a plain raking sternpost, with a well for the steersman, and there is a large gilt eagle with ornaments in the stern, which is elliptical. The workmanship of the whole is perfection, exhibiting great solidity and strength, with much neatness and finish. She is perfectly smooth outside, and the keenest eye would take her for an iron vessel. The shrouds under the line about two-thirds down are covered with white canvas, which gives her a light, clean appearance. Her crew consists of seven hands before the mast, two mates, cook, steward, boy, and master —in all 13 hands. As so much has been said of the sacrifice of comfort and accommodation to speed, we may add that there is more than 6½ feet between decks, and that the tallest man may stand up in the state cabin with his hat on.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR.

BY RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.

THE fourteenth of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig "Pilgrim," on her voyage from Boston round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under weigh early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea-rig, and with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes, which had obliged me to give up my pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure.

The change from the tight dress coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made, and I supposed that I should pass very well for a Jack Tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practised eye in these matters, and while I supposed myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was no doubt known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight. A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned, well varnished black hat, worn on the back of the head, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, and a peculiar tie to the black silk neckerchief, with sundry other minutiæ, are signs, the want of which betray the beginner at once. Besides the points in my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands were enough to distinguish me from the regular *salt*, who, with a sunburnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwart-ships half open, as though just ready to grasp a rope.

"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparations for sea, reeving studding-sail gear, crossing royal yards, putting on chafing gear, and taking on board our powder. On the following night, I stood my first watch. I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night, from fear that I might not hear when I was called; and when I went on deck, so great were my ideas of the importance of my trust, that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old salt, whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the long-boat for a nap. That was a sufficient look-out, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbor.

The next morning was Saturday, and a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city, and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night. My watch began

at eleven o'clock at night, and I received orders to call the captain if the wind came from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-all ha-a-a-ands! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but little part in all these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass, began, and in a few moments we were under weigh. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good night" to my native land.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day, and at night the watches were set, and every thing put into sea order.

I being in the starboard, or second mate's watch, had the opportunity of keeping the first watch at sea. S——, a young man, making, like myself, his first voyage, was in the same watch, and as he was the son of a professional man, and had been in a counting-room in Boston, we found that we had many friends and topics in common. We talked these matters over,—Boston, what our friends were probably doing, our voyage, &c., until he went to take his turn at the lookout, and left me to myself. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter deck, where I had no right to go, one or two men were talking on the forecastle, whom I had little inclination to join, so that I was left open to the full impression of every thing about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells were struck, the watch called, and we went below. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a complete "hurrah's nest," as the sailors say, "every thing on top and nothing at hand." A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress, and blankets had all *fetched away* and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find any thing with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails, expecting every moment to hear the cry of "All hands ahoy!" which the approaching storm would soon make necessary. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm. In a few minutes the slide of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder, the loud cry of "All hands, ahoy! tumble up here and take in sail," saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience was before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail halliards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and, to me, unintelligible orders constantly given and rapidly executed, and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was "pitch dark." This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

How I got along, I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my strength. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of every thing below, and that inexpressible sickening smell, caused by the shaking up of the bilge-water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage.

THE VISION OF THE GOBLET.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Evoe Bacche! wine hath seized my soul;
The fury of the jolly god is on.
Reach me the mighty ancient bowl:
Fill till the goblet weeps—
Fill till the rushing current sweeps
The dull, cold present to oblivion.
Now swing amain the mystic beaker tall,
And still to Bacchus breathe the potent spell;
Rouse the red-visaged god from slumbers deep
In green Arcadian dell.
Swing till the ruby breakers rise and fall,
Swing till the coursing bubbles leap
Above their crystal wall.

What gleams beneath the purple flood,
Far down upon the nether rim,
Glowing amid the vine's rich blood
As through a sunset's misty film?
'Tis Attica, mild Attica, that sleeps
Embayed by heaven among her vine-grown hills;
Mantled with flowers and glossy grass she lies,
Smiling in all her rills;
Palace and temple-crowned, she keeps
Her stately slumber 'neath the evening skies;
While Venus, brooding in a feathery cloud,
As in her nest the silver-breasted dove,
Peeps now and then above her dusky shroud
Upon the land of love.

Hark! the wine waves, dashing, splashing,
Seem bacchantian cymbals clashing
To the rumbling drum,
And the shivering flutes' shrill singing,
And the jingling tabor's ringing;
While anon, the hurly dying,
Syrinx softly breathes her sighing
From the warbling reed.

Caught in the Satyr's wily snare,
What throngs across the valley come;
As whirling in the eddying stream
Of music to the hills they speed,
While upturned Attic foreheads gleam
Amid their billowing hair!
Reeling, staggering, on they fly,
Wine in the blood and dizzy eye,
Wine in every sinew burning,
Onward still its minions spurning
Over hill, through lushy meadow,
Through the forest's glooming shadow,
Hither, thither, without caring
Where their guideless feet are bearing.

Tossing aloft with nods of drunken cheer,
Mark old Silenus on his ass appear;
Flashed in his hoary beard with purple wine,
Daggled his silver locks, his reeking brows
Crowned with the ivy and the twisted vine.
Mark how the dotard leers,
As through the maids he steers,
And tries to summon love within his filmy eyne!
Thick with the luscious grape
His mumbled words escape,
The barren echoes of his youthful vows.
Lo! full-eyed Bacchus from triumphant war,
Rich with the trophied Orient's boast,
Goads through the crowd his flaming Indian car
Before the Satyr host:
That roaring straggle in his master's rear,
Twirling the ivied thyrsus as they bound,
And dance grotesque, and mingled laugh and jeer;
And cloven footed-falls shake the springing ground

Around the hairy rout, with streaming hands,
Athena's maidens whirl the dripping urn;
Their floating vestures, loosed from jealous bands
Half hide, half show what charms beneath them burn
There mellow Pan upon the Attic ear,
Framed with a dainty sense for melody,
Pours music from his pipe of knotted reeds,
Lifting the ravished soul to that high sphere
Where joy and pain contend for mastery.
Now tittering glee the grinning Satyr breeds,
Now flings the heart in tearful depths of woe,
Now big-eyed fear the shrinking crowd appals,
Now to the blithesome dance the music calls;
Then with full power and long, triumphant flow
Of swelling notes that shake the rooted soul,
And rise and fall with ocean's measured roll,
He lifts to Bacchus his resounding lay;
Tabor and drum confess the potent sway,
And join their muffled notes.
With nodding heads and brandished arms,
And flashing eyes, and swelling throats,
That heave with song's advancing tides,
The crowd obeys the cunning master's charms.
A murmured hum athwart the list'ners glides,
While still the pipes their pealing notes prolong,
Piercing the heavens with wild exultant shout,
Till, maddened by fierce harmony, the throng
From end to end in ecstasy bursts out,
And thus to Bacchus pours its choral song.

Joy, joy, with Bacchus and his Satyr train,
In triumph throbs our merry Grecian earth!
Joy, joy, the golden time has come again,
A god shall bless the vine's illustrious birth!
Io, io, Bacche!

O breezes, speed across the mellow lands,
And bear his coming to the joyous vine;
Make all the vineyards wave their leafy hands
Upon the hills, to greet his pomp divine!
Io, io, Bacche!

O peaceful triumph, victory without tear,
Or human cry, or drop of conquered blood,
Save dew-beads bright, that on the vine appear,
The choral shouts, the trampled grape's red flood!
Io, io, Bacche!

Shout, Hellas, shout! the lord of joy is come,
Bearing the mortal Lethe in his hands,
To make the wailing lips of sorrow dumb,
To bind sad memory's eyes with rosy bands.
Io, io, Bacche!

Shout, Hellas, shout! he bears the soul of love,
Within each glowing drop Promethean fire;
The coldest maids beneath its power shall move,
And bashful youths be bold with hot desire.
Io, io, Bacche!

Long may the ivy deck thy sculptured brows,
Long may the goat upon thy altars bleed,
Long may thy temples hear our tuneful vows,
Chiming accordant to the vocal reed.
Io, io, Bacche!

Long may the hills and nodding forests move,
Responsive echoing thy festal drum,
Grief-scattering Bacchus, twice-born son of Jove—
Our hearts are singing, let our lips be dumb,
Io, io, Bacche!

INTRODUCTORY.

AN American Magazine in London! It seems an odd idea, and we suppose that some of the musty old censors will snap their critical fingers at the mere thought. Yes, an American Magazine in London is certainly an original project, and though not perhaps expected just at this period, we design it to be the medium of introducing to the English public the best and varied fugitive literary efforts of the oldest, and *most promising* of the young American authors. Nothing can be more desirable than a perfect harmony and good understanding between the two great communities of Great Britain and the United States, and we feel convinced that there is no surer and better means of cultivating this permanent concord of opinion than placing in the hands of the people an interchange of sentiments as expressed by reliable and acknowledged writers. There are as many as six eclectic periodicals, composed *entirely* of the literature of Great Britain, published in the United States, all of which command a wide distribution, and consequently afford our people the opportunity of familiarizing themselves with English views and opinions. Not so us. We have never had a disseminating literary medium in London devoted to American interests, and it necessarily follows that Englishmen can only to a certain extent, be aware of the real advancement we have made as a nation in the republic of letters. The Americans have been caricatured and ridiculed by sneering tourists of almost every nation of Europe, and the universal complaint appears to have been that we have no national literature purely and essentially our own. These fault-finders neglect to weigh circumstances—taking no cognizance of our youth and inexperience; they forget that we have no enchanted castles or old ruins to excite the imagination and awaken the fancy. In the Old World a large field is thrown open for the writer of romance: every village furnishes its gipsy or its witch, and every lake its lady. We have no Ivanhoes or Meg Merillieses to add just enough mystery to our stories and to preside over the destinies of our heroes and heroines. Ours is a country of sober reality. The present is only an improvement on the past. Although America has produced many citizens who have performed deeds of valor and noble daring, which seem more like episodes of romance than reality, yet they are *facts*, and as such, glitter on the pages of history rather than those of the novel. No kings with their courtly trains ever added lustre to the romance of our country. The history of England abounds in the brilliant achievements of chivalry, and the rude heroism of northern warfare and border feuds. Our country furnishes neither monks nor nuns, neither knights nor noble crusaders, whose character and career are the most productive sources of delight to all readers of works of the imagination. No fairy step has ever pressed our soil. The superstition which has marked the infancy of other nations has not reached us. The Enchantresses who once charmed, charm no longer. They have receded before the progress of knowledge, and fanciful illusions have vanished before the beams of Truth. All of these circumstances our detractors manage to lose sight of, and were they to give them due weight, they would not complain that America has done so little in the cause of literature, but would rather be astonished that she done so much. Yet notwithstanding the absence of these important advantages, America is gradually and steadily working her way to a high position in letters. The universal system of popular education is shedding its light over the length and breadth of the land, and national intelligence is the strong foundation of our national literature. Already we can show names that shed a glory on the bright phalanx of Mind. History has found gifted chroniclers in the records of Prescott and Bancroft: Irving is a "household word" in several languages, while the graphic and vivid descriptions of Cooper, the refreshing beauty of Cullen Bryant, the graceful imagination of Longfellow, and the tender sweetness of Mrs. Sigourney, have long enlisted the admiration of the intelligent readers of both continents. Other constellations have also formed in our literary skies. We may mention the names of Dana, Emerson, Halleck, Paulding, Kennedy and Poe, as having glowed in the "belt of Orion," and charmed by their peculiar influence. The efforts of these minds have already shown that the past period of our natural existence must not be ranked among the dark ages of literature.

Perhaps nothing has contributed more to the diffusion of intellectual knowledge in America than periodical literature. Magazines, daily and

weekly newspapers, are plentiful, and afford a wide medium to the growing genius of the country. Some of the most graceful effusions of American intellect have, and still continue to adorn the pages of the periodicals of the day; and it is from these flowery gardens that we shall occasionally cull many of the flowers of beauty for our monthly bouquet. An American lady felicitously observes,—"Possessing great advantages, from its unassuming appearance and light form, Periodical Literature travels through the land, like a gentle stream, winding its way, with banks covered with flowers, and pebbled bed too pure to sully its waters. It comes to the door of the cottager, to refresh him after labour. Its murmurs are heard near the village green, and youth hastens to its welcome bath. If it bears not on its breast the heavy freight the larger river boasts, the light skiff on its waters offers a *bijouterie* that is truly interesting and valuable. Gems of poetry, incidents in history, pearls from the oceans, legends of the land, light from the sciences, and aid from the arts." The same writer observes that future American talent must be varied, from the great difference of climate and habits in our widely extended country. Stretching its immense length along the great Atlantic, the firm barrier of its waters, it almost connects the frozen pole with the burning Equator. The fervid imaginations of the Sunny South will breathe their strains under the shadow of the lime-tree, and amidst the fragrance of the orange-grove, and the scenery and flowers that give emblems to their poetry, will be as strange to the dwellers on the rock-bound coast of the North-Eastern States, as the acacia of Arabia is to the Icelander, but its strange beauty will be dear to them, for it is American still.

In our selections we shall neither confine ourselves to the north or the south, the east or the west, but shall choose from all quarters, confident that there are many great minds in the young country that only require a proper introduction at the firesides of this realm, to be read and appreciated. We feel supremely happy, then, in being able to present these fugitive works to the consideration of the British public, who know so well how to judge of the standard of true merit, and who are never reluctant in awarding the laurel where it is justly due. We need not ask a candid hearing, for the spirit of fairness, which characterizes our parent-country, would seek to take no advantage of our petition.

THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

London, September, 1851.

CHIT CHAT.

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN.—We are really gratified in recording the triumphant success of these wonderful little specimens of "Young America," at the St. James's Theatre. We say a triumphant success, for we are aware that there has long existed in England an apathy to talents as exhibited in children, which the genius of these children has, for a time at least, overcome. We have had the pleasure of seeing them perform in both England and the United States, and in all the principal cities of the latter they were favorites of the strongest character. Well do we remember their *debut* in Philadelphia, and the delight they occasioned; and also of their immense success in New York, under the management of the world-wide Barnum.

As yet they have appeared here in the plays of *Macbeth*, *Richard the Third*, *Merchant of Venice*, and the *Young Couple*, the personation of the leading characters in which have been received both by the press and the public with the most unequivocal marks of favor. We cannot point out an instance of when we have been more agreeably entertained by a dramatic performance, than we were with their representation of those saucy, mischievous little chits, in the translation of Scribe's sparkling vaudeville, *Le Mariage Enfantin*. Kate's flow of vivacity, so elegantly expressed, was second only to the delightful ease of Mrs. Nisbett, while little Ellen's joyous, merry unaffectedness, called up a thrill of pleasure in every bosom. Well and truly did they deserve the shower of bouquets that fell around them when called upon the stage at the conclusion of the play. The great charm of the acting of these wonderful children, is the comprehensive naturalness which marks their efforts in every part they perform. We can perceive no evidences of training, for like true artistes, they conceal the art, and although it is difficult to believe that children so tender in years can comprehend the intent and meaning of the language of Shakspere, yet we are constrained to say that they deliver it as if they do, which argues either a precocity of intellect almost unparalleled, or the perfection of art in acting rarely achieved on the English stage. We saw it stated some time ago that neither of these children could read, and this was a delicious straw for the critics to catch at. "If they cannot read, they cannot comprehend Shakspere, and so they *must* be *parroted*." This is a shallow argument, for we know many singers who cannot read the characters of a piece of music; yet, when it is expressed to them, they soon acquire and interpret it with more feeling and appreciative understanding than the mere reader. We have reason to believe that these children *conceive* as well as execute, and as to the genius of their execution, the public of both England and America can now freely attest.

We learn, that at the close of the present season at the St. James's, which must necessarily be limited, the father of these "dear little people," as Daniel Webster, our great statesman, called them, intends taking them in the provinces. Our out-of-London friends may anticipate something glorious in the way of dramatic novelty. There never lived but *one* family of "Batemans," and it will be a long while ere we "look upon their like again."

Mr. JOSH. SILSBEE, the Yankee Comedian, commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on the 23rd Sept. We learn that he is engaged to appear at both the Theatres Royal Adelphi and Haymarket, commencing at the latter establishment some time during the present month. Silsbee is a rare fellow for merriment and fun, and delineates the rustic *Yankee* character to its nicest shade. He is a great favourite in the United States, where he is recognised as the only true living stage representative of the eccentricities and peculiarities of the race of *ra-al* Down Easters.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."—We have heard a number of versions of the origin of this term, among which the following has been revived, by a writer in "*Notes and Queries*." The story, it seems, is told thus:—"When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolution War, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as were necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.' The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a bye-word, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan.' The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but 'Brother Jonathan' has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England."

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—At the time of our going to press the Equestrian Troupe is still attracting crowds at this old establishment. Messrs. Risley and McCollum, unlike most of their managerial predecessors, have succeeded in realising money in their speculation, proving, that under all circumstances, the horses will draw. The American *artistes*, in their several departments, have won "golden opinions" from the public. McCollum has established a *prestige* and reputation of which he may well be proud. Stone's wild horse is as fleet as the wind, and our wonder is only lost in admiring the high-bred courage and prowess of the rider himself, which has become the gossip of the town. Madame Brower's exquisite grace and daring skill, combined with her beautiful figure on horseback, have created a large circle of admirers. The French portion of the company are also clever.

"BOSTON WAVERLEY."—We pronounce this journal the most elegant of all the Boston weekly papers we have met. The literary matter is selected with care and judgment, and the typography is a model for the printers on either side of the ocean. It contains sixteen folio pages, or sixty-four columns of closely-printed matter, and is sent to subscribers (inland postage included) for one guinea per annum, which must be paid in advance. To those wishing a capital American newspaper, we would strongly recommend the "Waverly." We receive subscriptions for it at this Office.

HOBBS, THE NAPOLEON OF PICKLOCKS, and most ingenious of mechanics, has done wonders in London the present industrial season. Hobbs is a Yankee boy of the first water, and is as excellent at heart as at locks, which, considering the sensation he has produced, goes a great way in establishing respect for him in merrie England. We shall probably publish a Biography of Hobbs in our next number, detailing some of his remarkable adventures.

OUR WARMEST THANKS are due to Mr. Thomas C. Clarke, the joint editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, for a parcel of valuable American Newspapers, received *per* the "Baltic." His kindness "is in our memory locked," and we will send him the key by return steamer. We are also indebted to I. Wayne Olwine, Esq., for a file of the Philadelphia *Herald*.

MERRY-GRAPHS.

READER, do you object to a laugh? We fancy we can hear you say, No—it is the very ambrosia of our existence—one of the few pleasant impulses that form the real sunshine of this life of tedious drugery.—Very good, under this somewhat bizarre head, then, of "Merry graphs," we collect a few funny stories and whimsical chips that we find floating on the great sea of newspapers in Yankee land. We do not promise in them the refined spirit of elegant wit, but rather a genial mischievous humour of characteristic breadth and colour. Yankee stories are becoming world-wide; they seem to be a peculiar class of themselves, and although we scarcely approve of them in a literary point of view, yet, in a work essentially AMERICAN, we suppose they must claim a place, as their omission might be regarded as a neglect of a national peculiarity which will always find its admirers. Our resources are very large, and our drafts have been honored by the following:—

SILSBEE, THE YANKEE COMEDIAN.—This eccentric fellow, who is quite a curiosity in his own country, is, at present, in London. An American newspaper tells the following story of him. It will be understood, in the first place, that he is a great wag, and up to all manner of fun. The story runs thus:—

Philadelphia, as every body knows, is famous for its many medical colleges. Of these there are no less than seven—five of the regular school, four of which are male and one female, one homœopathic, and one eclectic. The number of students attending these various institutions is over fifteen hundred. So many schools, the professors of each being dependent upon the number of students for the amount of their salaries, creates rivalry. Various novelties are produced to draw custom to the several shops—but of that, elsewhere, and at a future time. One of these schools summons its disciples from one lecture-room to the other by means of a gong; and the moment its reverberations are heard, a general breaking up and scampering ensues, the whole eagerly rushing to obtain seats near the professor.

Now it happened on one pleasant day, not very long since, that a stout, heavy, and rather clumsy-looking down-easter, who had, apparently, voyaged on a schooner from about Kennebec, to get a load of coal, happened to wander along Fifth street, near Walnut, just about dinner time, and, as he passed the Philadelphia College, heard the first rumble of the janitor's gong. He entered at once, and saluted the janitor with—

"Hello you! Dinner ain't nigh ready, nor nuthin?"

"I believe it is," answered the functionary addressed, not rightly comprehending the object of the querist.

"Wall, kal'kate I'll take four shillin' wuth myself." At this moment he espied the crowd wedging their way up stairs. "Hello!" he exclaimed, rushing forward and joining the press, "'taint no euse o' your scrougin, 'taint. I kin pay my fifty cents, and ef you look to get nigher the best victuals than I do, you're all on you stronger nor I be, sartan!" So saying he elbowed his way perseveringly, and to the manifest annoyance of his neighbours.

As soon as he entered the lecture-room, and had been carried into a seat by the press, the Yankee looked around him.

He was in the anatomical theatre. To his utter astonishment he beheld a great pit in the centre, containing a table, upon which were several wet and dry preparations of parts of the body on plates. Around this the seats were arranged amphitheatrically. The appearance of the affair was novel, and wriggling about a few minutes, he turned to his neighbour and said—

"I say you, this is some of the new fashions, I guess. Seems to be plenty of meat down there, but where's the waiter, an' how in the name of Christopher Columbus an' General Jackson, are we goin', all on us, to eat off that are table?"

"Eat!" replied the student.

"Yes, eat! leastwise I spose we aint come here to look at the victuals, yonder. I want my sheer, an' ef I don't get it, I kalk'late I'll keep my four shillings in my trousers."

"You are a queer fellow," said the student; "how long have you been studying medicine?"

"Studyin' medicine! oh, shaw! now—yeou git eout! I never studied none, 'cept a leetle hoss doctrine, and that was wuss than the doctrine old Eliakin Coffin eused to preach down to Hog's point—medicine! never had nothin' to do with 'cept one summer, when I went peddlin' pills; warranted pourely vegetable. So they was teu; nothing but biled peas rolled in liquorish powder—yeas!"

Here the Yankee snorted out so loudly as to attract the attention of the whole class; seeing which, he suddenly stopped his cacchination, whereat there was a general laugh. His companion began to understand matters at once, and asked him if he knew where he was. "Well," answered he, "I begin to think aint sure; I raythor guess it's a hotel, but Capting Brown an' the Continental Congress! what on earth's that?' and he pointed with trembling finger to a skeleton which hung from the dome, which had hitherto escaped his vision.

"That? why it's a skeleton, of course!"

"A-*what?* Look here yeou! where on earth am I?"

"You are in the Philadelphia College of Medicine."

"Philip! delply col! legiem edism! Je-roo-sa-lem! an' taint no tavern; what's that meat doin' on the table?"

"These are pathalogical specimens. The one this way is a morbid liver!"

"Liver! creation! deader you mean!" and climbing over those above him, the Yankee scrambled out of the amphitheatre, and bolted from the building. Amid the shouts of the whole class, that burst forth in a torrent of mingled laughter and applause, he made his exit.

There was a nice piece of gossip all that day, about the humbugged Yankee; but to the astonishment of such of the class as went to the theatre that night to see Silsbee, the hero on the stage was no other than the apparently green stranger of the morning, who, hearing the gong ring as he passed the door, had taken suddenly a notion to amuse himself at the expense of the incipient medicos.

A YANKEE TRICK.—Uncle Eb, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities, had a failing. He loved good liquor, but such was the state of his credit that no one would trust him. He therefore one day resorted to a trick, to answer the great desire of his appetite. He took two case bottles, put a quart of water into one, and started for the store.

"I'll take a quart of your rum," said Uncle Eb, as he placed the empty bottle on the counter.

The rum was put up, and the bottle replaced in his pocket, when Uncle Eb pulled from his purse what at a distance might seem a quarter of a dollar.

"This is nothing but tin, Uncle Eb," said the trader.

"Eh? No: it's a quarter," said Uncle Eb.

"It's tin," said the trader. "I shan't take it."

"It's all I've got."

"Very well; then you can't have the rum."

Uncle Eb, without much demurring, pulled from his pocket the quart of water. The trader took it, poured it into his rum-barrel, and off walked Uncle Eb, chuckling.

DIOBY sat for a long time very attentively considering a cane-seat chair. At length he said—"I wonder what fellow took enough pains to find all them holes and put that straw round 'em?"

PURCHASING A LIVE LOBSTER.—A raw-looking beauty, standing some six feet or more in his boots, fresh from the country, arrived in town (Philadelphia) a day or two since, with a view to examine the "lions" in the Quaker city.

He had walked leisurely round Girard College—his "wondering gase" had been gratified with a peep at the Branch Mint, where a common-looking chap "made money" a darned sight faster than ever *he* could; he had seen the old United States Bank, but, for the life of him, he couldn't find the place *where* it had broke—he had sauntered through Fairmount, where some 'cute chap was squirting water round, most beautiful—he had marched around the outskirts of the Prisons, but they weren't sharp enough to get him *in* there—oh, no!—he had trotted through the Museums, which he didn't consider any very "great shakes"—and just before leaving in the eight o'clock train, for home, he strolled down to the Market-house, to ascertain, if possible, where all the vegetables and things went to.

Having examined the premises for some time, he suddenly halted before a waggon which stood near by, the floor of which was covered with about a score of live lobsters, wriggling and tumbling over each other. He was unfortunately afflicted with a habit of stammering. After watching the "sight" for several minutes, he sidled up to the owner, at last, with—

"Wo-wo-wot's them, mister?"

"Lobsters, sir."

"Lo-lo-*lobstiss?*"

"Yes, sir. Werry fine."

"Wu-wul—I've heern te-tell o' lobstiss."

"Hexcellent heatin', sir—is lobsters. Hev'un, sir?"

"W-wu-wul, I reck'n y-y-yes. Wo-wot's the damage?"

"Three shillings, sir."

"How d-d—how do you eat lo-lob-'obstiss?"

"Vith yer teeth, pooty gin'ral, sir."

"Y-ye-yes. But coo-coo-*'ook'*em, I mean?"

"Oh. Bile'em, sir—bile'em. Thank'ee: jest the change"—added the wagoner; and depositing the money in his "shot-bag," he placed the "lobstiss" in the hands of its lawful owner.

The stranger bade the stranger good day, placed his prize under his arm, tail downwards—and started for the Railroad Depot in Market Street.

The lobster was "fresh caught" (it so chanced) and proved very unruly—squirming and writhing about; our countryman was constantly adjusting his burthen, until he had finally managed to raise its claws on a line with the side of his own head. Suddenly one of the critter's flippers extended, and closed again with a smart smack—grasping in its clutch the greater portion of the poor fellow's right ear!

An indescribable twist pervaded the countryman's phiz—his teeth became set in an instant—and lowering his head, he started into a rapid walk—with—

"—'od *rot* him! Oh—th-under!—Le-le-let go! B-b-blablast yur pictur!—don't—*ough!* Mur-m-mur-der—*murder!!*"

A bevy of youngsters had discovered the poor devil's predicament, as he rushed along the walk, and he soon quickened his pace into a sharp trot, making good head-way towards the Depôt, the lobster dangling from the side of his head like a huge old-fashioned ear-drop! As the crowd gathered on his tract, he increased his speed to a "dead run"—still bawling at the top of his lungs—

"Oh Lord!—ta-ta-'ake him off! M-m-mur-*dar!*—Cu-cu-cuss him! Take him dow-d-own!"

"Go it, Boots!" shouted the crowd.

"Pu-pu-'ull the c c-cussid varmint off! Ta-'ake him back!—I—d-d-don't wa-'ant no lo-lo-'obstiss"—and stopping suddenly before a benevolent-looking Quaker gentleman, upon the walk, he begged him to take the infernal viper away!

The countryman's ear resembled a purple-ripe plum, when the kind-hearted gentleman seized the claw and relieved him of his load. As the circulation of blood resumed, the unhappy victim bestowed on his benefactor a kind of smile (unable to articulate a syllable) such a smile as one might suppose would result from screwing an inch auger through the spine of a man's back.

Our unfortunate friend was grateful, but he couldn't speak. It was now the turn of the Quaker gentleman to smile—because he couldn't help it—the object before him appeared so perfectly ludicrous. But his was a bland smile of sympathy, such a one as only a Quaker can bestow.

But our benevolent friend in the broad brim was careless—he was! In his efforts to aid the unlucky countryman, he had secured the lobster by the claw, and he still held him dangling at his side.

"Hurt thee much, friend?"

"——— Blast him!—*ooh!*"

"Thee shouldn't swear, friend," quietly responded the Quaker—but as he concluded his sentence of advice, a most unearthly scowl shot across his previously placid countenance—and his face was contorted with the direst grimaces! The lobster, closing his claw, had clutched the Quaker's fingers till the blood started under the nails!

"—'igh!—Oo, dear me—Ow!—the scamp!—take him away," shrieked the Quaker, nearly fainting with pain.

"Da-da-d———d ef I do"—

"*Take* him, friend"———

"N-n-no yer do-n't! Yer ger-gu-gut him ch eap er'n *I* did—c-cost me three sh-sh-shillins;—but it's n-n-no matter about that."

"He's a vicious creetur."

"S-s-so I thought—m-m-mister."

"*There!*" added the Quaker, at last; and disengaging the monster from his hand, he dashed it to the ground.

A news-boy secured the lobster, to which no sort of objection was made by the injured parties.

A crowd had collected around the scene, and the countryman at last bethought him of the cars. The clock commenced striking eight—the Quaker disappeared—and our friend dashed into the Depôt, at the sound of the "last bell"—swearing as plainly as his excitement would permit, that he had "*had en-nu-nu-'ough of li-live lo-obetiss!*"

ZAT IS MY TRUNK!—In the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before railway carriages were *in esse*, and baggage-crates existed, and when travellers had to keep a sharp look-out for their luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped on board the old "Ben Franklin," and got under way on Narragansett Bay. A gentleman, who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, had just hauled out from an immense pile of baggage stowed amid-ships, a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed, courteously, but positively—

"I beg your pardon, sare—*mais, pardonnez moi*—you have got ze wrong *cochon* by ze *oreille*—zat is my trunk!"

"Not so, monsieur—I hope I know my own traps."

"*Reste tranquille*—hold on—dans un instant, I vill prove my prope—aha! you see dis key, eh?" Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude. "My key unlock *you* trunk—eh? tell me zat!"

"Stand out of the way!—it's my trunk, I tell you."

"Hold on von leetle minute!—zose you shurrts, eh?"

"To be sure they are!"

"Zose your drowaires, eh?"

"Certainly!"

"Vait a moment—I will prove my props, sare"—and the little Frenchman, rummaging beneath a pile of shirts and socks, produced a bottle, and said deliberately, with a hideous grin—

"*Zat*—your—bot-telle of Dom-frees Ish (Itch) ointment—sare—eh? Ave you got von leetle Ish? Ze you *Remede* for ze lepros (leprosy), eh? Ah! be dam! I know it was my trunk!"

It is needless to remark that our friend immediately "opened a wide gap" between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity.

AN IRISH GHOST IN HAMLET.—Theatrical managers in provincial towns are often obliged to make strange shifts to fill up the departments. A well known strolling manager was some few years back carrying on operations in the flourishing little town of ———. Among his troupe was a certain I—— R——, a man of infinite worth and devil-may-care-itiveness, who was the life and soul of the company. He supported the Irish line of business, and being himself one, his brogue was natural. On one occasion the celebrated tragedian Booth was to play for "*a few nights only.*" He chose Hamlet in which to make his first appearance. The rehearsal took place, and everything went on smoothly. But about two hours before the performances he who was to have enacted the ghost fell sick, and I—— R—— received short notice to study the part and take his place. Accordingly he did so, or tried to. The piece was played, and he blundered through his first scene with Hamlet pretty well with the aid of the prompter—all save the brogue. But in the scene with Hamlet and his mother, R——, who had been looking into a green bottle until everything looked blue, killed the scene, and came very near killing the audience with laughter.

Enter Ghost]

Hamlet—Save me, and hover o'er with your wings,
Your heavenly guards!—what would your gracious
Figure?

Queen—Alas! he's mad.

Hamlet—Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That lape'd in time and passion lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost—Hamlet, me boy, don't forget
This visit that I'm paying ye—

[*Voice from behind the scenes.*]

Come off! come off! I———, you'll kill the performance!

Ghost—I've come on here to play the ghoust,
And by the Holy Mother I'll finish it!

[*To Hamlet.*]

This visit is to whet your purpose!
But look at yer muther, ye blackguard!
Don't you see the amazement sitting on her?
Go quick and get betwixt her and her frightning
Soul! Consate and wicker baskets!
Spake to her, ye villain!

The curtain fell as the *philosophic* prince made sundry attempts to *disperse* his father's ghost with the flat of his sword.

TAKING NOTES.—A great many years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex County, whom we may call Rev. Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favorite servant, by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased, as anybody in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

On the Sabbath, he might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon, and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper and pen and ink. The minister happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw the negro "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching his paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa? Taking notes!" was his reply.

"*You*, taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, then, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you was preaching!*"

EVERYBODY remembers that beautiful poem of Longfellow's entitled "Excelsior." We find the following parody on it floating about in the American papers, which we subjoin. We do not approve of parodies as a general thing, but the following is so characteristically clever that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

CHARCOAL TO SELL.

A Parody on "Excelsior."

THE shades of night were falling fast,
When through a Yankee village passed
A youth, who drove through snow and ice,
An ox sled with the strange device,
"Charcoal to sell."

His brow was black, his eyes well told
That not a bushel he had sold,
And like a silvery tin horn rung
The accents of that well-known tongue,
"Charcoal to sell."

In happy home he saw the light
Of walnut fires gleam clear and bright,
Near by the tavern windows shone,
But on he passed, without a groan,
"Charcoal to sell."

"Haw to your sled!" the landlord said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
Turn out your team and stop awhile;"
But still he answered with a smile,
"Charcoal to sell."

"Oh, stay," the daughter said, "and rest
Your dusky head upon this breast;"
A tear stood in his coal-black eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Charcoal to sell."

"Beware the pine stumps on your road!
Look out, or you'll upset your load,"
This was the old man's last advice;
"My coal," he cried, "is good and nice—
"Charcoal to sell."

At break of day, when rowdies shout,
When watchmen sleep and lamps are out,
There chaunting faint that same old song,
A tipsy youth came staggering on,
"Charcoal to sell."

The team had stopped far down the road,
But nought to him was team or load,
For fast he held with grasp of vice,
A bottle with that strange device,
"Charcoal to sell."

There, in the twilight, cold and grey,
Boozy and beautiful he lay,
A tarnished, dimmed, and fallen star,
While boys were shouting near and far,
"Charcoal to sell."

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A Purifier of the Blood, and a Sweetener of the whole System.

OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heart-burn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of camomile flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicines must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with camomile flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstance.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is de-

OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION—(*Continued.*)

signed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink, always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well-digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often, committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds it way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty, than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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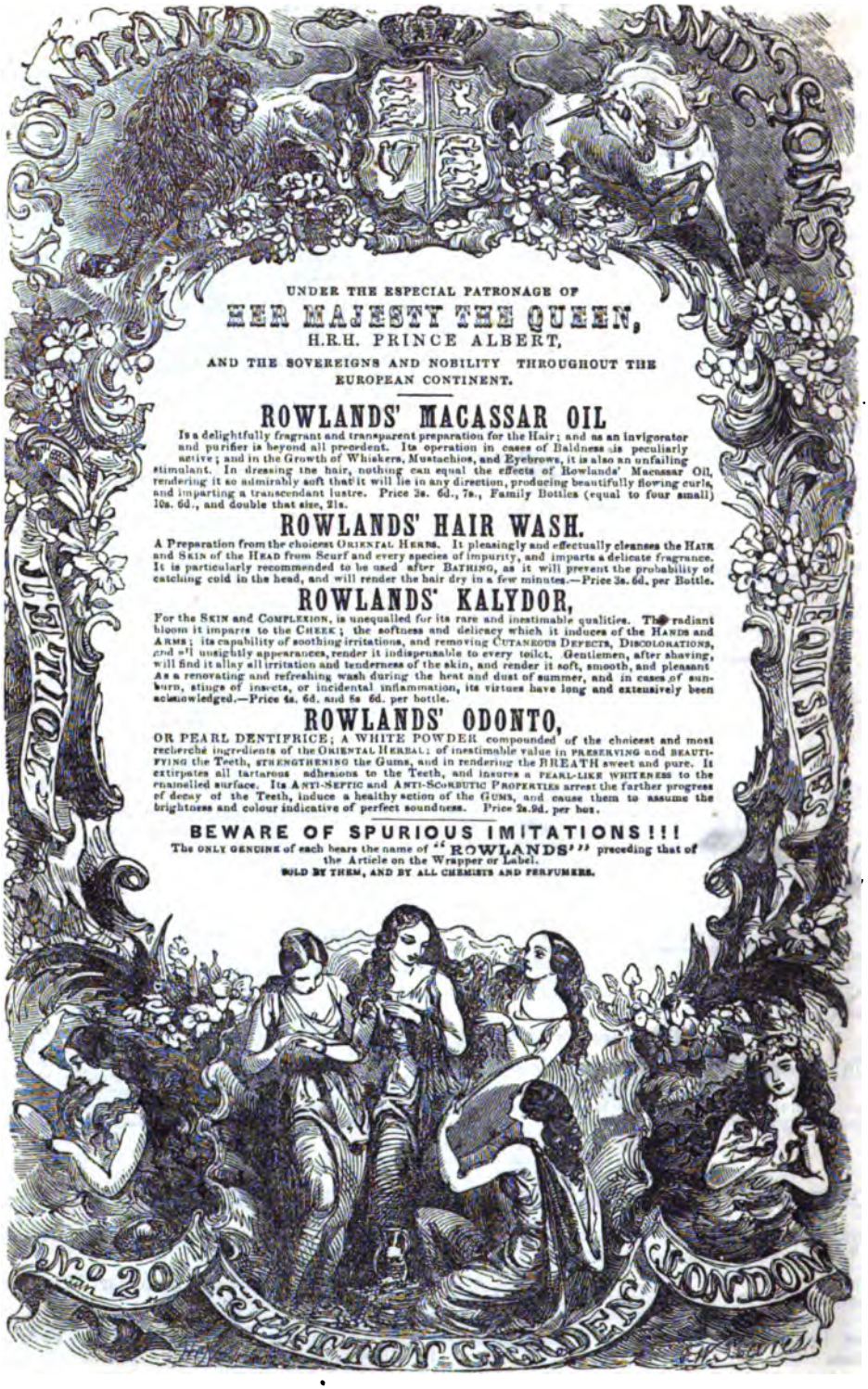
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EDITED BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

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HOBBS, THE AMERICAN ARTIZAN.

A Strag Leaf or Two of Adventure from his Note-Book.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

"'Tis in my memory *lock'd*."
HAMLET.

"Open *locks*, 'tis Hobbs that knocks."
MACBETH—*improved*.

"Hobbs laughs at locksmiths."
OLD PLAY TITLE—*emendated*.

IT will not be regarded an idle vaunt, when we say that the Americans, on this side of the water, have distinguished themselves the present industrial year. Our yacht made a stir in the placid water of public feeling; the reaping machine has carried everything before it, causing the farmers to join in the affectionate desire that their sickles might "go to grass" and make way for the new notion; somebody from Philadelphia has exhibited an artificial leg so full of vitality as to induce "Punch" to facetiously and felicitously recommend people suffering with troublesome continuations to have them dislodged and try the patent cork invention; and last, though unequivocally not least, Mr. Hobbs has opened the vast lock of public enlightenment to one fact, that Chubb and Bramah have not invented such insurmountable safeguards as they hitherto imagined. We rejoice at these little triumphs, not that we desire to croak over them, but merely because our short-comings in the Crystal Palace are now in a manner recompensed. We have proved to the world, although we did not overburden our division with untold quantities of fantastic and quasi-useless ornament, that we are a true and patriotic race of utilitarians, imbued with the intensest spirit of practice.

Eh bien, but this is not what we picked up our Gillott to indite. We design to communicate some facts to the reader in regard to the personal character of the man whose name stands at the head of this article. His exploits have been so freely commented on by the Press, that he may now be considered an article of general property; and even if this were not the case, the public can have no objection to familiarise themselves with some little incidents in the career of one, who, besides being undoubtedly gifted in a strange faculty, is one of the kindest-hearted, most amiable man that we ever remember to have met at home or abroad. And now for our outline:—

The ancestry of Hobbs is English, his father being born in the metropolis of England, and his maternal parent a native of Montgomery, in the beautiful county of Shropshire. Just before the birth of their third son, Alfred (which occurred in Boston), they emigrated to the United States, so that our hero barely escaped being an Englishman, an accident which the Americans need not regret, as any country might put a laurel in her brow at the citizenship. At the age of five, little Alfred lost his father by the hand of death, and was sent by his widowed mother to a farm near the town of Westfield, Massachusetts, where he remained up to the age of fourteen, working on the farm during the summer months, and attending a small village school in the winter. But this domestic life of quietude did not agree with the temperament of the lad, for about this time he conceived a strong desire to brave the perils of the sea; and after much deliberation on the part of his mother, she reluctantly consented to his departure. He had been reading the marvellous adventures of "Robinson Crusoe," and the extraordinary events in the life of that paragon of good lads, "Jack Halyard," and nothing would answer but some experience on the ocean. All the persuasion of friends, and the entreaties of relatives, made no impression on his youthful mind, so firmly implanted was the adventurous desire, and on a fine summer's morning our hero went gaily out of Boston harbour in the ship "Leonidas," bound for Havre in France. The voyage chanced to be excessive stormy and boisterous, and the privations on board of the vessel so great, that it entirely dispelled all maritime longings, and this initial trip was his last. Soon after returning home, he entered into the occupation of glass-cutting, and during this time invented a peculiar glass door-knob, which came into general use in New England. By this invention, he was brought a great deal into communication with locksmiths, and forming a friendship with Mr. Pettis, an eminent engi-

neer of Boston, also an accomplished and most ingenius artisan, Mr. Hobbs developed his first notions of art in this respect. A very celebrated lock at this period was the "Panautoptic," introduced by the firm of Day and Newell, and Hobbs and his engineering friend spent many hours together in devising means to open it, but without success. It defied all attempts of research and ingenuity; but this fact led to the discovery of means by which almost every lock then in use could be picked with little trouble, and our hero soon after had an opportunity of testing his abilities in this respect. A citizen of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, had invented a new lock, and, with considerable flourish of trumpets, announced in all the papers of the day, that it was impenetrable, and as an evidence of his own faith, promised a reward of five hundred dollars to whoever would open it. This tempting offer brought out Hobbs, who signified his determination of attempting the task, and an iron safe in which the lock was placed was deposited in the Merchants' Exchange of New York. All the arrangements completed, the money was placed in the safe, and Hobbs, about nine o'clock in the evening, proceeded to work with the tools he had prepared. The proprietor of the lock, with a few friends, lingered anxiously by, watching every movement of the operator, and about midnight they were mutually congratulating themselves that the attempt was ineffectual, and on the strength of this belief, adjourned to a neighbouring *café* to enjoy a bottle of wine. Hobbs was petitioned to accompany them, but, declining, still progressed with his efforts. About twenty minutes after they had gone, all at once the "deed was done," the springs yielded, and the lock flew back. Hobbs transferred the contents of the safe to his pockets (as per agreement *if* he succeeded), and quietly departed for home. The surprise of the proprietor of the lock may be imagined the next morning on discovering the result of the operation. His faith disappeared like snow beneath the rays of the sun, and he never announced any more gifts to be thus summarily carried off while enjoying his wine.

This occurrence being freely commented on by the press, our artizan in a few weeks found himself somewhat famous in his new branch of business, and receiving overtures from a large bank-lock house of the city of New York, he connected himself with it, and started on an expedition through the country, with the view of visiting the most important banks. His object was, of course, to persuade them if possible to purchase new locks, and in order to carry out his views more effectually, he always went prepared with tools to pick the ones they had then in use. His first operation was on the massive locks of the vaults of the Bank of Morristown, in the State of New Jersey, having, by dint of considerable persuasion, induced the president and directors to permit him to display his ingenuity.

The president of the bank was a musty, crusty old gentleman of the ancient regime, and he complacently smiled at the idea of the locks of *their* institution being opened.

"Open *our* locks!" exclaimed he, smiling, but with a shade of defiance on his brow, "Open *our* locks! why they are secure as the rock of Gibraltar—the adamant of Potalii—it'll be labor thrown away, young man—labor thrown away," and the old gentleman seemed in his heart to repudiate the very semblance of the idea.

But our hero was not to be daunted. He had heard the same confident opinions expressed before, over and over again, and went of course prepared to meet them. The directors and the president had a long and close conference on the subject, and finally it was arranged that the trial should take place. Much delighted at the idea of his enterprise, Mr. Hobbs then proceeded to work, it being arranged that the officers of the bank should remain in their committee-room one hour. The vaults were then locked, and the large bunch of keys taken in to the old president, who carefully placed them on the table before him, and ensconced himself in an easy chair to await the result.

The directors all talked and wondered, the president adjusted his wig in a reverie, and Hobbs worked diligently at his task. Half an hour passed over, and all at once a loud and highly significant click was heard. The president started, and hobbled in the direction from which the sound proceeded, followed by the directors in a grand scamper. Away they went, all in a glow of wonder and excitement, and their surprise can be easily conceived when they found the huge iron doors of the vaults that contained all of their precious wealth standing wide open, and the operator sitting on a chair, with his legs crossed, and his countenance bearing the most imperturbable look of perfect satisfaction. The experiment was most complete, and our hero received an order forthwith to supply a new set of locks, coupled with a very high compliment for his skill and perseverance.

The next field for his exertions was the city of Philadelphia, where he picked in a few moments a lock in a large banking institution, made by the distinguished Pat Lyon, whose patriotic career is strongly identified with the early records of the United States. This lock had been considered a model for strength and adaptability, and Hobbs, by this achievement, added another laurel to his already blooming chaplet.

Mr. Hobbs in his travels on the other side of the Atlantic always carried a little mysterious black trunk, filled with his implements and tools, which often gave rise to inquiry and remark. The appearance of this trunk once led to the commission of a practical joke in the city of Baltimore, which we will endeavour to relate. Our hero had gone to that city on some professional business—to prove to the inhabitants that their locks were not as impregnable as they imagined, we presume—and, as usual, sent his little black trunk from the railway station by the porter to "Barnum's Hotel," the clerk of which knew it at once as the property of his friend, Hobbs. The chief clerk, Mr. McIlheny, was a gay, waggish fellow, and immediately determined on having a joke at the expense of the famous picklock, with whom it will be under-

stood he was on terms of the closest intimacy. Procuring a key, he opened the little mystic trunk, and immediately sent for one Ridgely, a distinguished thief-taker, to whom he exhibited its sullen and suspicious contents, at the same time telling him that it had just been brought from the railway by the porter, and doubtless the owner would soon arrive.

"You may depend, it's the property of a thief," remarked Ridgely, in high glee at the prospect of a capture.

"To be sure it is, and an accomplished rogue at that," said the clerk, slyly, and one by one he laid out the tools with a meaning glance at each. "There's a formidable lot, I must say."

"Formidable! By Jove you're right!" rejoinded the thief-taker. "He's got enough tools here to break into every treasury in town."

This passed on, and the implements were replaced with a great deal of mystery. Leaving Ridgely in the office in a state of wonderment, the wag strolled out as if it were by accident to the street-door, where he had not stood but a few moments before Hobbs arrived in a cab from the railway station, having been detained there a little time by the accidental meeting of some friends.

"Hallo, Hobbs! how d'do?" exclaimed McIlheny, glad to see his old friend.

"Never better, old brick-top—how do you find yourself?" was the response.

"I've got a rare joke on foot against you, or rather on Ridgely, the police-officer," added the clerk; "and I want you to join me—will you?"

"Will I! 'Thou need'st not ask me, Damon.' *Will I!*—to be sure; just post me up, and I'm on hand."

McIlheny then briefly told him what had passed between Ridgely and himself, and it was agreed that Hobbs should call at a certain hour in the evening for the trunk, and in the meantime observe a very distant and suspicious line of conduct about the house.

McIlheny then rejoined the thief-taker in the office, and told him that he had just seen a man whom he strongly suspected of being the owner of the trunk, and it was arranged, in order to fasten the suspicion on him, that Ridgely should keep watch on him until he made application, which would be proof positive of the ownership.

In a very short time, Hobbs walked leisurely into the hotel, and passed by Ridgely and his friend. He took no notice whatever of them, but hanging his head with sundry artful glances, went into the drawing-room.

"That's the man," whispered McIlheny, to the thief-catcher. "That's the man, as sure as you're born."

"To be sure it is," coincided Ridgely, in an important tone. "Did you observe how sheepish and frightened he looked when he passed by me. He's the fellow, take my word, and *I'll* keep a bright eye on him."

"That's right," added the clerk, inwardly congratulating himself on the success of his scheme. "Don't let him slip for the world. I'll bet a five dollar bill that he's some big burglar—a tip-top thief—some huge rascal; never let him slip if you value your position."

"Never fear me;" and so saying, he left McIlheny, and also strolled into the drawing-room. Hobbs took the cue at once, and looked up at him uneasily from under his hat, and immediately left the room. Ridgely followed him, and as he passed out, winked at the clerk, as much as to say, "You're right, this *is* the man." Hobbs then went into the street, and stopped in front of a bank and appeared to be very much engaged in examining the doors and arrangements of the fastenings; then went a short distance further, and minutely inspected the details of a jeweller's window; then walked into a shop and inquired the price of some articles, and at the same time looked doubtingly around him. All this while Ridgely was in pursuit, sometimes before and sometimes behind him, but never losing sight of his prey. After walking some six or eight miles in various parts of the city, much to the chagrin of his follower, who by this time began to grow weary of his mission, Hobbs espied a single cab at the corner of the street, and calling the driver, instructed him to drive him swiftly several miles around town, and at length set him down at "Barnum's Hotel."

Ridgely was all in a fever—there was no other cab in sight, and to lose the victim after such a severe tramp was provoking. He rushed around for a few moments, and getting very red in the face, started off in a brisk run after the cab, determined, if possible, to keep it in view. Hobbs peeped through the window of the vehicle, and could just see the thief-taker puffing and blowing as though he were pursued by a thousand furies. Such a laugh as he had to himself can be imagined. After following for at least a mile, Ridgely came across a vacant cab, and jumping into it, hastily directed the driver to keep a respectable distance behind the one in advance, which contained the object of his solicitude.

On they went for a long time in a round-about manner, all of which strange movements strengthened the belief in Ridgely's mind that Hobbs was some mysterious outlaw on a reconnoitring expedition. All sorts of fantastic visions of flagrant crime presented themselves to the busy mind of the thief-taker, and he prided himself that he was the most efficient man of the day. At last Hobbs's cab drew up in front of "Barnum's Hotel," as directed; the other did the same after the interval of a few moments;—a wise stroke of policy Ridgely thought, which was to prevent suspicion,—and within a short time of each other, both entered the house.

Very naturally, Ridgely proceeded at once to his friend the clerk to relate his adventure, who affected to be intensely interested at the recital. During their absence a number of the lodgers of the hotel—a clan of jolly fellows—had been let into the secret, and it was arranged that they should be about the office when Hobbs inquired for the little black trunk.

Shortly after tea, when all of the lodgers were, as if by accident, standing around the office, Hobbs walked from the supper-room in a quiet manner, and, presenting himself at the office, calmly inquired if anything had been seen of a small black trunk.

McIlheny pretended to look around for it; Ridgely, full almost to bursting with excitement, exchanged significant glances with the proprietor of the hotel, and the lodgers preserved their gravity.

"I hope to gracious it's not lost," exclaimed Hobbs, bustling about with great anxiety. "I'm going off in the early train in the morning, and that trunk contains valuables of a highly important nature."

"Oh! here it is, sir," suddenly said the clerk, and he handed it to Hobbs, who clutched it with a well-affected shudder of agitation.

"Thank you—thank you, I'll take it to my room," he remarked; "I don't know what I should have done without it;" and passing out of the office, he advanced only a few steps, when Ridgely, with his eyes dancing about in their sockets, laid his hand eagerly on his shoulder, and remarked that he wanted to speak privately with him.

All at once a general laugh burst from the crowd. "What the deuce can be the matter?" thought Ridgely, and, looking around in a fever of bewilderment, another long shout arose, in which Hobbs this time joined most heartily.

"Hallo! what? D—— it, can it be that I've been hoaxed!" and again glancing at the merry countenances around him, he saw something was wrong. Removing his hand suddenly from the shoulder of the long-watched victim, he shrieked, in a loud and disappointed voice, his eyes starting nearly out of his head, "*Gammoned, by the eternal Julius Cæsar!*" and the last seen of him for some time in those parts, was a "man of about his size and figure" making a desperate rush through a back door, with his coat-tails standing out at an angle with his head. A scream of laughter echoed through the recesses of that hotel for some minutes after, and the affair ended by Hobbs and a party of convivial fellows adjourning to a refectory near the MONUMENT, where champagne and "chicken fixins" stood out in bold relief, and a grand toast was drunk, standing,—

"*Here's to Hobbs and his anxious and affectionate friend, the thief-taker!*"

About two years since, our hero took a long trip down the Mississippi River, and among other places visited New Orleans. His fame, it seems, had preceded him, for he had only been in the city a few days when he was waited on by a committee formed of the directors of the Lousiana Bank, and invited to test the security of their locks. An old Frenchman, who was Teller of the institution, and also kept the keys of the vaults, was much opposed to the attempt, and when Hobbs set about the undertaking, he vented all sorts of displeasure at his temerity in doubting the security of their locks.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Monsieur, with a shrug, and a pinch of snuff from a highly-embossed box, "Ze locks are impregnable—no Zyankee trick can nevare open our locks. I tell you, Monsieur Hobb, that you will make von grand mistake—ze Diable himself could nevare open ze locks of dis bank!"

"We shall see," sententiously observed Hobbs, proposing to operate.

"Ve sall zee vat ve sall zee. Morbleau! I like ze idea of our locks being pick—non, non, Monsieur. Zis is von bien joke—vat you call trick, eh?"

"No trick at all, as you will presently find," remarked Hobbs. "Only give me air and a little time, and I'll keep my word, I promise you."

"Ha! ha! air and time. By gar you vill vant a big deal of air, and a zeneration before you open zese locks—vork avay till ze perspirater run off of your noose, and your eye vinks with fatige. If zis money vas my propert-ee, I would give you all if you open, 'mon amee."

Hobbs, nothing vexed by the Teller's irascibility, studiously proceeded in his efforts, and within an hour actually succeeded in his undertaking. The directors were all highly impressed with the skill of Hobbs, and agreed that he came surprisingly up to the mark of the brightest representation. As for the Frenchman, he was absolutely dumbfounded,—his countenance undergoing a greater number of changes in the course of five minutes than a modern kaleidescope swiftly agitated.

Our hero grew into great favour in the "Crescent City," as New Orleans is sometimes called, and for a whole season he was the "lion" of various fetes and galliards, got up expressly in his honour.

THE WINDS.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

TALK to my heart, oh, Winds!—
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight:—
Finds always new delight,
In your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trysting-place,
When you seemed to love me so:—
When you sweetly kissed me so,
On the green hills long ago.

Come up from your cool bed,
In the stilly twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead
That was ever dear to me:—
Come up from your cool bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.

Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds—lovely Winds of night—
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night
In the beds so chill and white?

Talk to me, Winds, and say
If in the grave be rest?
For, oh! Life's little day
Is a weary one at best:—
Talk to my heart and say
If Death will give me rest.

THE MOB CAP; OR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was past midnight, and the moon had gone down when the stage stopped at Edward Stanley's lodgings, who was about to visit his village home. The lamps threw a strong glare on the pavement, but the interior of the vehicle was in such deep shade he could but imperfectly distinguish his fellow-travellers.

He observed, however, that several young gentlemen occupied the front and middle seats, while an old woman, muffled in a cloak, sat alone on the back one. She turned her head sharply round as he entered, and the light glimmering under her large hood was brightly reflected from a pair of spectacles of such spacious dimensions, they seemed to cover her whole face, or at least all the face that was visible through the wide-plaited border of a mob cap. Edward took the only vacant seat in the stage, at her side, with a very respectful bow, which was received with something between a hem and a cough, a sound diverting in itself, and rendered still more so, by its echo from the opposite seat; for the young gentlemen seemed determined to derive all the amusement possible from their antiquated companion. Edward had a convivial spirit, but he had too deep a reverence for age ever to make it a subject for mirth. It was in itself a sufficient guarantee for veneration, even when unaccompanied by those traits which impart a beauty to the faded brow, and to the hoary head a crown of glory. The recollection of his own grandmother, too, who had died since his absence from home—one of those fine, dignified relics of the majestic simplicity of olden time, which reminds one so forcibly of the degeneracy of modern days—gave a tenderness to his manners, in addressing an aged person, which was peculiarly engaging in the present instance, from the effect of contrast.

"Take care, grandmother," said the young men opposite, as the stage jolted over a huge stone, "take care of your spectacles. We shall have an upset now, depend upon it!"

"No thanks to you if we don't," cried she, muttering, in the indistinct accents of age. Then turning towards Edward, she continued, "It is really refreshing to see a well-behaved, decent young gentleman, after enduring the impertinence of the dandies and jackanapes. Never mind, you may laugh now as loud as you please; but if you live, you will be old yourself one of these days."

She put her hand into her pocket, which seemed unfathomable in depth, and drawing out a snuff-box, after rapping it several times, she presented it to Edward, who was obliged from politeness to take a pinch, and all the passengers petitioning for a similar favour, a sneezing concert commenced, in which the old lady herself acted the most sonorous part. After the mirth occasioned by this chorus had subsided, she dropped her box into her pocket, and it sunk like a pebble descending into a vault. Edward began to enjoy his journey exceedingly; he never felt disposed to sleep in a stage-coach, and the old lady declared herself of the same temperament, though he gallantly offered his shoulder as a pillow, to the great amusement of the others, who were, ere long, nodding their heads to and fro, occasionally knocking their heads against each other, or reclining backwards in more unsocial attitudes. Edward and his muffled companion fell into the most familiar and agreeable conversation. She seemed very shrewd and original in her remarks, and exercised the privilege of age in inquiring his name, the place of his residence, &c.

"Ah," said she, "I knew you had a mother and sisters—or a sister whom you loved, from your kindness to me, an old woman, a stranger. Heaven be blessed for the influence of gentle ones on the heart of man. And you are going to the village of ———? Do you know anything of Widow Clifton, daughter of Squire Lee, who lives somewhere in those parts?"

"Not personally—but report says she is such a gay dashing character. I suppose she will find herself very much out of place in a country town. I hear, through my sister, that she is to take possession of her late father's dwelling, which has been fitted up for her accommodation in quite a princely style. You speak as if you knew her, madam."

"Yes, for I was a great friend to her grandmother; a fine old lady as ever lived, a thousand times handsomer than Gertrude—but very likely you may not agree with me. Young eyes see differently from old ones."

"Is she young?" asked Edward.

"Yes, she is scarcely twenty, for she married, poor thing! at a very early age, and was left a widow soon after. She has need of more discretion than she has now, or ever will have."

"I should like to see this gay young widow," said Edward, musingly, the vision of a pair of heavenly blue eyes that he had seen stealing softly before him, "but it is not likely that we shall become acquainted, for my mother and sister live very retired, and when I am at home I devote myself to them."

It was surprising in what confidential terms he was addressing his new acquaintance, and how entirely he forgot to ask her name and residence, though he had so freely imparted his own.

As the morning air came chill and dewy over the hill, she drew her cloak more closely around her, pulled down her hood, and seemed drowsy and silent. Edward was not sorry to be left a while to his own reflection. He thought of the mild eyes of his mother, at that very moment, perhaps, turned towards the window anxiously watching his coming, of the more eager anticipations of his only sister, and more than all, he thought upon "the witching smile that caught his youthful fancy."

He was roused from his reveries by the sudden stopping of the stage, and he found he was to be separated from his ancient friend. Jumping out with as much alacrity as if he were in attendance on youth and beauty, he assisted her as she descended with slow and difficult steps; and opening the gate for her to pass, gave her a cordial and respectful farewell.

"I shall not soon forget you, young gentleman," said she, holding out her tremulous hand, "and if the time ever comes when I can serve you, you will find the aged can remember the kindness of youth."

Resuming his seat, his thoughts winged their way towards the home he was now rapidly approaching. In two or three hours, he began to distinguish the trees familiar to his boyhood. A little farther, a majestic elm stretched its lordly branches over the street, they passed it on either side, the land mark of the school-day pastimes. Then a white house glimmered through the green foliage that overshadowed it, —and a moment more, Edward was in the arms of his mother, with his sister clinging round his neck. An only son and brother, returned after twelve months' absence, to beings whose best affections were garnered in him, might reasonably call forth very warm and joyous emotions. A shade, however, passed over their brows, as the saddened glance of Edward rested on the easy chair, where he had last beheld that venerable form with placid brows, crowned with living silver, now laid low in the dust—and they all *remembered the death.*

A year's residence in the heart of the city would naturally produce some change in a young man, as yet only in the morning of manhood, and as Clara's admiring eyes ran over the face and figure of her brother, she blushed at her own rusticity. There was an indescribable something in his air and manner, that told he had been in a region different from her own, and a shadow of awe began to steal over the deep love she felt for him. Mrs. Stanley, whose chastened and pious thoughts were dwelling on the inner man, rejoiced that his heart remained unchilled during his intercourse with the world, for the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushing over.

Edward Stanley was poor—that is, he had only his own unborn energies to carry him through the world. He had just completed his studies as a lawyer, having finished his last year with one of the most distinguished members of the bar, a friend of his late father, who, though he died poor in one sense of the word, was rich in the good opinions of his fellow men. Edward was resolved it should prove a year of probation, and adhered to his determination not to suffer even the holiest interest of nature to turn him aside from his steadfast course. The trial was past—he was admitted to the bar—and now felt privileged to rest and refresh himself for a while at the well-springs of the heart.

That evening, as he looked abroad and saw the moon sending down such rills of light through the deep shades of the landscape, he thought how beautiful Fanny Morton had looked, when she stood, a year ago, in the midst of such silver waves, and he longed to know how she would look then, standing in the selfsame moonbeams. The wish was easily accomplished, for her father's house was but a short distance from his own, and he soon found himself near the threshold. The house was situated a little retreating from the street, and the path which led to it was soft and grassy, lying too in a thick shadow, so his approach was not perceived. There she stood, almost in the same attitude, leaning against the door, looking upwards with eyes so deeply, beautifully blue, they seemed to have borrowed the colour from the night heaven to which their gaze was directed. Her fair, flaxen hair glittered in the moonlight with a golden lustre, brightly contrasting with the pure whiteness of a brow, where the serenity of youth and innocence was now softly reposing.

"Fanny!" said Edward, emerging from the shadow; and she sprang forward at the well-known voice, with a bounding step, and a joyous smile.

"Edward, I am so glad you are come!"

Her manner was so frank and affectionate, it relieved him from the agitation he felt in addressing her. Perhaps he felt a disappointment in meeting her childish expression of pleasure, instead of the deep silence of joy, for it is certain the romance of his feelings considerably subsided, and he uttered some commonplace sayings, instead of the high-wrought sentiments in which he had been indulging. He had never told Fanny in so many words that he loved her, but they had lived in almost daily interchange of offices prompted by affection. In absence he had blended her image with every memory of the past and every hope of the future, and now in her presence he acknowledged that she was fairer and lovelier than even the visions his fancy had drawn. The people of the village, seeing Fanny again the constant companion of Edward and Clara Stanley, as in former times, prophecied a speedy union, though they dwelt on the excessive imprudence of the match, as they were both too poor to think of marrying, and many declared Fanny to be nothing better than a piece of painted waxwork, fit only to be looked at and admired.

They were returning one evening, about sunset, from a walk in the woodland. Fanny was literally covered with garlands, which Edward and Clara had woven, and with her hat swinging in her hand, and her fair locks unbound, she formed the most picturesque feature of a landscape, then rich in all the glories of summer. They turned aside from the path, for the tramp of horses' feet were behind them.

"Look, brother, look!" exclaimed Clara, as a lady, in company with two gentlemen, rode gaily by. She was dressed in green. Her long riding-dress swept far below her feet, and waving feathers of the same colour mingled with the folds of a veil which floated lightly on the breeze. She turned and looked earnestly at Fanny, who, blushing at her fantastical appearance, drew behind Clara, when the veil of the stranger suddenly loosened, and, fluttering, fell at Edward's feet. Never was a fairer opening for gallantry. The lady checked her spirited horse, and, bend-

ing gracefully forward, received the veil from the hands of Edward, with a smile and a bow that would have repaid any man for a greater exertion. Her complexion was dark, but richly coloured with the warm hues of exercise and health; and when she smiled, her eyes were so brilliantly black, and her teeth so glitteringly white, that Clara could talk of nothing else for an hour after she reached home—and Edward caught himself wondering several times who the lady of the green plumes could be.

"Yes," said he, suddenly, when he saw, at night, lights gleaming from the windows of the great white house on the hill—"it must be Mrs. Clifton, the dashing widow."

And Mrs. Clifton it proved to be, whose arrival caused no slight sensation in this quiet village—Edward and Fanny were quite forgotten in the superior claims of one, who, though among them, was not of them. One represented her as proud as Lucifer, sweeping through the streets, with her officer-like cap and feathers,—another, as a *lionnée*, leaping her horse over hedges and walls. Some represented her as dark as an Ethiopian, terrible and grand—and others, as beautiful as an angel, and blithe as a wood-nymph. Meanwhile the unconscious object of these contradictory and most invidious remarks, continued her rides over hill and dale with unwearied activity, and sometimes she appeared in a splendid carriage, with a footman, who was said to be dressed in livery, though he wore a suit of sober grey.

What was the astonishment of Clara Stanley, when she saw one morning this splendid carriage stop at her own door, and Mrs. Clifton herself descend from it! Clara's next feeling was deep mortification; for both her mother and herself were dressed in plain calico mourning frocks, and the room was in a state of particular disorder, for she was occupied in cutting and arranging work, and her brother had covered the table with papers he was about to examine.

"Oh, Edward!" cried Clara, "if there's not Mrs. Clifton! What shall we do?"

"Do?" said he, laughing and starting up eagerly—"Why ask her to come in;" and with an ease and self-possession that almost provoked the mortified Clara, he met his startling visitor at the threshold.

She introduced herself with so much grace and politeness, and fell into conversation so rapidly and simply, apologizing for what she feared might be deemed an intrusion, but expressing an earnest wish to become acquainted with neighbours in whose society she anticipated so much pleasure, so naturally and sincerely, that Clara's burning cheeks began to cool, and her confused senses to be sufficiently collected to appreciate so signal an honour. Mrs. Stanley was too truly refined and well bred to share in her daughter's embarrassment. She was not ashamed of the simplicity of their dress, and she did not look upon the proofs of Clara's industry and Edward's literature, scattered about the room, as at all disgraceful. Moreover, she was very proud of her son, and thought she had never seen him appear to such an advantage as at this moment, when engaged in animated conversation with this graceful and charming lady. Mrs. Clifton admired the garden, the vines that made such fairy lattice-work around the windows, the pictures that hung upon the walls, till everything around her became exalted in Clara's eyes, with charms unknown before. When she arose to depart, she urged Mrs. Stanley so warmly to visit her, and to suffer her to see much of Clara, it was impossible not to believe she was soliciting a favour. She was so lonely, she said—the friends who had accompanied her were returned, and she had nothing but her books and harp for companions. Her harp! Clara was crazy to hear a harp. The very idea carried her at once into the fairy land of romance, of Ossian's heroines and Milton's angels.

"Is she not the most charming woman you ever saw in your life?" exclaimed Clara, the moment she had left them. "I quite forgot my calico frock and these linen shreds, long before she was gone. Did you ever see any one so polite and condescending? I wonder how she came to select us from all the village, to call upon!" and she smiled at the importance it would give them in the eyes of their neighbours.

"I am not much surprised," said Mrs. Stanley, "as her father and yours were on intimate terms, and it is probable she has taken pains to ascertain his friends. She had just married when Mr. Lee came into the country, and as she went immediately abroad, she never visited the place during her father's life. She married very young, and I think I have heard she was not happy in her union. She certainly does not seem inconsolable at her husband's death."

"Is she not delightful, Edward?" continued Clara, in a perfect fever of admiration. "Did you ever see such eyes and teeth? and though she is dark, her complexion is so glowing and clear, I don't think she would look as handsome if she were fairer. I wonder if she will marry again?"

"You wonder at so many things," replied Edward, laughing, "you must live in a perpetual state of astonishment. But I do think, Clara, that Mrs. Clifton is very delightful, and very charming, and graceful, and I hope my dear little rustic sister will try to imitate her graces."

Edward would never have breathed this unfortunate wish had he anticipated how faithfully poor Clara would have obeyed his injunction.

The visit was soon returned, and if Clara admired her new friend before, she was now completely fascinated. She "saw the white rising of her hands upon the harp," and heard the mellow tones of a voice tuned to the sweetest modulations of art. The rich furniture, the superb curtains, the paintings in massy gilt frames, seemed to her unaccustomed eye equal to oriental splendour, and Mrs. Clifton some eastern enchantress, presiding over the scene, with more than magic power. Edward Stanley was passionately fond of music. He had never heard it in such perfection. But there was a charm in Mrs. Clifton's conversation even superior to her music. It was full of spirit, sensibility, enthusiasm, and refinement. Then its perfect adaptation to all around her! Every one talked better with her than with any one

else, and felt, when they quitted her society, that they had never been so agreeable before; confessing, at the same time, that they had never met with any one half so pleasing as herself. She certainly did flatter a little; that is, she told very pleasant truths, with a most bewitching smile; and another thing, which, perhaps, was the great secret of her attraction, she seemed completely to forget herself, in her interest for those around her.

It is very certain Mrs. Stanley's family thought more of their new neighbour that night, than their old ones. Even Edward forgot to dream of the blue eyes of Fanny Morton. His conscience reproached him for the oblivion; and when he saw the unenvying interest with which she listened to Clara's praises of the dashing widow, as she was called by the villagers, he admired the sweetness and simplicity of a character pure as the untracked snow. He admired, but, for the first time, he felt a want in this sweet character. He had never discovered before, that Fanny was deficient in sensibility, that the shadows of feeling seldom passed over her celestial countenance. He found, too, a dearth of thought and variety in her conversation, of which he had never been sensible before. A pang of self-accusation shot through his heart, as he made these discoveries, and feeling as if he were guilty of injustice, his attentions became still less frequent, and he tried to restrain his restless and wandering thoughts.

Clara sat one morning in a deep reverie. "Mother," she said, at length, "do you remember that full crimson damask petticoat grandmother left me as a memento of old times?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Stanley, surprised at the suddenness of the question, "why do you ask?"

"I was thinking it would make some beautiful window curtains for our parlour. The sun shines in so warm it is really uncomfortable to sit there, and the reflection of red curtains is very beautifying to the complexion."

"Ah! Clara," cried her brother, "you never discovered how uncomfortable it was, till you saw Mrs. Clifton's fine curtains. You forget the blinds, and the vines, and the rose-bushes. Pray have more reverence for dear grandmother's ancient relics."

Clara blushed, and was considerably disconcerted, but nevertheless continued her dreams of improvement. Her latent love for show and splendour began to glimmer forth and illuminate many an airy castle she amused herself in building. To imitate Mrs. Clifton was now the end and aim of her existence. She practised her step, her air, her smile, before the looking-glass, in her own chamber, till from a very simple and unaffected girl, she became conspicuously the reverse. She strung every window with Æolian harps, and tried to sing in unison when the wild winds swept the chords—but they disdained the harmony of the human voice, and mocked at her efforts. Edward felt quite distressed at an effect so contrary to his wishes, but he concealed his chagrin under a good-humoured ridicule, which somewhat checked her progress in the graces.

Once, when they were to accompany Mrs. Clifton in an excursion on horseback, and the lady, arrayed in her suit of forest green, was already waiting their starting, he knew not whether he was most amused or grieved, to see Clara descend in a dress of the same colour, in which the imitation was too obvious and too defective not to border on the ridiculous, with a green veil wreathed around the crown of her bonnet, and suffered to stream back behind, in the form of a feather or plume. Though the affection of her brother would not allow him to wound her feelings, by making her fully aware of her folly, and he chose rather gently to lead her back to true simplicity and good sense, she did not escape a severer lash from those who envied her the distinction of Mrs. Clifton's acquaintance, and who revenged themselves on her damask curtains, Æolian harps, and new born airs. Her present ambition was to possess a gold chain, an ornament she deemed indispensable to the perfection of a lady's dress. She did not aspire to so magnificent a one as wreathed the graceful neck of Mrs. Clifton, but she thought she would be perfectly happy with one of far inferior value surrounding her own. She had a long string of gold beads, a parting gift from her sainted grandmother, an ornament too obsolete for wear, and which she had often sighed to convert into modern jewellery. An opportunity occurred, at the very moment, of all others, she most desired it. Mrs. Clifton was to give a party. The day before the event, Clara was examining her simple wardrobe, trying to decide on the important articles of dress, and mourning over her slender stock of finery, when a pedlar stopped at the door, with a trunk filled with jewellery and trinkets. He spread them before her admiring eyes, and when she hesitated and regretted—he offered to take any old ornaments in exchange, holding up, at the same time, a glittering chain, the very article for which her vitiated fancy was yearning. The temptation was irresistible, and, unfortunately, she was alone. She flew to her little trunk of treasures, drew out her grandmother's beads, and the pedlar's eyes brightened as he saw the pure rich old-fashioned gold, knowing their superior value to his own gilded trifles.

"Will you exchange that chain for these?" said she, in a faltering voice; for in spite of her vain desire, the very act seemed a sacrilege to her conscience.

"That would not be an even bargain," he replied; and it was true, for the chain was nothing but brass, thinly washed with gold. Clara hung down her head. In proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the bauble, her longing increased.

"That is a pretty little trunk," cried the pedlar, "it would be very convenient to hold my jewels. If you will throw that in, we will strike a bargain."

Now the trunk was not Clara's. It belonged to her brother. It was the last keepsake bequeathed to him by this same grandmother, whose legacies of love Clara was converting to purposes of vanity and pride. There was a letter in it, directed to him, with a clause on the envelope, that he was not to open it till he was of age, *unless* he should find himself in some emer-

gency, and especially in need of counsel. The old lady was supposed to possess considerable property, and it was also believed that Edward would be her heir. On her death, however, these expectations proved vain, and her grandson did not honour her memory the less because he was not enriched by her loss. He took the letter as a sacred bequest, wondering much at the singular injunction, and told Clara to keep the trunk for him, as it was of no use to him, and she would preserve it with more care. Clara knew it was only intrusted to her keeping; and she turned pale at the thought of betraying a brother's trust; but she repeated to herself it was of no possible use to him, that he would probably never inquire for it, and it could not hurt the feelings of her dear grandmother who was sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. It was a thing, too, of so little consequence—and the chain was so beautiful. She emptied the trunk of its contents, gave it hastily into the pedlar's hands, with the beads which had remained on her grandmother's neck till she died, and gathering up the chain, felt,—instead of the joy of triumph—self-upbraiding and shame. She would have recalled the act; but it was too late—the pedlar was gone. So poor was the gratification of vanity! but the bitter consequence of a deviation from rectitude she was yet to experience.

When arrayed for the party, she put a shawl carefully around her neck before she made her appearance, to conceal her ill-gotten splendour—but the consciousness of having something to conceal from the affectionate eyes that were bent upon her, gave a disturbed and anxious expression to her countenance that did not escape the observation of her brother; and when she saw Fanny in the unadorned simplicity of her own loveliness, she secretly loathed the acquisition for which she had sacrificed her principles of right.

"Let me see you, Clara, before you start," said Mrs. Stanley—and she added, smiling, "I hope you have not tried to look too well."

"Oh, pray, mother, take care," cried Clara, shrinking from the dreaded hand that touched her shawl; "it will tumble my dress to take it off now. It is only my plain muslin frock," and hurrying away, with blushes and trepidation, she felt that her punishment was begun.

Arrived at Mrs. Clifton's, she became still more dissatisfied, when she saw her elegant hostess, dressed in the simplest attire, consistent with fashion and taste, with no ornament but a cluster of roses, wreathed amidst locks of gipsey blackness and oriental abundance. Her piercing eye rested a moment on the beautiful Fanny, then flashed towards Edward, with a very peculiar expression. He understood their meaning, and an undefinable sensation of pain and displeasure oppressed him. Mrs. Clifton was too polite to confine her attentions to those she most wished to distinguish, but moved amongst her guests, endeavouring, as far as possible, to adapt herself to their different capacities and tastes. She had invited her father's friends, wishing extremely to make them her own, and to convince them that she valued their sympathy and good will.

"You seem dispirited this evening, Mr. Stanley," said she, as Edward, unusually silent, stood leaning against the harp, from which he had more than once heard thrilling music; "perhaps I ought to say, preoccupied. It may be wise to abstract the mind in the midst of a throng, but I am afraid it is rather selfish."

"I should think the wisdom consisted in the subject of the abstraction," replied Edward, "and I believe I am as unwise as I am selfish."

"I do not think so," said Mrs. Clifton, and she looked at Fanny, whose serene countenance was beaming from the opposite side of the room. "Beauty, whether the subject of abstraction or contemplation, fills the mind with the most delightful ideas, and elevates it by the conviction that the hand that *made it is divine.* I do not agree with the moralist who would degrade it as a vain and valueless possession. The woman who possesses it may exercise a boundless influence over the heart of man, and if exerted aright how glorious may be the result!—Often and often have I sighed for the celestial gift—yet, perhaps, I should be neither better nor happier."

"You!" exclaimed Edward.

It is but a monosyllable, but the most laboured panegyric could not have been half so expressive. The clear olive of Mrs. Clifton's cheek was coloured with a brighter hue as she laughingly resumed—"I did not solicit a compliment, but its brevity recommends yours. I know I am not handsome. I cannot be if beauty depends upon lilies and roses. In the gay and heartless world I have learned to shine as others do, and have tried the rules of art. My life has been passed much with strangers. You, Mr. Stanley, surrounded as you are, by all the sweet charities of a home, living in its warm and sunny atmosphere, you do not know the coldness and the loneliness of the brotherless and sisterless heart."

She spoke in a tone of intense feeling, and cast down her eyes with a deep expression of profound melancholy. Edward did not attempt to reply—he could not embody the new and overpowering emotions that were filling his soul, and he would not utter the commonplace language of admiration. He felt like a man who had all his life been walking in darkness, and a dream had all at once awakened him in a blaze of light. Several now gathered around Mrs. Clifton, entreating her to play; and Edward availed himself of the opportunity of drawing back, where he could listen, unseen by her, to the melodious songstress of the hour. He looked at Fanny, who was now near the instrument, and compared the calm feeling of happiness he had enjoyed in her society to the tumultuous tide that was now rushing through his heart.

"I have loved Fanny like a brother," thought he, ignorant of a deeper passion. "And now I am a man and a fool——."

A hand was laid upon his arm. "Brother, are you not well? You look pale to-night." Clara was looking anxiously in his face, and he saw that her own was flushed with excitement.

"Yes, Clara, I am well—but what has disturbed you? Indeed I noticed before we left home that something seemed to weigh upon your spirits. Tell me the cause."

He drew her hand affectionately through his arm, and for the first time noticed her new ornament.

"It is not the weight of this new chain that oppresses you," said he, lifting it from her neck —"though it does feel rather magnificent. You have never showed me this new gift of yours. Who could have been the donor?"—and he thought of Mrs. Clifton.

"Do not speak of it here," whispered Clara, with so much embarrassment, it confirmed Edward's suspicions with regard to the donor, and though he regretted the nature of the obligation, he could not but think it was prompted by kindness from an observation of Clara's imitative decorations. The truth was, Clara had been so exceedingly annoyed by the questions, she could not, or rather would not answer.

Some one had suggested that it was a present from Mrs. Clifton, and though she did not affirm it actually, she was glad to admit the idea, as an escape from further persecution on the subject. Still her conscience writhed under the implied falsehood, and she dreaded its detection. To add to her mortification, she overheard some one remark "that Clara Stanley need not put on so many airs about her new chain, for it was nothing but pinchbeck, and had a strong smell of brass."

She rejoiced when the hour of retiring arrived; and when she reached home, she ran up stairs, went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Poor Clara! she awakened that night from a terrible fit of the nightmare, for she dreamed that her grandmother's icy hands were groping about her neck for the beads she had bartered; that the cold grasp grew tighter and tighter, her breath shorter and shorter, till she screamed and awoke. She dreaded the next day her brother's questioning about the mysterious chain; but absorbed in his own deep, overmastering emotions, he forgot the subject when the glittering bauble was removed from before his eyes. From this time a change was observable in his character. He became as silent and abstracted as he had before been gay and communicative. He no longer talked of Mrs. Clifton, and even to Fanny he was cold and constrained. Fanny preserved the same equanimity of feeling, though she missed Edward's vivacity and smiles, and openly lamented the transformation. She looked rather more serious than usual, but the azure of her eye was undimmed, and the soft rose of her cheek remained undiminished in bloom. Edward turned from the sameness and lustre of her countenance, to gaze upon the changing face that "pale passion loved" — and while he acknowledged the hopelessness of his infatuation, he brooded over it, till it enervated all the energies of his soul. It was fortunate for his mind, that domestic circumstances of a perplexing nature roused it into exercise. Some very unexpected claims were made against the estate. Mr. Stanley had died suddenly, and left his affairs considerably involved, but his family now believed everything was settled, and that the small property which remained was all their own. With the strictest economy it was just sufficient for a genteel support, and that was all. They had no means of meeting this unexpected exigency, but by the sale of the house—a sorrowful expedient, for it was endeared by every association connected with a husband's and a father's love—besides, it was their home, and where should they look for another? Edward remembered the letter of his grandmother. He wanted but a few months of being of age, and the hour of trouble had arrived. He opened and read it, then gave it into his mother's hands with a countenance illuminated with joy.

"It is all well, dear mother—more than well —though dead, she yet continues her guardianship of love. Clara, where is the trunk whose value I have just learned? It will save us from ruin."

Clara looked aghast.

"The trunk!" stammered she—"what good can it do us?"

"Read that letter—it will explain it."

The explanation may be given to the reader in fewer words. The trunk contained a false bottom, in which the good lady had placed deeds and papers, containing an amount of property which made a rich legacy to her grandson. Knowing the temptations to which youth is exposed, and knowing too that necessity calls forth the noblest powers of mankind, she did not wish him to know of the existence of this property till he became of age; and being somewhat eccentric in her character, and fond of surprises, she had adopted this singular method of bequeathing to him her fortune. Clara read the letter, and sat like a statue of stone. She wished the earth to open and swallow her, the mountains to fall and crush her to atoms, to save her from the remorse and shame that had overtaken her.

"Clara, what is the matter?" said Edward, sitting down by her side; "can you not go for the trunk, Clara?"

The unhappy girl tried to speak, but only uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor. Excessively alarmed, they raised and endeavoured to bring her to composure, but she continued to wring her hands and exclaimed—

"Oh, what have I done! what have I done!"

They gathered at length, from her broken sentences, the extent of their misfortune. The treasure was lost, irredeemably lost, for it would be impossible to trace the course of one who led an itinerant life, and was probably now in some remote part of the country. If it ever were discovered, it would probably be at some distant day, and the demand was immediate and pressing. Neither Mrs. Stanley nor Edward could add to the agonies of Clara's remorse, by unavailing reproaches, but they both keenly felt how much it added to their calamity, to think the means their guardian angel held out for their relief, was wrested from them by the hands of a daughter and a sister.

"We must submit," said Mrs. Stanley, with a heavy sigh, "to the will of God."

"We must *act*," said Edward, "and be not cast down, my mother. If Heaven spares my life and health, we shall never know one real want. In this country there is no such thing as *poverty*, and as to vanity and show, let Clara's

bitter lesson prove the emptiness of their claims."

When it was known that Mrs. Stanley's dwelling-house was advertised for sale, to satisfy the demands of impatient creditors, there was much astonishment and sorrow, for she was a woman universally beloved for her meekness, loving kindness, and tender charities. The neighbours gathered in to question and condole, and great was the sympathy expressed for Clara's inconsolable grief. They did not know the secret burden that weighed her to the dust, and wondered much to see the young bowed down so heavily, while Mrs. Stanley seemed so calm and resigned. Fanny Morton was very sorry, and expressed herself on the occasion with all the depth of feeling of which her tranquil nature was capable, but Edward more than ever felt the immeasurable distance of their souls. Hers could not comprehend the depth and sensibility of his. The lightning of heaven, and the cold phosphorescent light of earth, are not more different in their properties. Mrs. Clifton came, but not with the crowd. She waited till others accused her of standing aloof from her favourites in the day of adversity. She came alone, leaving her carriage, her servants, and all the paraphernalia of her wealth behind her. Mrs. Stanley knew how to appreciate this delicacy, as well as the added deference and respect of her manners. She asked no questions —she added no condolence—she came, she said, to solicit a favour, not to confer one. She wished to become purchaser of their beautiful cottage, whose situation she had so much admired. She had learned that her father had desired to become the owner of the lot, if Mr. Stanley ever disposed of it. She was anxious herself that it should not pass into other hands, and to secure their continuance in the neighbourhood.

"If by gratifying my father's known wish," continued Mrs. Clifton, her brilliant eyes softened by visible emotion, "I can relieve you, Mrs. Stanley, from, I trust, a transient embarrassment, I shall not consider myself less your debtor—when the time comes that you desire to reclaim it, I will not withhold its restoration."

The tears, which sorrow had not wrung from Mrs. Stanley's eyes, now fell fast from gratitude. She pressed Mrs. Clifton's hand in hers, and said, in a low voice, "You have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy—may heaven reward you for your kindness!"

Clara, incapable of restraining herself longer, threw her arms around her neck, and sobbed out, "Oh madam, you have saved me from despair."

Mrs. Clifton, who attributed her words to the natural regret of a young and ardent heart, on the prospect of quitting the home of childhood, warmly returned the involuntary embrace, and bid her call back her smiles, and be ready to accompany her on the morrow in a botanical excursion. When she rose to depart, Edward rose also to accompany her home. He was no longer gloomy and reserved. He no longer looked upon her as an enchantress, moving high above him, in a region of inaccessible light and splendour, but as a woman, endowed with all the warm and lovely sensibilities of her sex—a being whom he might dare to love, though he could never hope to obtain—who might forgive the homage, even though she rejected the worshipper. Had not humanity, always the accompaniment of deep and fervent passion, ruled his perceptions, he might have derived an inspiration for his hopes, from the softened language of her eyes—a language which others had not been slow in translating. They entered the magnificent saloon. The contrast its gilded walls presented to the agitating scene they had left, was felt by both.

"Desolate is the dwelling of Morris," said she, in an accent half sad and half sportive—"silence is in the house of her fathers."

"Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harp of Lutha?" continued Edward, in the same poetic language, and drawing the harp towards her. It is always delightful to find the train of our own thoughts pursued by a friend —proving that we think in unison. Mrs. Clifton felt this as she swept her hands over the chords, and called forth that sweet and impassioned melody peculiar to the daughters of Italy. She paused, and her dark eye rested a moment on the face of her auditor. It was partly shaded by his hand, and she saw that he was overcome by some powerful emotion. Again she sang, but her voice was low, and she ceased at length, as if weary of the effort.

"You seem spell-bound by the genius of silence," said she; "I should be wrong to break the charm."

"I know I must appear more than stupid," replied he, "when there is everything around to inspire me. But my feelings have been deeply oppressed by anxiety, and the weight of anxiety has been removed by a debt of gratitude, which, however pleasing and gracefully imposed, is only too deeply felt."

"Oh! let not your pride be jealous of the happiness I have dared this day to purchase. What have I done for you and yours, half—half so precious to YOUR remembrance, as to *mine*? Your sister's tearful blessing, your mother's hallowed prayer."

She spoke with fervor and sensibility, and her countenance was lighted up with such an exalted expression, Edward was scarcely able to restrain the impetuous impulses of passion that urged him on. The confession trembled on his lips, but pride and poverty, two stern monitors, stood by his side, and forbade the avowal of his madness and presumption.

"No!" said he to himself, "let me live on in the silence and secrecy of hopeless devotion, rather than by unguarded rashness risk the loss of that confidence so dangerous, yet so delightful. She allows me to be her friend. Let me never dare to aspire to more."

Thus reasoned Edward Stanley, and thus he schooled the language of his lips; but the passion denied utterance in words, flashed from his eyes, and modulated every accent of voice. He looked back upon this evening, passed alone with Mrs. Clifton, amidst the breathings of poetry and music, and exulted in the reflection that he had

not committed himself by any act of imprudence he might hereafter vainly rue. Sometimes his feelings rose up against Clara, for the selfish vanity that had led her to sacrifice the fortune that might have placed him above the suspicion of mercenary motives, but her unappeasable sorrow for her transgression would not allow him to cherish any resentment towards her. Sometimes, too, his conscience reproached him for the part he was acting towards Fanny, the idol of his boyish fancy—but every hour passed in her presence convinced him that she looked upon him more as a brother than a lover, and wrapped in a mantle of constitutional indifference, she seemed scarcely aware of the wandering of his heart.

"Oh! I am so glad you are not going to leave us! I do not know how I should live without you and Clara."

Fanny's most ardent impression in joy and sorrow, was, "I am so glad—I am so sorry!" It was a great deal for her to say—but she looked at Clara exactly as she did at him, and Edward, whose heart was now enlightened, felt that she did not love him, and he rejoiced in the conviction.

One evening, just between twilight and darker hour, he was returning from a long walk, when, a little before he left the woodland path that led into the public road, he met an old woman muffled in a cloak and hood. He bowed, and was passing on, when she accosted him in a voice that was not known, and approaching nearer to her, he knew by the spectacles gleaming through the shades, under the deeper shade of a mob-cap, his ancient friend of the stage-coach, and he greeted her with great cordiality. She told him she was travelling about as usual, and had stopped in the village to make a visit to Mrs. Clifton, the granddaughter of her old friend.

"It is growing dark and late," said he; "let me see you safe to her house, for you have mistaken the path that leads to it."

"Stop a moment," cried she, "if you are not in too much haste, and let me rest on this log by the wayside. I am old, and it wearies me to walk fast. Sit down, young man, and let me ask after your welfare. I have not forgotten your kindness to the aged, nor never shall I."

Edward brushed the dust from the log with his handkerchief, and preparing a seat for her, with great reverence placed himself at her side.

"Come," said she, "I must soon be gone, but I want to know if I can serve you. I am an eccentric old creature, but I am well off in the world, and when I die, I cannot carry my money into the grave. I am told there is a pretty young girl in the neighbourhood, whom you love, and would marry, were you not poor. Do not blush to own it, for if it is so, and I can make you happy by my means, I shall bless the hour that brought us together, even near the end of my pilgrimage."

Her tremulous voice faltered, and she raised her handkerchief under her spectacles.

"Thank you, a thousand times, for your generous offer," replied Edward, much moved; "but indeed, madam, you are misinformed. I would not marry, if I could."

"Young man," cried she, "you are not sincere. The heart craves for a kindred heart. You would not live alone. Confide in me, and I will not betray you. Trifle with me, and you may lose a friend, whose professions are not lightly made. Tell me, do you not love the fair girl whom they call the beauty of the village, or is it but a passing rumour that has reached my ears."

Edward wondered at the interest this singular old woman expressed in his destiny, but he did not doubt its sincerity, and he would not repay it with dissimulation.

"No, madam, I do not love her, otherwise than with brotherly kindness. Where I *do* love, I cannot hope, and all your generosity cannot avail me there."

"Where?" said she. "I want no half confidences. The imagination of age is dull to that of youth. Tell me all, or nothing."

"There is one, then, with whom, were she poor, beggary would be a paradise, but whom fortune has placed so far beyond my reach, it would be madness to name, and presumption to aspire to. Sometimes, emboldened by her condescension, I have dared to think, had my lot been different—but no—it can never be—I need not say more—you know where your steps are bound."

A silence followed this avowal, and Edward was as much absorbed by his own feelings, as almost to forget the presence of his companion. At length she spoke.

"I do not see the great presumption of your hopes, if you mean the widow Clifton. I see nothing to make her beyond your reach, unless you choose yourself to be put up in the clouds. She is rich, it is true, but what does she want in another? She has found no joy in wealth. I know the history of her marriage; it was involuntary on her part, and brought no happiness—a state of splendid bondage. Why do you not at least learn from her whether your love is hopeless? If I, an old woman—if my heart warmed towards you, the first moment I saw you,—is her young bosom made of stone, that it cannot be melted, or impressed?"

"She has often spoken," said Edward, finding an increasing fascination in the subject, and drawing still nearer his aged friend, "of the loneliness of her destiny, and of the insufficiency of wealth to satisfy the cravings of the heart. These wild dreams dazzled my imagination, and gilt the future with the hues of heaven. But the dread of being banished from her presence, of incurring the displeasure of one who had been the benefactress of our family—you, who are now in the winter of your days, can have no conception of the strength of these mental conflicts—this warring of fire and ice."

"I have not forgotten the memories of youth," she answered; "and impassive as you believe me, there is an image cherished in my breast, whose traits the waves of oblivion can never efface, nor the snow of age ever chill. Few can love as I have loved; and love with me, is immortal as the divine spark that lights up this perishing frame."

She leaned tremblingly against the shoulder

of Edward, who reproached himself for calling up emotions so sublime in their strength, thus glowing and triumphant, amidst the ruins of beauty and youth. He drew her cloak more closely around her, and warned her that the night dew was falling.

"You are right," said she, rising; "I was forgetting I am not young like you."

They walked slowly on, in the direction of Mrs. Clifton's house.

"May I not ask the name of the friend, to whose kindness I am so much indebted?" cried he.

"Oh," replied she, laughing, "I thought every body knew Aunt Bridget; for I am one of those universal aunts, whom everybody knows, and nobody cares for. My property is my own, and I have a right to bequeath it to whomsoever I please. I have chosen you as my heir, and you may consider yourself equal in fortune to Widow Clifton, or any other widow in the land. Not a word of thanks—no gratitude—at least till legal measures are taken to secure it to your possession."

"Singular and generous being!" said Edward; beginning to believe her brain was somewhat unsound, "what have I done to excite so romantic an interest, what can I do to prove myself worthy of it?"

"Be sincere—truth is the only bond of love, and concealment with friends is falsehood."

They had now reached the gate of the avenue.

"You will go in?"

"No," said he, "I cannot see her to-night; to-morrow, perhaps—shall I see you then?"

"I cannot tell what the morrow will bring forth. But one thing let me say, young man, ere we part. You must plead your own cause, and not expect it will be done by me. If you have not moral courage and manly spirit sufficient to meet the consequences, whatever they may be, you merit the downfall of your hope, and the humiliation of your pride."

She closed the gate, and Edward watched her dark shrouded figure slowly treading the winding path, and almost imagined he had been with one of those sibylline priestesses, who opened their lips in prophecy, and shadowed the mystic outlines of intuity. "Whatever she may be," thought he, "I will be guided by her counsel, and abide by the result."

As he drew near his own home, and saw the light shining so quietly and brightly through the trees that quivered gently as in a golden shower, and thought how tranquilly the hearts of the inmates now beat, secure from the fear of being driven from that love-hallowed home—when he reflected that for this peace, so beautifully imagined in the scene before him, they were indebted to the very being whose recollection excited the throbbing of a thousand pulses in his heart and his brain,—gratitude so mingled with and chastened his love, that every breathing became a prayer for her happiness, even if it were to be purchased at the sacrifice of his own.

He saw Clara through the window, seated at a table, with some object before her, which was shaded by the branches, but her attitude was so expressive that he stood a moment to contemplate her figure. Her hands were clasped in a kind of ecstacy, and her cheeks were coloured with a bright crimson, strikingly contrasting with their pallid hue. Something hung glittering from her fingers, upon which she gazed rapturously one moment,—then, bending forward the next, she seemed intent upon what was before. He opened the door softly; she sprang up, and, throwing her arms around him, cried in an accent of hysterical joy—

"Dear brother!—the trunk is found—there it is, oh! I am *so* happy!" And she wept and laughed alternately.

There indeed it was—the identical trunk—whose loss had occasioned so much sorrow,—with its red morocco covering and bright nails untarnished. Edward rejoiced more for Clara's sake than his own—for her remorse, though salutary to herself, was harrowing to him.

"Explain this mystery, dear Clara, and moderate these transports. How have you recovered the lost treasure?"

"Oh! it was the strangest circumstance! Who do you think had it, but Mrs. Clifton—that angel sent down from heaven, for our especial blessing."

"You know I went there to-day, about the time you took the walk in the woods. My heart was so full of grief for my folly, and gratitude for her kindness, I thought it would have burst, and I told her all; no, not quite all—for I could not bring myself to tell her that it contained your property, her eye seemed to upbraid me so for betraying the trust; but again it beamed with joy because she could restore to me both sacred relics."

Here she held up the beads, now a thousand times more precious to her than all the chains in the world.

"The pedlar called there, after he had left me. She recognised the trunk, as it bore the name of a friend."

Edward's cheek burned with emotion, for his own name, Edward Stanley, was wrought upon the velvet lining: but Clara went breathlessly on.

"She gathered from the pedlar the history of the beads, and purchased them both, that she might, on some future day, have the pleasure of restoring them. She understood the sacrifice my foolish vanity had made, and anticipated the repentance that would follow. Is she not a friend, the best and kindest, and ought we not to love her as our own souls? And can you forgive me, Edward—will you forgive me, though I fear I never shall be able to pardon myself for my folly?"

"Forgive you, my sister? Let me only see once more the sweet, unaffected girl, who was the object of my approbation, as well as my love, and I ask no more."

He now examined the secret recess of the trunk, and found the papers safe and untouched. Their value transcended his most sanguine expectations. He could redeem the paternal dwelling, meet the demands which had involved them in distress, and still find himself a comparatively rich man.

Clara ran out of the room, and, bringing back

the chain—the "cause of all her woe,"—she put it in a conspicuous corner of her work-box.

"I will never wear this paltry bauble again," cried she; "but I will keep it as a memento of my vanity, and a pledge of my reformation. I will look at it a few moments every day, as the lady did upon the skeleton of her lover, to remind me of the sins of mortality."

When Clara had left them with a glorious "good night," Mrs. Stanley drew her chair next to her son, and looked earnestly in his face.

"There is something I ought to mention," said she, "and yet I cannot, to damp your present satisfaction. I have been told of an intended marriage, which I fear will disappoint your fondest hopes. I trust, however, you have too much honest pride to suffer your feelings to prey upon your happiness."

Edward started up, and pushed his chair against the wall with a violent rebound.

"I cannot bear it, mother!—I believe it would drive me mad, after all I have dared to dream to-night. I might, perhaps, live without her, but I could not live to see her married to another. Fool, credulous fool that I was, to believe that dotard's prophecy!"

He sat down again in the chair which Clara had left, and, throwing his arms across the table, bent his face over them, and remained silent.

"Alas! my son," cried Mrs. Stanley, "I feared it would be so. Mr. Morton feels for you the tenderness of a father, but"———

"Mr. Morton, did you say?" cried Edward, starting up again, at the risk of upsetting chairs, tables, and lamps,—"I believe I am out of my senses! and is it Fanny Morton who is going to be married?"

The sudden change in his countenance, from despair to composure, quite electrified Mrs. Stanley. She could not comprehend such great and sudden self-control.

"Mr. Morton tells me," she continued, "that Fanny is addressed by a gentleman of wealth and respectability, and one who is every way a desirable connection. He has learned from Fanny that no engagement subsisted between you; but he seemed apprehensive that your affections were deeply interested, and wished me to soften the intelligence as much as possible."

Edward smiled. "Tell Mr. Morton I thank him for his kind consideration, for no one can rejoice in Fanny's prospects more than I do."

Mrs. Stanley was bewildered, for she had not dreamed of his present infatuation.

"I cannot understand how resignation can be acquired so soon, especially after such a burst of frenzy. I fear it is merely assumed to spare my feelings."

"I cannot feign, dear mother, though I may conceal. Dismiss all fears upon this subject, for were Fanny to live a thousand years in all her virgin loveliness—if nature permitted such a reign to youth and beauty—she would never be sought after as the bride of your son."

He kissed his mother, and bade her a hasty "good night," anxious to avoid explanation on a subject which had already agitated him so much.

The next day, when he reflected on his extraordinary interview with the old lady of the stage-coach, and her incredible promise in his behalf, he became more than ever convinced of her mental hallucination. Yet there was too much method in her madness, if madness indeed existed, to allow him to slight the impressions of her words. He was now independent, and hopes that before seemed presumptuous, now warmed every pulsation of his being.

"Shall I even now follow the sibyl's counsel?" said he to himself, as he bent his steps at evening towards Mrs. Clifton's door; but the moment he entered her presence, Aunt Bridget, her promises, and the world itself were forgotten. She met him with a smile, but there was a burning glow on her cheek, and a hurried glance of her eye, that indicated internal agitation. She attempted to converse on indifferent topics, but her thoughts seemed to wander, and she at length became silent.

"I saw a friend of yours last night," said he with much embarrassment, for he knew not whether his confessions were unrevealed. "She is very singular, but extremely interesting in her eccentricities. Is she with you yet?"

"She is, and will be with us whenever you desire. Yet I would first speak with you, Mr. Stanley, and communicate an intelligence which I trust will not cost me the withdrawal of your friendship. You have known me rich, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and fashion, and, as such, envied and admired. My fortune has been transferred into the hands of another, and you see me now destitute of that tinsel glare, which threw a radiance around me, which was not my own. Flatterers may desert me, but friends—I trust I may retain."

She extended her hand with an involuntary motion, and the glow forsook her cheek.

"Your fortune gone!" exclaimed Edward. "and mine restored!" The next moment he was kneeling at her feet. In no other attitude could he have expressed the depth of passion he now dared to utter. What he said he knew not; he only felt that he was breathing forth the hoarded and late hopeless love, of whose extent he had never before been fully conscious.

"Am I then loved for myself alone?" cried Mrs. Clifton; "by one, too, from whom I have vainly waited this avowal, to justify my preference."

She bowed her head upon the hands that Edward was clasping in his own, as if her soul shared the humility of his devotion. Who would have recognised the gay and brilliant heiress, who once revelled in the cold halls of fashion, in this tender and passionate woman?

"Oh!" exclaimed she, when the feelings of both became sufficiently calm for explanation, "were I still a child of affluence, I might have vainly looked for the testimony of that love which the vassal of love was so long a rebel to, to truth, and to nature. And now," added she, rising, "let me not, in the fulness of my heart's content, forget your old friend, who is waiting no doubt, with impatience, to greet you. You will probably be surprised to learn that she is the lawful inheritor of my fortune, and that all I have been so profusely lavishing was her just due."

She smiled at Edward's unutterable look of astonishment, and closed the door. He was left but a few moments to his own bewildered thoughts, when the door again opened, and Aunt Bridget entered, in the same ancient cloak and hood, which seemed to be a part of herself.

"Wisest and best of counsellors," said he, advancing to meet her, and leading her to a seat on the sofa—"to you I owe the blessings of this hour. It was surely a propitious star that shone upon me when I first seated myself beside you that memorable night. Had you not come to prove your claim to her wealth, the spell that bound me would not yet have been broken, and a wall of separation might still have arisen between hearts that have been met and blended, and will continue to mingle through eternity."

Aunt Bridget turned away her head, and seemed suddenly to have lost the gift of speech.

Somewhat alarmed at her unusual silence, especially as he felt her shaking and trembling under the folds of her cloak, he leaned over, and tried to untie her hood, so as to give her air. Fearing she would fall into a fit, as she continued to tremble still more violently, he burst the ribbons asunder, for the knots seemed to tighten under his fingers, and the cloak, hood, and mob cap fell off simultaneously; the large green spectacles, too, dropped from the eyes, which, laughing and brilliant, now flashed upon his own—and the arms which had been extended to support a far different personage, were folded in transport around the graceful form of Mrs. Clifton.

"Will you forgive me?" cried she, when she raised those beaming eyes from his shoulder, "the wily deception I have practised? Will you forgive me for continuing a disguise through love which commenced from eccentric motives? Young and unprotected, I have sometimes found safety in this disfiguring garb. Like the Arabian monarch, I like, occasionally, the covering of a mask, that I may be able to read the deep mysteries of human nature. But my masquerade is over. I have now read all I ever wished to learn. Promise not to love me less because the doom of riches still clings to me, and I will pledge life and fame, that you shall find in Aunt Bridget a faithful, true, and loving wife."

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"The things that day most minds by night do most appear."—SPENCER.
"I really am ashamed of the poverty of my dreams."—CHARLES LAMB.
——"Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do."—MILTON.
"Nay, oft in *dreams* invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow."—POPE.
"Behold, this dreamer cometh!"—*Bible.*

We were telling a dream, and looked into the face of our listener with that obstinate kind of idiosyncrasy that belongs to dreamers, but which it would be difficult to explain—we, an obstinate psychologist, believing in all spiritualisms, because the good Father has made this part of our nature so urgent and unmistakeable, that it is more difficult to doubt the realities of the internal than the external life. We looked into his face—

"I never dream, madam."

"Never dream! Then I am afraid you have no soul."

"No soul! Madam, do you believe in the Bible? or are you only talking poetry?"

"Only talking poetry!—*only!* I am talking of facts—of the most undeniable testimony to soul-existence which dreaming affords. Suppose it *is* poetry. Is not poetry truth?—the deep, sudden truth felt at the bottom of every soul?—truth that will lift up its voice and cry aloud in every human heart till the world stifles its utterance?"

"Oh dear, madam, I do not comprehend a word you say; and yet I dare be bound it is very good."

No more did he. How could he, who never dreamed, understand poetry? And what right had I to attempt indoctrinating him with the spirit of poetry, and disturbing his smooth dullness and excellent digestion with a malicious and energetic speech out of the common track?

Did the pre-Adamite men and women sleep? Did they dream? I think not. To dream well, one must be alone: there is a neutralizing of the divine essence where another head is busied with its angel on the same pillow. Adam, alone in Paradise, slept, and Eve was *his* dream. Milton says that Eve slept, and the serpent was *hers*, "squat like a toad" close to her ear. Alas! for the sad change from the solitary dreamer of Eden, when Eve was conceived, and the wild waste of earth, with its wearisome companionships, and the tree of knowledge guarded with the serpent stings of unsatisfied yearnings!

The spirit needs no sleep; what death is to the body sleep would be to the soul. It finds its Sabbath, which is rest, when it reposes upon some great and beautiful thought; when it has reached some companionship nearest its higher elements; when it finds itself in some atmosphere akin to its nature, and it breathes and glows in loveliness, like the blossom of the field, too ineffably content even to need a voice. We may imagine the spiritual being laying down its material companion tenderly to slumber, withdrawing itself gently from the exhausted receptacle, and rejoicing in its freedom from the frettings of daily life; while itself needless of repose, goes out into new and untried spheres, filling its

urn at divine fountains, lighting the torch of its existence, in the glories of the Infinite Source; holding its companionship with undying affinities, and enlarging itself by ranging through illimitable space.

Once, during a period of suffering, I must have remained soul-conscious from the moment of sleeping. I was then, as I often am, aware of the process of sleep, its coming on, and the fading away of consciousness. Ideas commingled, and I felt a sensation of pain in the region of the heart; a sense of dread, as it were, pervading the nerves, as if they shrank from a power which they could not resist. I think this state is not unlike death. It is always so distinctly defined, I am almost lost; then rouse myself, as if in opposition to some state which appals me, and then am gone. Death's twin brother has the ascendant. At the time of which I am speaking, I thought I raised my body up gently and laid it in a grave that seemed ready for it; I smoothed the turf down orderly with a vague feeling that blossoms would grow therefrom, and then stood, the only mourner over my poor self, weeping bitterly. So vivid was the impression, I awoke before my soul could start upon its journey.

THE BELLS.

BY E. A. POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme.
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight;
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls;
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells, of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

DRESS EXCITEMENT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE steam-boat, "Public Excitement," seldom makes precisely the voyage which the steam was got up for. The "hands" who do the work of getting in coal and provisions, talk loudly of the port whither she is supposed to be bound; and even the captain and clerk confidently mark the course upon the chart—but "Common Good" is the owner; and, at the last moment, the pilot, "Expediency" is sent on board, and the boat obeys the rudder, and takes an unexpected direction, as quietly as if captain and crew, coal and piston, had, all the time, known whither they were to drive her.

We have noticed the operation of this principle in matters more grave than the one by which, as we suppose, it is about to be illustrated. Voyages in politics and religion can seldom be judged of exactly by the advertisements beforehand. It is a question that has been almost as much discussed, however, as a schism or a presidency, viz.—SHORT OR LONG PETTICOATS FOR LADIES—that we wish to say, now, our first word upon; our abstaining from the subject hitherto, having been the result of an impression that the mere point of dispute, thus far, was one that the ladies could better decide for themselves; and our speaking of it now, being prompted by a belief that the excitement would abandon one particular point hitherto discussed, and turn to a reform much more general and important.

The universal remark, as to the proposed female adoption of short frock and trousers, is that *it would suit one lady in ten.* Is the reader aware of the novelty and importance of having this remark universally made by the ladies, as to *any one fashion whatever?* It is equally true of almost every mode which milliners and mantua-makers invent. The last bonnet, for instance, which made every lady in the city look as if her face were thrust through a hole in a spread fan, was becoming only to one whose whole beauty was in her profile—a beauty which, in a close bonnet, is never seen;—yet, though this is true of not more than one in a hundred, the other ninety-nine were sacrificed to the new mode, with servile instantaneousness. Of what fashion is it not equally true? With women short and tall, women stout and slender, women high-shouldered and low-shouldered, women stooping and straight-backed, women with different complexions and movements, and women with plumpness and thinness, most variously distributed, what absurdity is any *one* fashion when worn by *all!* The "Procustes bed" of the tyrant, which cut off legs that were too long to fit it, and stretched legs that were too short, was more likely to suit customers, taken as they come.

But, let us not blame THE LADIES only for this servility. Their fashions are usually becoming to *somebody*, while THE MEN are equally servile to fashions becoming to *nobody.* Half-shut your eyes in Broadway at the present moment, and the dandies look like a procession of tail-less roosters. Bob-tail coats are the fashion—but, to whom is bob-tail coat becoming, except (from its propriety) to a groom or a postboy? The commonest law of beauty, for a *male* figure, demands broad shoulders and narrow hips—yet here is a universal fashion, which so clips the skirts that the edges stand out with the curve at the waist, and make a man's hips look as progenitively big as a woman's. There is the same un-inquiring servility as to every male fashion that comes up—beards and hats, cravat-ties and waistcoats, trousers and shirt-bosoms. Lately, even (and we never knew anything droller in the whole history of fashion's caprices), there could scarce be found a young man in New York, the edges of whose hair were not turned under from ear to ear, like the roller of a curtain, with the barber's curling-tongs!

Against the slavery of fashion, our republican country is properly the place for the first revolt. Of all the weeds of monarchy and aristocracy, such servile imitation of the exterior of others is the most rank and unprofitable. It extends to other apings of our superiors, quite as easily. "Every one of Alexander's followers," says Montaigne, "carried their heads on one side, as he did; and the flatterers of Dionysius ran against each other in his presence, and stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot, to seem as purblind as he. Deafness has been affected for the same reason; and, because the Emperor hated his wife, Plutarch records that the courtiers repudiated theirs whom they loved; and, which is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness has been *in fashion.*"

We repeat, that we see signs, which look to us as if the present excitement as to *one* fashion were turning into a universal inquiry as to the sense or propriety of *any fashion at all.* When the subject shall have been fully discussed, and public attention fully awakened, common sense will probably take the direction of the matter, and opinion will settle in some shape which, at least, may reject former excesses and absurdities. Some moderate similarity of dress is doubtless necessary, and there are proper times and places for long dresses and short dresses. These and other points the ladies are likely to come to new decisions about. While they consult health, cleanliness, and convenience, however, we venture to express a hope that they will *get rid of the present's lavish uniformity;*—that what is becoming to each may be worn without fear of unfashionableness, and that, in this way, we may see every woman dressed somewhat differently, and to her own best advantage, and the *proportion of beauty largely increased,* as it would, thereby, most assuredly be.

DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called "The Cynosure," which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of "The Cynosure." She has shewn herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here," pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat—"here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner; "but as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne; marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world, as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted, in a very humble line, it is true, that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack—for it would be too proud a word to call it genius—a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure, in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzling white, at least, as the Parian or Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his schoolfellows, and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver, as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions in evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump-heads, and wooden urns for gate-posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantel-pieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom, without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne. But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping in the Thames, and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect, which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But, at least, there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless, and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of "The Cynosure" had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he impressively, "you must lay aside all other business, and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage. "Depend upon it, I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment, the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock, who were wont to shew their love for the arts, by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the day-time. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour in the evening; although neither knock nor voice on such occasions could gain admission for a visitor or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Drowne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take, was a problem to his friends, and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Drowne was seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed, until it became evident to all observers that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips, and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the Hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrusted her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image, still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions, and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man, and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver, as to induce him, in the dearth of any professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible image of king, commander, dame, and allegory that stood around; on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise, that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here, and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have out-valued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Drowne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man, in your line of business, that could do so much, for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch, which you speak of as deficient, is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that, without it, these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist, as between a sign-post daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange!" cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though, hitherto, it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency, so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch! What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself, "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentiment; so that, as in the cloud-shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom and opening in front, so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken sub-

stance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of ear-rings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could, therefore, have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but, gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth, which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble, it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her?" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by; "not paint the figure-head of 'The Cynosure!' And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port, with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow? She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat down to the silver spangles on her slippers."

"Mr. Copley," said Drowne, quietly, "I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor's rules of art. But of this wooden image—this work of my hands—this creature of my heart"—and here his voice faltered and choked, in a very singular manner—"of this—of her—I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me, as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect, by painted wood, those rules are not for me or for my work, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius!" muttered Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them!"

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love, which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colours, and the countenance with nature's red and white. When all was finished, he threw open his workshop, aud admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly dressed and beautiful young lady, who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must, therefore, be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query—who, and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be? The strange rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, and yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in open work, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony;—where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied; And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexing admiration of himself and other beholders.

"And will you," said he to the carver, "permit this master-piece to become the figure-head of a vessel? Give the honest captain yonder a figure of Britannia,—it will answer his purpose far better,—and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds."

"I have not wrought it for money," said Drowne.

"What sort of a fellow is this?" thought Copley. "A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune! He has gone mad; and thence has come this gleam of genius."

There was still further proof of Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to the rumor that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardor into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally, that, after a few days of exhibition, there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many

years, by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town was now astounded by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditionary chimney-corners of the New England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of "The Cynosure" on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover-street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and button-holes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince, or the rags of a beggar, without, in either case, attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transfixed to wood or marble in astonishment.

"Do you see it?—do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. "Who do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same!—the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face, which the towns-people had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had its prototype in Drowne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements, as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Drowne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherealized into a spirit, or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp. "Drowne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover-street through some of the cross-lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann-street, thence into Dock-square, and so downward to Drowne's shop which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbances that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity, that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Drowne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvellous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker, now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again!"

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of youthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but for a moment before, she turned her face towards the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation, mending the beautiful fan, which, by some accident, was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the

street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley, with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow. "This image! Can it have been my work? Well,—I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake, I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and, in the latter part of his life, attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand—a reduced likeness of friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant—may be seen to this day, at the corner of Broad and State-streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition, that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dullness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne, there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt, that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady, than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumor in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had fled from her home in Fayal, and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence, she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

THE NEW DAY.

BY HENRY CLAPP.

A NEW-BORN radiance gilds the upper sky,
The morning twilight of a better day;
Cheering the orb of many a weary eye,
Chasing the clouds from many a heart away.

I see it trembling on the mountain height,
And stealing softly down the shadowy vale,
Each ray prophetic of perennial light,
And promise sure that Truth shall yet prevail.

The rudest peasant, from whose bended frame
Fall the big drops of labor's sacred dew,
Baptising all the fields in Plenty's name,
Yet sending plenty only to the few,

Now wakes to feel that He, whose watchful sight
Ne'er fails to mark the smallest sparrow's fall,
Will soon illume the cotter's starless night,
And shed His bounteous blessings upon all.

The face of sorrow brightens into hope;
Pallid disease gives way to primal health;
The homeless wanderer need no longer grope,
Through heartless streets, his path of shame and stealth,

Barefooted youth trips gaily to the school,
Nor longer dreads Religion's sacred dome,
While e'en the poor, neglected, drivelling fool,
No more neglected, finds a friend and home.

The unfettered slave his choral hymn of praise
Chants to the music of a grateful heart,
While the lone master hears the unwonted lays,
And knows not why his gladdened pulses start.

The song of peace, which seraph-minstrels sang
On that glad day, long centuries ago,
When through the earth the name of Jesus rang,—
A sacred talisman 'gainst sin and woe,

That song of songs, which made Earth's heart-strings thrill
And caused the Heavens to palpitate with joy,
Once more resounds from answering hill to hill,
And stays the arm uplifted to destroy.

O'er the rude soil and the rebellious sea,
Truth sends her messengers as swift as air,
And looking upwards to the sky so free,
Aspires to build a silent highway there.

From Pole to Pole her rays electric glance;
She feels no prison-bolt and fears no bar,
Her lightnings shiver every foeman's lance,
And Error bleeds 'neath her triumphant car.

O, then, all hail! thou glorious wakening sky!
Thou light prophetic of a better day;
O, may thy smile cheer every weary eye,
And chase the clouds from every heart away!

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THE giant strides which physical improvement has made in our day have been worthily the theme of frequent and forcible observation. Canals, out of China, were rare and of small account before the commencement of the present century; steam-boats were undreamed of; railroads a palpable impossibility. Think of our grandmothers' indignation at the mendacious vagrant who should have told them that a man might travel from Boston to Baltimore within twenty-four hours, riding in a twenty-ton vehicle propelled by fire and water! The daring romancer might as well have disputed the correctness of the Westminster Catechism (called the "Shorter," but oh! how long to those condemned to learn it!) Yet to us, though steamboats have been but forty and railroads hardly ten years in being, these have ceased to be wonders; the marvels of steam presses and electric telegraphs have superseded them; and these in turn are destined soon to be supplanted by others. Three hundred sheets per hour was very rapid printing, under the most favourable circumstances, during the school-days of many of us who fancy we are just in the prime of life; now, four thousand per hour from one press is quite ordinary speed; six thousand not uncommon; and twelve to twenty thousand achieved or on the point of being so. The consequent multiplication and cheapening of the means of information are already immeasurable; more books are sold in a week at a New York trade sale than were printed in America forty years ago. Ten years since I attended by invitation a private exhibition of Professor Morse's newly-invented electric telegraph. It was at the New York University, and sentences and messages were transmitted through a coil of wire said to be ten miles long, and read off to a wondering crowd, most of whom doubtless regarded the machinery, batteries, &c., &c., as quite ingenious, but fantastic, and evidencing a deplorable misuse of time and means. Now, there are thousands of miles of telegraphic communication in this country alone, and I sit in my work-room in New York and write out a question to ask a friend in Cincinnati or Richmond, to which his answer is laid on my table in the course of two hours thereafter! (But for the delay in twice crossing the broad Hudson by ferry-boat in default of telegraphic connection, this time would be much shorter.) A few years hence, the people of Oregon will read at three P.M. in their newpapers the result of divisions in either house at Washington at *five* P.M. of that same day; for time is not merely annihilated by the telegraph—it is absolutely outrun—anticipated; so that tidings in passing westward will be constantly received in advance of the hour of sending them. Already the arrival of a steamship (itself one of our new though not newest wonders) is announced in New York some minutes earlier than the actual date of the arrival; and soon the merchants of New Orleans will read the foreign news received at Boston at least an hour earlier (in the day) than their brethren in Boston itself! The immense revolution in habits, opinions, policy, and ideas which this magic wire is destined to effect, can hardly yet be realised. And when we hear that some one in Cincinnati has just invented a means of transporting, at a very moderate expense, a traveller from that city to New York within *two hours*, (is this swifter or slower than the medium speed of a cannon ball?) the natural sentiment is no longer incredulity nor even surprise; we simply await with interest and curiosity the development of his plan.

The immense advances of the half century just closing, in arts, manufactures, and productive capacity, open too wide a field to be more than glanced at here. Lowell, Manchester, Lawrence, are but types of the industrial revolution which is rapidly transforming the whole civilized world. Commerce and manufactures are the first to acknowledge its power; but agriculture is certain to follow in their path. The petty farm and the separate cottage will experience the fate of the household loom and spinning-wheel. In the existing destitution, often unto suffering, of a large proportion of the labouring class, it is morally impossibly that the dictates of economy, of labour-saving, should, for any length of time, be generally resisted. The consciousness that twenty men's conjoint labour, aided by the most approved machinery, can effect more than that of fifty men scattered on twenty to forty farms, cut up into little patches and cultivated by the aid of such implements as pertain to such farms and farmers, must inevitably in time produce its natural result. Either through an industrial feudalism, or a more republican combination of efforts for mutual benefit, a transformation of rural labour is at hand. The course may yet be varied, but the momentum is already given.

That human progress, moral and intellectual, has kept pace with the mighty strides of material and physical advancement in our age, he is a bold man who will affirm. That there has been progress in this sphere also, let the general abandonment and execration of the inquisition and the slave trade, the multiplication of schools and libraries, attest. But while war is still upheld and sanctioned by the direct teachings and unequivocal example of the most enlightened nations of Christendom; while slavery shakes its manacles in sight of our country's capitol, grating harsh music in the ears of smiling doctors of divinity, themselves often dealers in human flesh, it becomes us not to boast of the moral elevation of our age. Still more—when in the face of our wondrous inventions of labour-saving machinery and the immensely increased productiveness of human toil, we find a large proportion even of the industrious and frugal still living from choice in narrow hovels hardly fit to shelter beasts, still pinched with hunger and shivering with cold

in spite of the most incessant drudgery and parsimony, how can we resist the conviction that the goods of this life are unfairly distributed, and that the social and political institutes which compel millions to delve in penury that thousands may riot in luxurious idleness, are radically defective and require a thorough renovation?

In this connection, the lessons of the past year must not be suffered to sink into oblivion. We have seen a whole continent, and that the most enlightened and powerful, reduced to the brink of famine by the partial failure of a harvest; while a fertile and populous island-kingdom—so fertile that it might subsist double its present population if its capabilities were improved as they could be—has writhed for months in the agony of general starvation, caused by the failure of a single root, while its other crops were of at least a medium quality; and hundreds of thousands of its people have been consigned to untimely graves or driven into lasting exile from those they love, because of this visitation. Can that be the order of Providence, which suspends the comfort and the lives of a people on a thread so brittle as the healthfulness of a single root?

Through increasing enlightenment, through a purer morality, through immense material progress, through appalling and wide-spread calamities, God is indicating to mankind His will that the social relations and maxims we have inherited from ancient barbarism and feudalism shall be replaced by others more congenial to His benevolence and man's needs. This will is destined to be obeyed, though every Jonah on earth were to flee the responsibility and peril of delivering the sacred message. Its execution may seem to be delayed, but cannot be prevented.

In this conjuncture, what is the duty of the Christian Church and its ministry? What relation does vital Christianity hold to the new spirit for which our age shall yet be memorable? What ought to be the unbroken testimony of the church and its pulpit with regard to war, to slavery, and to the social order wherein hundreds of thousands of children are annually born within sight of our most expensive churches, plainly predestined and impelled to lives of ignorance, want, depravity, lewdness, and crime? How shall Christians be excused if, seeing these giant evils, they content themselves with pursuing that routine which the experience of centuries has proved utterly inadequate to their eradication? Would the Priest and Levite, instanced by Jesus, have been justified if they had merely stopped to pray by the man stripped and wounded by thieves,—to pray even that some good Samaritan would come along and relieve the sufferer? What is the Church *for*, if one of its important ends be not the devising of ways and means not only to mitigate the horrors of such calamities as those of Ireland last winter, but also to prevent their recurrence? When the Irish cotter's only pig is taken from him to satisfy the legal demand of some portly person whose creed the victim abhors and whose services he religiously shuns, we are all ready to cry shame, and to exclaim that the Church thus enriched is not of Christ, but rather of His adversary. But suppose the claimant to be the Christian landlord of this poor man's wretched cabin and scanty garden, with thousands of acres like it, and we see the shivering wretch, proved guilty of penury and misfortune, thrust out of his hovel by constabulary force, and his children made homeless outcasts because of his destitution, do we not as clearly realise that the laws which permit this outrage are anti-Christrian and horribly unjust? What power in our denunciations of sin, if the sin of this landlord (is there no blasphemy in the word?) pass unreproved?

The question as to the proper sphere and limitations of pulpit strictures is one of the most momentous of our day—let us take care that it be discussed in no narrow, no ungenerous spirit. On the one hand, the requisition that Christ and His gospel be preached above all things, is well; but what *is* His gospel? By what did Christ verify that "the Spirit of the Lord is upon me?"* Does the reverent soul discern no latent meaning in the miracles whereby the sick were healed, the hungry filled, the blind restored to sight? Methinks these were not mere casual exhibitions of superhuman power, conjoined with celestial benevolence, but were designed to shadow forth the natural tendency and unfailing purpose of the Gospel—its tendency to abase the proud and exalt the lowly, until all earth shall have become the home of one vast human family, cemented by the bonds of Christian fellowship and reciprocal good offices—until the divine injunction, "Love one another," shall have become the sun of our social system, and its dictates the vital element of our institutes, customs, laws, and lives.

The Christian Minister should preach the Gospel—should set forth the Cross, with its darkness and agony, resulting in glory and immortal joy. This is undisputed. But can he be like his Master if he so narrowly construes this injunction, as to take no account of the tolerated and legalized iniquities in which every age thus far has abounded? To what end did Christ deal so sternly with the affected sanctity and real depravity of the Scribes and Pharisees? To what end were His rebukes so prominently recorded by the Evangelists? Can any one familiar with the Record believe that if our Saviour had appeared in New Orleans rather than in Jerusalem, Slave Auctions, with those concerned in them, those who uphold them, and the professed teachers of righteousness who shut their eyes to the enormities of these legalized abominations, would not have felt the power of His rebuke? Imagine Him in Ireland, in sight of a nation famishing beneath the exactions of absentee landlords and an alien Church, who believes that the lightning of His reproach would not have been visited upon the authors and the causes, as well as the instruments, of this gigantic wrong? Think you that the desolate wigwam of the perishing Indian, himself crowded off into an unknown wilderness by civilized cupidity and knavery, the ravaged fields of blood-stained Mexico, would have been passed by the Great Teacher in silence, as if the exposure and redress

* Luke iv., 18.

of the wrongs there perpetrated were alien to the purposes of His mission? So of evils nearer our own firesides, and intimately connected with usages that we tolerate and seem to profit by. I ask only that the Christian Minister shall deeply consider in each case, "What course would Christ take, were he now on earth and standing in my place? Is the redress of this evil within the fair scope of the principles He promulgated, the precepts He uttered? If Yea, what right have *I* to decline the task of attempting or aiding it!"

The Age we live in is one of Movement, Activity, Progress. In such an age, to stand still is to fall behind. True is it that the Gospel of Christ is ever living, ever new; and because it is so do we insist that its truth shall be freshly applied to the overthrow of every detected evil, the furtherance of every known good. As Evil changes its form and bearing, the weapons of the Gospel should be shaped and tempered to resist and discomfit it. As one form of evil is overcome, another is more formidably exposed to view, and now this challenges attention and effort. The Christian warfare is no vague abstraction, but a serious contest with *all* the powers of darkness. It is waged against misdeeds as well as sinful emotions—against wrong in the life as well as depravity in the heart—it commands and insists on the love of the neighbor as well as the love of God. Whatever act, or custom, or institution, is adverse to the highest and widest well-being of Mankind, is condemned and is destined to be eradicated by the Gospel. The true Christian teacher is he who brings all things boldly to the judgment-seat of Christ, and demands that whatever cannot abide that ordeal be forthwith and utterly discarded. Call it by what name you will, classify it as you choose, whatever debases or oppresses any portion of the Human Family is contrary to God's law, and challenges the pointed rebuke, the untiring opposition, of the Minister of the Gospel. Say you that this opens a wide field of duty and endeavor—opens a career too arduous, critical, and stormy to be embraced with full knowledge of its requirements? Oh, no! It is idle to look to the Ministry as a position of ease and luxurious quiet—absurd to hope that any good will be achieved by those who, so regarding, enter upon it. "Whatsoever my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out"—this is the abiding faith of the true follower of Christ, and to this end are his efforts directed. The difficulties and limitations of the principle here contended for may be considered hereafter.

A CHAT ABOUT TOBACCO.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Sylvester Graham tells you—and, notwithstanding the monstrous tom-foolery of the man, after he gets well a-going upon any subject, there is really a great deal to be thankful for, in some of his most outrageous manifestations; and it may well be questioned whether, on the whole, he may not have done about half as much good as mischief, in his warfare upon the diseased appetites of our race; and *that*, let me tell you, is saying a good deal for him—he says that the narcotic principle which constitutes the vital charm of tea, coffee, strong beer, wine, alcohol, tobacco, laudanum, and opium, is never otherwise than hurtful to life and health and happiness; and that although, like other poisons, it may be employed allopathically or homœopathically—here by the handful, and there by the pinch—as a medicine, still, even as a medicine, it must, in the very nature of things, be hurtful in some degree, and ought never to be employed, but as the less of two evils; or, if Sylvester Graham does not say all this—and I am not sure he does—why, so much the worse for Sylvester Graham, that's all! He ought to have said it, years and years ago, as a becoming and suitable finish to his theory of dietetics.

"Your *theory* is beautiful," said some one to a French philosopher, academician, or something of the sort, perhaps to St. Pierre himself, when, forgetting his Paul and Virginia, and the qualities that made that little story an imperishable wonder, he took it into his head to overreach himself, and grapple with Newton, blindfold, to supply his deficiencies; and to explain the mysteries of the great deep, the everlasting pulses of the ocean, by the help of charts and maps, diagrams, log-books and voyages, and the daily melting of the polar ices,—"Your *theory* is beautiful, my dear sir, but the *facts* are against you."

"*Tant pis pour les faits!*" said the philosopher, and went on with his theory.

And so say I. My theory is, that tobacco in every shape, opium in every shape, alcohol in every shape, all three but different names for one and the same thing, are always hurtful, *always*, even as a medicine; always a poison, however qualified or disguised, like arsenic, or ipecac., or hyosciamus, or belladonna, or prussic acid; and never to be used, except for the purpose of expelling a greater poison. And if the facts do not bear me out, all over the world, everywhere, and throughout all history, why then so much the worse for the facts, that's all.

But the facts *do* bear me out; and if I had a folio to write, like Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, instead of a magazine-paper, hang me if I wouldn't undertake to prove it, against the whole College of Medicine, past, present, and to come.

But, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, what a pity it was for him, and for the world, that when, after his return from Virginia, his body-servant found him all on fire, as he thought, and smoking at the mouth and nostrils, and dashed the pot of beer in his face; and Sir Walter kept his temper, and the servant stood staring at him—what a pity it was, the poor fellow didn't *put him out, for ever.*

Only to think of the consequences! If Sir Walter Raleigh had been extinguished upon the

spot, and never been mentioned again upon the face of the earth, all we should have lost would have been that History of the World, instead of the world itself; the memory of a few daring, though rather foolish and most unprofitable achievements, a paragraph or so about the treachery and baseness of James; and that charming story of the plush cloak, flung into the mire at the feet of Elizabeth. But living on, he lived only to perish miserably upon the scaffold, to poison the whole earth as with a smoke from the bottomless pit, and to levy a perpetual tax upon the nations, greater at this hour, and continually increasing, greater by far than all that has been wasted at battles and sieges, and fleets and armies, by land and by sea, for the last three hundred years.—*There!*

Less than three hundred years ago, potatoes and tobacco were introduced by this renowned warrior, adventurer, historian, and philosopher, side by side, into Europe. From that day to this, while but one of the two has become naturalised there, both have grown to be the food of nations, or something still more necessary than food; for the famishing, who have got familiar with tobacco, would seem to have a more abiding relish for it, in the midst of their suffering, than for the potato itself. Like opium-eaters, they loathe everything but that fearful drug, and turn again from their natural and wholesome food, after their stomachs get enfeebled, or pinched by famine.

And now that able and honest men are beginning to seriously question the wisdom of cultivating the potato as the principal food of a nation, what on earth will the most ingenious find to say in favour of its companion, that loathsome and wasting offal—the tobacco plant? If, looking to the terrible consequences—a yearly famine—which appears to have settled upon that befooled, afflicted, and most wretched country, where the potato has been most encouraged, and most welcome, it may well be doubted whether, on the whole, it was a blessing or a curse that Raleigh introduced in that form—what should the statesman, the lawgiver, the political-economist, the lover of his kind say, looking at the tremendous consequences, about the introduction of tobacco? If it be doubtful whether the potato is a blessing, can it be doubtful to any human being in the possession of his faculties, that tobacco is a curse?

Just consider the question. A filthy weed, so nauseous and so hateful, even in its prepared shape, as to produce unqualified loathing, and sometimes death, in those who tamper with it unwittingly, or for the first time; a deadly poison, for which there is no help, if the besotted fool who indulges in it passes but ever so little over a most uncertain boundary, always fluctuating with his health, strength, appetite, and resisting power; so treacherous withal, that the cigar smoker, and the snuff-taker, and the tobacco-chewer, like the opium-eater, go on, year after year, from bad to worse, notwithstanding all their self-plighted faith and most solemn resolutions, till they have no relish for natural and healthy food, but must live on highly-seasoned garbage, and highly-flavoured liquors—or die!

Think of the simple fact, that our own dear country exports, on an average, more than five million dollars' worth a year, of this abomination, this vegetable guano, this nastiness which, instead of fertilising, impoverishes the very soil it breeds and festers in; that she is only one of many tobacco-growing regions, and that this is the value of the raw material, before it has undergone the ten thousand cheating transmutations, qualifications, and adulterations, which help to conceal its filthiness, and make it endurable; think, too, of another fact,—that of our twenty millions of people, eight millions are spendthrift smokers and chewers and snuffers, at a cost, upon the average, perhaps, of two or three dollars a year to each person; making the national waste, the *direct* national waste, and overlooking the consequential waste, in time, health, and productive power, not less than from twenty to twenty-four millions of dollars a year.

Just call to mind, that all the powers of Europe gain large revenues from the consumption of this detestable weed—that almost everywhere it is a government monopoly—and that prodigious sums are lavished, and the severest penalties imposed for the protection of this monopoly—that smugglers are to be found everywhere, willing to risk all they have on earth, even to their lives, in the business—and that the taxes actually paid upon it into the treasury of Great Britain, not long ago, amounted in one single year to *three million five hundred thousand pounds sterling*—equal to about *seventeen millions of dollars!* And these were the taxes only! What then must have been the market value, that year, of the tobacco consumed by the people of Great Britain!

In the south of Europe, it is just about as bad—and at the north, still worse. The world pays now for the tobacco it uses, more than for all its wars—terrible and wasting as they are—added to all it pays for all its charities, and for all the education of all the people upon earth—*perhaps.*

And yet why any "perhaps!" The thing is clear, self-evident. We have only to enter into the treasury statistics of the world, passing by the hospitals, the Potter's fields, the alms-houses, and the lunatic asylums, to find the proof.

And how came this about? One may be willing to believe that a prodigious nation, like the Chinese, might persuade themselves, and after awhile, others, to the use of tea; having been accustomed to flavour the unpalatable waters of their crowded country with it, and being known all over the world for their wealth, and luxury, and exclusiveness. *Imitation*, beginning with travellers and shipmasters, and gradually spreading through consignees, and visitors, and neighbourhoods, would be natural; but how the plague a nation of dirty, starving savages, like the Virginia aborigines—the first families I mean, of course—with no commerce, no pomp, no luxury, no wealth, no reputation, should be able to set the world on fire by simply blowing the white smoke of their little, nasty, twopenny clay pipes through their nostrils—whiff, whiff, whiff—is wholly unaccountable, as we say down East. And so with coffee—introduced, not with the "barbarian gong," after the style of Powhattan, but with "barbaric pearl and gold," perfumes, and

sherbet, and scented waters. We can see how such things make their way, like a visible pestilence—gorgeous and winning, deadly and treacherous, over the whole earth.

They say that potatoes had to make a place for themselves over sea, after this fashion: The adventurer who landed the first little cargo on his own hook, tried to interest his neighbours by talking earnestly and continually about the productiveness of potatoes, and upon the advantages of their culture, and by giving them away, here a little and there a little, just for seed. But all in vain. His neighbours were shrewd enough, and watchful enough, and cautious enough, to stand stock still and wait the issue, and allow the philanthropist to burn his own fingers instead of theirs, for a twelvemonth. And so the dear good man had to plant them all for himself. But when they began to push up out of the ground—having learned the character of his neighbours, pretty much as most men do, after their potatoes are all gone—he set people to watch his field, night and day, till the crop was ready for harvesting. Of course he found no difficulty, after that, in getting rid of his potatoes; they were worth watching, therefore they were worth stealing, and therefore they have become literally, within a period of two hundred and seventy years, the food of nations.

But how with tobacco? Can it be because the Empress Elizabeth forbade the use of it; or because King James wrote his "Counterblast;" or because the Popes excommunicated all who smoked in churches; or because, in Transylvania, the penalty for using it was a confiscation of the offender's estate; or because the Grand Duke of Moscow, and the King of Persia, and the Sultan of Turkey, slit the noses of their offending subjects, or marched them through the market-place with a spear in that member, and at last put them to death? If these were not the reasons, what were they? Nothing can be found in history—nothing can be guessed at, in all we know of the past, or hope of the future, to explain the mystery, if, in point of fact, these very prohibitions did not originally beget, and afterwards propagate, the intolerable mischief. Let the sober and thoughtful friends of temperance beware. People are mighty anxious to judge for themselves in this world; to touch, and taste, and handle for themselves whatever they see others unreasonably afraid of; to take sides against all kinds of persecution; to grow exceeding tolerant and magnanimous towards any act, usage, or faith, which smacks of independence or heresy. Like the poor girl, rebuked by her mother for wanting to have a peep at the theatre, they desire to see the folly of it for themselves. Call a man dangerous, and you make him so. When people see heavy and crushing penalties inflicted, or awful disqualifications threatened, they *will* know the reason why.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DRESS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

A YEAR or two ago, Blackwood, that "nest of spicery," gave us a series of brilliant papers on the Æsthetics of Dress, replete with such valuable practical hints, that the *bon ton* should have given the writer a statue, draped on his own principles of taste and fitness; not classic, perhaps, but deserving to become so. We considered him, at the time, a public benefactor, and hoped to see the truths he rendered so obvious make their due impression on our beaux and belles, "well-preserved" bachelors, and ladies of a certain age; guarding them against some of the nameless but hideous errors which disguise beauty and render ugliness conspicuous. The application has not been as general as we could have desired. We still see triple skirts on squab-figures; blush-roses on threescore; scarlet flowers neighbouring flaxen ringlets, and huge shawls enveloping forms which, under the most favourable circumstances, would remind one but too surely of Salmagundi's comparison of "a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of curtains." If we had our will, those papers would be republished in pamphlet form, and scattered all over the land, that our nascent gentility might be trained in the growing. Dress may still be considered in a state of nature with us. Not that it is original or inventive; far from these! but running wild, in the direction of expense; as the pumpkin-vine darts out its disproportioned arms towards the brook, which will do nothing for it, after all, since it cannot nourish its roots.

This beneficent Blackwoodian having said all that could be said of dress as a concern of the eyes merely, we propose, in our sober way, to take up the subject from a somewhat graver side, considering dress as having a meaning, or as being an expression of sentiment. Not to be frightfully serious, is all we can promise our youthful readers. If they should feel a tap now and then, we must say to them as the conscientious Quaker did to his wife when he was administering domestic discipline,—"Why does thee cry so? It's all for thy own good!"

Dress may serve as either a grave or a gay subject. For those who relish satire, what can afford a fairer game than the blunders of some unfortunate people, who, having come into possession of plenty of money, are more guided by costliness than taste in their choice of costume? What overdoing and overlaying, what contradiction and monotony, what frippery and furbelow, marks the trappings of such! No militia adjutant on parade, no pet fire-engine in a procession, was ever worse bedizened. Who has not seen a lady get into a dusty omnibus with her pearl-coloured skirts fluttering with flounces, her crape bonnet tremulous with flowers, her white shawl lustrous with embroidery, her wrists manacled with golded fetters and dangling lockets; her laces, her delicate gloves, her silver card-case, her glittering chains, all *point device*—and—all shocking! We pity where we are expected to admire—that is, we call by the amiable name of pity a

feeling which, more severely construed, would be found to border closely on contempt. Each portion of the *tout ensemble* is beautiful; perhaps even the whole might not be offensive for some particular and private display; but for an omnibus! There is something profane in the public eye, and therefore the out-door costume of a well-bred woman should never be such as to attract and fix it, at least in particulars, or by reason of costliness or show.

Moralizers sometimes say we should not judge of people by their dress. But we may and ought, though without transgressing the law which this wise saw is intended to imply, supposing it to mean that we are not to despise those who are not dressed richly or with elegance. It is true some good people dress badly, judged by the common standard; yet dress must be characteristic where it is the result of free choice; even the beggar may wear his rags "with a difference." The sentimental novelists, who have in general no great insight, have discovered this; virtuous poverty is, with them, always picturesque. We, however, who deal with common facts rather than with uncommon fancies, should hardly think it fair to judge the very poor by their dress. We speak only of those to whom costume is a subject of reflection and of taste. This class is quite numerous enough to afford matter for our paper.

People who live in a state of abstraction must of course be excused for sins against taste in dress. Grave and reverend professors have been known to do or leave undone strange things; the outward man suffering in proportion as the inner soared to the depths sublime of science or speculation. A recent letter-writer from Germany describes the celebrated Neander as going one degree beyond Dominie Sampson, in indifference to popular prejudice on this subject. And Goethe tells a good story of Gottsched, a German *savant*, whom he visited at Leipzig, who entered the room, when summoned to receive stranger guests, with his monstrous bald head totally uncovered; and when his servant rushed in with a great full-bottomed peruque, which was his head-gear of ceremony, dealt the unfortunate lackey a sound box on the ear for not having put it on him before he had exhibited himself in such a ridiculous plight; talking all the while with the most perfect coolness and self-possession. There used to be an old scandal against literary ladies, charging them with carelessness in respect of appearance. Pope, after he quarrelled with his adored Lady Mary, was never tired of holding up her slatternly habits as the consequence of bookish propensities; but this is exploded now. Literary ladies are not easily distinguishable from other women by outward marks; and it would probably startle a gentleman to be received, as tradition says an American *bas-bleu* of the last century received a visitor of distinction—with her head tied up in brown paper and vinegar, a folio resting on her lap, and her feet immersed in hot water!

Grave occupations cannot be supposed to interfere with due attention to dress in all cases, for the clergy are the best dressed men among us; even the most dressed, if we except the small class of fledgling exquisites, whose minds the tie of a cravat is sufficient to fill. Although not bound to a particular costume, as in England, our clergy may almost be said to dress in uniform, for the black suit and the white cravat mark them unmistakeably. And the threadbare appearance that we have read of, as sometimes characterizing the less fortunate members of the profession in former days, would be a phenomenon; nobody now living ever saw a shabby suit of clerical black. One would think the whole class passed daily through the hands of those ingenious persons who advertise to make worn cloth "look equal to new." We cannot deny that there is something pleasant to us in this reminiscence of the day when a gentleman was distinguishable by his dress. The plainness, approaching even to neglect, observable in grave men of other professions, shocks our cherished prejudices. We would have the scholar look like a scholar; let him be "melancholy" if he will, so he be gentleman-like. It is his right and duty. It is true,

> A heavenly mind
> May be indifferent to its house of clay,
> And slight the hovel as beneath its care—

but there is a fitness in the "customary suit of solemn black" for the man who deals with grave matters. How should we like to see Hamlet flaunting in buff and blue; or Dr. Primrose in plaid neckcloth and corduroys?

Lockhart describes Mr. Crabbe standing in the midst of half a dozen stalwart Highlanders at Sir Walter Scot's, the Celts in full costume, on the occasion of the King's visit to Edinburgh; the poet-clergyman, dressed in the highest style of professional decorum, with powdered head, buckles in his shoes, and whatever else was befitting one of his years and station. The Highlanders mistook the churchman for some foreign Abbé, or, as one account says, for a French dancing-master, and began to talk French to him; while he, in his turn, supposed them to be a parcel of wild and rather dangerous savages. It was only after Sir Walter entered the room and introduced his friends to each other, that they discovered themselves to be all equally peaceable British gentlemen, made strangers to each other by being at the antipodes of dress.

It has been the well-motived attempt of some moralists to represent dress as a thing of no consequence; undeserving the attention of a rational being. But truth and nature are too strong for this compulsive pedantry of purism. Every man, woman, and child knows that dress is a thing of consequence to the wearer; and all biographers bear testimony to the fact that it is also important to the beholder; for they never fail to describe the habitual costume of their subject where it can he ascertained, as at least one means of insight into character. Could we have pardoned Mr. Boswell if he had given us no hint of Dr. Johnson's "vest unbuttoned, and his wig awry;" his shabby snuff-coloured study suit, and the laced one which he put on when great doings were on the carpet. Or could we have believed him, if he had described his hero prim and powdered, silk-stockinged, and shining-

shoed? Goldsmith with his gnawing desire to be liked, confessed the importance of dress, by going beyond his means in finery, which he imagined would help to hide his awkwardness, when he was to meet those whom he wished to please. Madame Goëthe, the poet's mother, when she prepared to receive a visit of honour from Madame de Staël, arrayed herself so gorgeously in dazzling silks, with nodding plumes of two or three colours, that Bettina came near fainting with laughter; and the same Bettina, who found the good lady's desire to strike so ridiculous, has lost the respect of the world by a personal neglect far more offensive than the most mistaken efforts to please. How many descriptions of costume are to be found in Horace Walpole's acrid letters! One would think his soul might once have inhabited the body of a court-milliner. And with what gusto does Pepys dwell upon his purchases of rich attire for himself and his wife—"a night-gown, a great bargain, at 24*s.*," and "the very stuff for a cloak cost 6*l.*, and the outside of a coat 8*l.*," costume being, evidently, in his eyes, one of the great engines of human life. Novelists of all classes confess the significance of dress, when they devise expressive gowns and ornaments for their heroines, and appropriate drapery for their terrible and grotesque characters. Richardson understood this matter perfectly. In order to set Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron distinctly before us, every article they wore is described; colour, form, texture, and cost. Miss Burney showed her sympathy with her sex, by confessing the temptations of dress to young ladies in society. Part of Camilla Tyrold's terrible troubles, over which so many youthful tears have been shed, arose from her having been led into extravagance by the example of Mrs. Berlinton, and the wiles of Mrs. Mittin, and so running her father in debt until he was thrown into jail on her account. Sir Walter Scott does not disdain to expatiate largely on the costume of his figures, and to show that to him dress was as truly part of the man or woman, as the more strictly natural and indispensable envelopings of the soul. His own dress had a suitable sturdiness, expressive of the true, manly, human side of his character; that side which had withstood the conventional temptations and delusions too potent with us all. "An old, green shooting-jacket, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service," constituted the array in which the "mighty minstrel" came limping down the gravel-walk at Abbotsford to meet Washington Irving. When he dressed for dinner, he appeared in black, as became the gentleman and the poet. Now, the broad-backed coat, the heavy shoes, and the stout stick, are shown in the hall closet, at Abbotsford, sad and most characteristic memorials of one to whose gifted eye trifles were instinct with meaning.

It is somewhat to be wondered at, that a people so notedly shrewd as the Society of Friends, should have set themselves deliberately at stemming a current which evidently takes its rise somewhere deep in the foundations of our being; and still more that they should have attempted to reduce the importance and seductiveness of dress by making it an object of strenuous attention. There is, however, much that is rational in an utilitarian point of view, as well as much plausibility in a religious one, in their stringent rules as to form, colour, and expensiveness in costume. The form is intended as a protest against the silly evanescence of the fashions, which, not satisfied with changing as often as the moon, scarcely outlast the lunar rainbow. The regulated cut is that which all the world wore when the sect first assumed a distinct existence. The prevailing drab has an obvious intent, as excluding gay and attractive colours, which are apt to beguile young eyes and thoughts. The proscription of certain rich and costly materials respects the general caution against conformity to the worldly standard, which is that of cost, and also the duty of reserving our means for better objects than mere outward beautifying. It needs no argument to show the excellence of these latter reasons for plain dress; and society gives them the assurance of its approval, by making it the most frequent ground for sarcasm against the Quakers, that they indemnify themselves for plain cut and colour by wearing the most expensive fabrics—an inconsistency too obvious for excuse. Whether this general charge be just or not, it is certain that many conscientious Friends would as soon wear scarlet gowns as silken ones, or dashing waistcoats as fine broadcloth.

One advantage of the plain or Quaker dress is, that it renders neatness indispensable. What is partly dust-colored already, becomes intolerable after it has contracted any soil; and the nature of the soft neutral tints is such, that whatever is worn with them must be pure, or it is shown up, inevitably. Lace may be yellow, and rich ribbons crumpled, with small offence; but a plain cap depends for its beauty upon snowy whiteness and a perfect accuracy and primness of outline. "The very garments of the Quaker," says Charles Lamb, "seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, they show like troops of the Shining Ones." Every one is charmed with this dress in its perfection; we never hear any one say it is not beautiful, at least on young women, whose fresh faces do not need the relief of undulating laces or rich colors. The primness of the style, and the habitual or enforced placidity of the countenance of those who use it, have given occasion for charges of affectation or coquetry in the young sisters. But they may be consoled; for the imputation of trying to be charming, is, in this case, only a confession that they are so.

The grace and beauty of the Quaker dress depends—as all that is lovely in outward manifestation must—upon its being in a true expression of the spirit. Where it is simply formal, it is hard and ungainly; where it is compulsory, it betrays the wearer's true tastes and wishes by unconscious deviations from the standard, and

leaning towards the forbidden. Where it is worn on conviction, it is exact, and not unbecoming; but if the result of enthusiasm, it becomes classic and elegant as Roman drapery. We have seen a Friend who, without the least ostentation, refrained from wearing anything that had been dyed, preferring garments of the natural color, as being the extreme of simplicity. The world might laugh at such a twilight-gray as this combination of soft browns produced, but the painter would have found in it something congenial to his eye, and a peculiar value in the purity with which it set off a fresh, ruddy complexion and silver hair. We remember a full-length picture of Thorwaldsen, painted in Italy, which reminded us, in its truly Quaker dress, of the undyed Friend we had seen years before. It is noticeable that sculptors have no escape from the difficulties of modern costume, except in a near approach to the simplicity of the Quaker garb. If the marble man must have a coat on, the sculptor perforce shaves off all lappels and finicalities, and comes as near a seamless garment as possible—giving unconscious testimony to the essential good taste of the followers of George Fox.

It is the compulsoriness of this dress that spoils it as an expression of taste or sentiment. If it had been left to every man's conscience whether to adopt or to reject the uniform, it would have continued to have a meaning. As convictions deepened, indifference to worldly opinion would have become more and more evident, by the gradual disuse of worldly fashion, and conformity to the standard of denominational simplicity. But where no liberty is allowed, there can be no merit or significance of choice. The plain garb becomes not a whit more dignified than any other uniform which is worn at peril of cashiering. Thousands, whose consciences approve the tenets of the Friends, and whose taste and judgment favour extreme plainness and inexpensiveness of dress, in people who profess serious aims in life, have been deterred from joining the Society by a feeling that, to renounce one's judgment in a matter so personal as dress, is practically degrading. The garb is intended as an expression of a certain religious condition, yet it is to be worn with the strictest attention to arbitrary rules, the least deviation from which subjects the wearer to the interference of his fellow-Christians! This mistake towards bondage is one great reason why, while the principles of the Quakers are daily influencing those of the world more and more, the Society, as a society, is on the decline. Religious liberty is more precious to the heart than any other; and the more sincere and ardent our desire to withstand the bad example of worldly people, the less should we be disposed to adopt any fixed outward symbol which might express a greater degree of renunciation than we had been able to reach.

TWO POEMS BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropped,
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas;
Another heart that beat for freedom stopped,—
What mournful words are these!

O Love Divine, that claspest our tired earth,
And lullest it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth,
To teach men what thou art!

He was a spirit that to all thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain;
Why ope' so soon thy heaven-deep Quiet's door
And call him home again?

Freedom needs all her poets; it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music sway
Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou unkind,
O Love Divine, for 'tis thy will
That gracious natures leave their love behind
To work for Freedom still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other tombs,
Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster-glooms
With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone
To mark his resting place:—

"Here lies a poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor."

MIDNIGHT.

The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide.
A vague and starry magic
Makes all things mysteries,
And lures the earth's dumb spirit
Up to the longing skies,—
I seem to hear dim whispers,
And tremulous replies.
The fireflies o'er the meadow
In pulses come and go;
The elmtrees' heavy shadow
Weighs on the grass below;
And faintly from the distance
The dreaming cock doth crow.
All things look strange and mystic,
The very bushes swell
And take wild shapes and motions,
As if beneath a spell,—
They seem not the same lilacs
From childhood known so well.
The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall,—
As if all life were ended,
And rest were come to all.
O, wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpse
Of immortality!

FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray; so silent was it every where.

Two venerable old men—high priests and patriarchs were they in the land—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation; for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee; and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet

"She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with the hyssop.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading, with his clouted shoes, the fresh earth into the grave of the little child. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and shrugging his shoulders, replied—

"Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early."

"A brief existence," said Flemming. "The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone."

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Alis, Sleep and his twin brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these men were men in whose souls the religion of nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that, in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse; such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass; the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm, A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grate-

ful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak, weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And, oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription—

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears: and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, said—

"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of Heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him, as the divine poet did the gate of paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life—

> 'Life that shall send
> A challenge to its end,
> And when it comes, say, welcome, friend.'

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

LINES, WRITTEN IN ITALY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAR Lillian, all I wished is won!
I sit beneath Italia's sun,
Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel-leaves the dim green light
Falls on my forehead as I write,
And the sweet chimes of vespers, ringing,
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;
The stirring memories of old
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But as the radiant sunsets close
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,
My soul forgets the olden glory,
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words in memory's ear outchime
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;
Thou standest here—the gentle-hearted—
Amid the shades of bards departed!

Their garlands of immortal bay,
I see before thee fade away,
And turn from Petrarch's passion glances,
To my own dearer heart romances!

The fair Italian dream I chased,
A single thought of thee effaced;
For the true clime of song and sun
Lies in the heart which mine hath won

JEDEDIAH DOUGHKINS AND THE "BLOOMER."

A Yankee Absurdity.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

JEDEDIAH DOUGHKINS was a Yankee farmer, living a few miles from Bangor, in the State of Maine. Like most Yankee farmers, he was possessed of a good share of the national characteristic shrewdness found in that class of New Englanders on the other side of the river Merrimack, "looking east," though in the ways of the world and the finesse of the times he was profoundly verdant—as much so as his own clover tops before budding. Jedediah was a tall, knotty "specimen," with round goggle eyes, long carrotty hair, a good-natured mouth, only two of the front teeth were not at home, with a big seed-wart on his nasal protuberance, which latter, by the way, was far from a pug, drooping, as it were, like a fatigued willow over a duck-pond. His usual dress—"the one he went about house in"—consisted of a pair of old ox-hide boots, the seams of which were always interlarded with hog's-grease, which was done, as Jed. said, "to keep out the contarnal water;" a pair of trousers, made in the highest style of crude, home-spun art, of the very finest quality of bed-ticking, which was perpetually to be seen labelled at all the country shops, "Six cents per yard, by the piece"; coat, linsey woolsey, painfully shaggy, with an inconsistently long tail, draggling about if he happened to stoop, and which tapered down like the letter V; shirt, of coarse texture, unstarched and unironed, with a collar of broad dimensions, that two inches longer would have resembled a wilted monk's cowl, and never, by any chance, "stood straight up," but hung over every which way, full of undefined crinks and crinkles; vest, of an antique pattern, the colour of faded dirt, with a figure that was artistically intended to represent a smart sportsman, but which in reality looked more like an intoxicated Jack of Diamonds with a crooked shillelah. His hat—not to make a beastly old pun, so we thus episodically warn the reader not to accuse us—was the crowning "brick" of this tenement of odditude (a coinage; how do you like it?)—it looked as if it had passed through "fiery trials," or had belonged to some of Noah's very intimate friends. Of course it was a beaver, an out-and-out frowsy, foozey, old beaver, shaped not like a bell, nor a "Scaramouch," nor what is called in England a "wide awake," nor yet a stove pipe, nor pear pattern, but something like the whole of these, with perhaps an ascendancy of the pear—that is, a certain burliness just below the crown that imparted to it a droll yet comfortable aspect. By some unaccountable chance this hat was always, or in all proper bounds nearly so, on his head; and his long grizzled yellow hair, "tangled but not silky," hung over his freckled cheeks like two terrified tassels on a window sill. Thus attired, Jedediah wandered about his few acres of ground, the admired owner of a number of pigs, cows, chickens, turkies and dogs, all of whom seemed to instinctively know their master, and respected him accordingly.

Jedediah had a wife—a round, oily little woman—who from having lived in the early part of her life in a good-sized village had contracted a certain fondness for dress, and therefore was less *bizarre* in her costume than her spouse. A red shawl, for example, was her "anguish," and when flounces first came up, she got them so high as to look like a chubby, old-fashioned cask, hooped around clear up to the head. She had a great weakness for fans too, ornamented with "picters of things." So far did she carry this fantastic notion, that she had one for every day in the week, and a splendid large pet one for the Sabbath. There was her Monday fan, with a scene on the River Hudson, done in water colours. Her Tuesday one had a little oil painting of a scene in Greece, and a gilt handle. Then came the Wednesday, with Bonaparte crossing the Alps, with one of the ears and half of the tail of the hero's horse obliterated. This was a present from Jedediah when they were courting. He used to look at the fan when he couldn't think of anything better to say, and remark, "What a great man Bony must have been, to git his hoss over them mountings?" The Thursday one was emblazoned with the head of Washington; and Gloryann Billings, one of her nieces, used to say, "that she loved that fan bekase the good old feyther of his country was on it;" and Jedediah often said, that the "General was one of the boys for trousers," and then wonder if he'd ever have a son that would make so much "stir in this world." The Friday fan was intended as a representation of a Chinese family, but the colours had run so, that it would have taken a skilful ethenologist to make out the race. The Saturday one was slightly zoological in intention, delineating an elephant attacked by tigers, but which in reality suggested the appearance of an irregularly-erected two-storied house, with a couple of absurd-looking tom cats ready to make a jump if required. The Sunday one was trimmed round with feathers, and never by any chance made its appearance, except on the "good day," after which it was carefully embedded in the best drawer among a handful of dried rose leaves.

Jedediah (if it is not meddlesome to reveal family secrets) did not altogether approve of his wife's leaning towards finery, and frequently gave her a piece of his honest mind on the subject of everything in the way of furbelows. She said he was foolish and old-fashioned, and he said she was sour-tempered and stuck-up. He *thought* she was wrong, and she *knew* she was right. She argued that a moderate regard to fashion was essential in a woman, and as far as that went she was determined to "be in the season, until she was four-and-forty." He would then doff that old fur hat for a moment, rub his sleeve over it, in order to settle the nap; look at her for a moment with his great round eyes; resume the hat again; twist his hair with his thumb,

and then walk off. This was his only demonstration up to the present time, but circumstances knocked so loudly one day at the door of his temper, that he "let out a little," as will be seen.

Shortly after the Bloomer mania broke out, Dame Doughkins, unknown to her husband, gradually become tinctured with the idea of the short skirts and Turkish don't-speak-of-'ems. She had read in the village paper a graphic detail of the mode of making the dress, with so glowing a description of its appearance and advantages, that she secretly and stoutly resolved on having an outfit, if it were just to say that she had "followed the fashuns." In this determination she received the approval of a neighbour, one Mrs. Rhuty Tute, a friend from town, who used to pay her a monthly visit, and bring down more gossip and scandal than would fill a volume the size of "Cooke's Complete Voyages," even if it were printed in agate, which, as all booksellers know, takes in a vast deal of matter to the page. Mrs. Rhuty Tute was a sort of Mrs. Malaprop, a cross between that loquacious old lady and the present Mrs. Partington, with her brain full of whimsical conceits of dress and fashion, and a tongue that run with painful intermission. To add to her other charms, she lisped—yes, lisped; decidedly, surely, and unmistakeably lisped. But fully understand, reader, she did not allow this to trouble her in the least—it nothing stood in *her* way—nothing.

Several letters passed on the subject of this Bloomer costume, and before long Mrs. Rhuty Tute, overflowing with intelligence, posted down to the farm, where she found her friend up in arms and eager to meet her. Oh, such a chatter as they had! She had, of course, brought with her patterns and plans—matter and material, for the new costume, but poor Jedediah was all in the dark.

"Now I do thay that thith thtuff will look thuperb," exclaimed Mrs. Rhuty Tute, displaying two-and-a-half yards of peach-coloured silk, and feasting her gaze on the figures of it. "Mr. Thmith, the shopman, says that its tho thcarce, because its a little out of theason."

"Well, I guess he's about right," said Mrs. Doughkins, "I haint seen naar-*ee* peach-tint for a good long time in these parts. That's to make the petty-loons, I reckon."

"No, dear, that's for what they calls the 'visite'—they calls 'em on the thtage a tunic, but Mrs. Bloomer thays its wulgar to use thage words in thociety, and tho we calls 'em 'visites.' Its wery like the common mantilla what every body wears."

It was arranged that a Bloomer dress should be at once prepared; and the ladies proceeded to work. Mrs. Rhuty Tute directed the patterns, and Mrs. Jedediah plied her needle according to instructions.

"Dear me, how Pa will look when he sees me dressed all up in this. He won't know me, will he?" asked the dame.

"Won't he indeed? To be thure he will, only he'll thay you look ten years younger," replied Mrs. Rhuty Tute.

"We'll never say a blessed word to him until ve get all ready."

"Not a thyllable. We'll take him quite by surprise," continued Mrs. Rhuty Tute, winking her grey tabby eyes, and puckering up her mouth with an amiable leer.

And ardently these worthy ladies bent over the materials of their new enterprise. When Jedediah happened to stalk into the apartment, they slipped the Bloomer trimmings aside, and supplied their place by a roll of sober-looking patchwork. He, good easy soul, never dreamed of what was going on, although an occasional glance at Mrs. Rhuty Tute seemed to indicate a tacit objection to her presence. A bevy of lively little French milliners never chatted so familiarly over gilt finery as the two Bloomer converts. Mrs. Rhuty Tute once or twice absolutely grew playful, and went so far as to say, that she would'nt have cared a pin if she had been born a man—the trousers were so easy. One little box contained studs and ribbons, and tassels, and another contained pretty pearl buttons and wristlets of various patterns, all of which Mrs. Rhuty Tute had brought with her, by way of creating a modicum of astonishment in the bosom of her friend.

After the dresses were completed, it was decided that they should be worn immediately after dinner. Jedediah would be gone to the barn, and by the time he got back all would be ready. The arrangement then was, that Mrs. Doughkins should be attired first, as the description she had read in the village paper did not clearly enlighten her as to the manner of getting into each respective habiliment, and her friend's assistance was, under the circumstances, almost indispensable. The secrets of a lady's dressing room are held, and properly too, sacredly inviolable, so we will content ourselves with merely imagining that they must have had a funny time in assuming the new garb. Mrs. Doughkins, at the best of periods, even when about that which she thoroughly understood, was never remarkable for grace or aptness, so we have a right to suppose that she—fat, chubby, little creature as she was—suffered some mental agitation, though momentary it might have been.

Peleg, a servant-man, had been two days borrowing small looking-glasses, on the sly, from the neighbours around, for which subornation Mrs. Rhuty Tute had graciously rewarded him with two cents, and a Christian injunction not to spend the money foolishly. Peleg, by the way—we may as well mention it—heeded her advice to the extent of being found that same night in a state of dreamy intoxication, having taken up lodgings with his head on an elderly sow, who, grunting dismally, made a sort of refrain to Peleg's "snore," which was not of the most harmonious character.

Much fuss and fidgetting over, the ladies were at last ready. Mrs. Rhuty Tute laughed at Mrs. Doughkins, and *vice versa*. Mrs. Rhuty Tute said, with a pain in her side, that Mrs. Doughkins looked like a "thaucy dumplin," and Mrs. Doughkins could not do better than tell Mrs. Rhuty Tute that *she* looked like a "saucy dumplin" too. Mrs. Doughkins could not walk, but waddled somewhat after the fashion of an ancient duck, when emerging from a favourite

pond, and Mrs. Rhuty Tute, be it said, to our horror, actually kicked up her heels, and threw a ball of yarn on the floor for puss to play with. Down stairs they went, tittering and shaking their heads, into the large dining room, from which they could command a view of the barn, and they had scarcely pounced into a couple of high-backed, crooked-bottomed, easy chairs, before in walked Jedediah, with a hoe upon his shoulder, whistling a bar and a-half of "Yankee Doodle," just at that particular portion of the air where the words ingenuously infer that he, (Yankee Doodle) "came to town on a spotted pony."

Jedediah started. Was it a pair of fat fairies he was gazing at? They did not move, and he brandished his hoe with an attitude of defiance. All at once Mrs. Rhuty Tute jumped from her seat, which so alarmed Mrs. Doughkins, that she trembled from head to foot.

"Jerusa*lem* Crin*kums!* is that yeou?" shrieked Jedediah in one breath, his eyes starting almost out of their sockets, while his beaver toppled over off of his head, "What in the name of all that's super-human now and for ever, till kingdom come, and all the time henceforth and hereafter, have yeou been and done?"

"We—we—we're B—Bl—Bloom—Bloomers!" stuttered Mrs. Doughkins, almost frightened out of her wits, and holding on to the chair with both of her hands by way of support.

Mrs. Rhuty Tute smiled.

"You're what!" again shrieked Jedediah, running his fingers through his carrotty hair, and giving his "bed ticks" a long hitch—"What—what the Jehu is Blu—mers! Look a-here, Mrs. Rhuty-toot, you're a passal of fools—neow!"

"Mr. Dowkins!" exclaimed Mrs Rhuty Tute reprovingly, "Beware Mr. Dowkins what you thay to thenthible perthons, or you may repent thuch conduct!"

"Re—pent you self—what do you mean by Blu—mers! Chaw me up for gun waddin' if I understand what this means—neow! replied Jedediah in a high state of excitement.

Mrs. Doughkins by this time slightly recovered herself and stood up, which caused her respected spouse to advance a foot, a foot and a half or two feet back.

"Consarn my skin if yeou don't look like a couple of lost Turks—Du tell me Betsy 'Melia, where on earth did you get such riggin's out. May I be catasplasm'd in several places if I ever saw the like since Deacon Miller's cousin, Ike Barebones, told me the world was commin' to an end when it didn't."

"Why, now I'll tell you, Mr. Dowkinth, we're thenthible femaleth, as you ought to know," said Mrs. Rhuty Tute, with an affectation and earnestness that caused her friend to look down at her plump feet (squeezed into small shoes,) in astonishment. "And as Jonah of Arch said when she was crowned Queen of Thpain, women of mind have a right to expreth themselves."

"Consarn your women of mind!" interrupted Jedediah.

"Hear me out, Mr. Dowkinth; it's not often I speak, and when I do, I want to be heard!" continued the lady.

"Now, look a-here again, Mrs. Rhuty Boote—"

"Rhuty Tute, if you please"——

"Well, Rhuty Toot or Rhuty Brute, or any thing yeou like—that's a darn wilful mistake—yeour tongue runs faster than a squirrel up a sycamore, or a bullet eout of a rifle. Hold me under a pump, and sleuce me a-drippin' if I wouldn't cut my throat with a biled carrot, and die an orphan, if my tongue waggled like yourn—By *Jehu!*"

"Mr. Dowkinth!" screamed Mrs. Rhuty Tute, growing very red in the face, and seeming somewhat strange and uncomfortable in the costume, —"Mr. Dowkinth, do you mean to expeach my integrity?"

"I don't care a toad's blessing what I peach or apple; but I mean your tongue runs wus than aunt Sally Scraggle's, and her's runs so bad, they had to put a mustard plaster on her neck to draw the words 'tother way."

"Jediah, Jediah, you're behavin' rude to company," chimed in Mrs. Doughkins, flouncing about with an awkward gait.

"Yeou go and take off them Turkey things, and not make a geoose of *yeourself!*" replied Jed., jerking his Jack of Diamonds waistcoat, and adjusting his beaver. "If Deacon Dunklehead, or any of his daughters, were to come in neow, they'd think yeou'd gone stark mad, so they would."

"I tell you agin, Jeddy, I'm a Bloomer!" said Mrs. Doughkins.

"You're a Squab, more like—why yeou look like a couple of greased injuns on a spree—half *men* and half women—go and take 'em off!"

"We won't do it, Mrs. Dowkins; we wont, just for your imperence!" said Mrs. Rhuty Tute.

"Will we, dear?"

"No, I guess we won't; we want to be Bloomers!" coincided Mrs. Doughkins.

"Yeou won't, won't yeou?" bellowed Jed., throwing his hat down with a flourish. "Yeou say you won't?"

Mrs. Rhuty Tute nodded with a spiteful leer.

"Well, now I want it understood, Mrs. Jedediah Doughkins, its not often I get my Ebenezer riz, but may I be made into hard cider and drank at 'lection day, if yeou don't go and take off them vulgar-lookin' half trowsers, and that scimpy lookin' frock, I'll go right off and dress myself in petticoats, and ride straddle into town on the grey mare."

Mrs. Doughkins screamed.

"I'll tell yeou I'll do it," continued Jedediah, "Neow, you'd better take 'em off. Will yeou take 'em off—speak quick, or I'll have the grey mare saddled in less than a flash of greased lightnin'."

Mrs. Doughkins was alarmed, and looked at Mrs. Rhuty Tute, who seemed somewhat taken aback by this strange menace.

"No, she wont!" exclaimed the latter lady.

"Yes, yes—I—I——." Mrs. Doughkins was about to say she would, but her friend gave her such a thrilling look that she did not finish the sentence.

"Very well! Hey, Peleg—saddle up the mare," hooped Jedediah. "Neow, Betsy 'Melia, where's your blue geown and the Sunday fan;

I'll turn all the drawers inside out, wus than a young earthquake;" and seizing the hoe he made a rush for the stairs, and after him flew the "Bloomers," as fast as their respective obesity would permit.

"Oh! oh! he'll ruin my fans!" screamed Mrs. Doughkins, waddling up the stairs, and shouting at the top of her voice. "And my blue gown, and my red shawl; O yes, yes, Jeddy; I'll take 'em off—I'll take 'em—indeed I will!"

Jedediah, as good as his word, before the Bloomers reached the dressing-room, had pulled out the best bureau drawer, and commenced ransacking its contents. The linen and hosiery fell in a shower on the floor.

"Oh don't, Jeddy, don't; and I'll never be a Bloomer agin';" imploringly screamed his wife, wiping the cold perspiration off of her face, and sinking at the foot of the bed.

"You're sure you'll never put them flap-jacks on your legs agin?"

"Never!"

"As true as yeour name's Betsy 'Melia Doughkins."

"Never!"

"Then I won't take yeour red shawl, and yeour blue gown, nor the Sunday fan, and ride straddle into town on the grey mare."

"No, no—no, dont;" she blubbered.

"I wont."

And in less than half-an-hour, though Mrs. Rhuty Tute told her she was "an athtonishin' weak woman," Mrs. Doughkins had shed the "costume," and resumed the good old skirts of every day life, much to the satisfaction of her husband, who gave her a kiss, looked black at the visitor, stroked his frowsy beaver, and vowed, that after all said and done, he was the "condarnest happiest cretur alive, if people wouldn't pizen his wife with new notions."

It is almost needless to say, that Mrs. Jedediah Doughkins has never since attempted a "Bloomer."

ALLY MOORE.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

In last night's dream I was again
A happy-hearted child,
And freely as the air I strolled,
Where greenest meadows smiled.
The robin carolled forth his song,
The sunlight glittered o'er
The road I used to go to school—
Beside young Ally Moore.
The quail's low whistle rang aloud,
We listened to the lay,—
And oh! how quick the moments flew,
Like fleetest steeds away.
My daisy-gifts she laid aside
When at the master's door,
For she had often heard him say
They littered up the floor.
Her eyes were of the softest blue
That decks the summer skies,
Her hair was sunlight's silken curls,
Her voice sweet melodies;
Her gaze was like a timid fawn,
Or dove about to soar;—
Her's was indeed a tender heart,—
The gentle Ally Moore.
A truant boy I wandered forth,
'Mong April's early hours,
And watched the bee and butterfly
Upon the opening flowers;
And picked the beech-nuts 'neath the trees,
Roaming the woodland o'er,—
Yet all the biggest one's I kept
For lovely Ally Moore.
And when beneath the maple's shade
We'd linger side by side,
She'd wonder I disliked my book,
But never—never chide;—
And try to teach the letters there
Whose names I could not tell,
For I, alas! had learned to love
Before I learned to spell.
In school-time seated by her side,
With eyes upon the trees
That shaded a soft grassy knoll
Where coolly blew the breeze,
And when the master roughly spoke,
"You idle boy!" in rage,
Tears glided from her down-cast eyes,
And glimmered on the page.
For her I found the cat-bird's nest
In wild wood's hidden dale,
And bull-rushes and butter-cups
I gathered from the vale;
The water-cress beneath the wave,
The mint from marshy shore,
With berries red of winter-green
I sought for Ally Moore.
And sometimes, on my way to school,
I'd stray to Alder-brook,
And tying on a length of thread,
A bent pin for a hook,
Would angle half the day away
By dingle and by dell,
And, going home at night, would coax
Dear Ally, not to tell.
On afternoons of Saturdays,
Like uncaged birds we flew,
To chase the thistles' winged seed,
Or pull the violets blue;
And once I snared a little wren
On currant bushes low,
But the bright tear in Ally's eye
Soon made me let it go.
For her I climbed the apple-tree,
Whose trunk was lithe and slim,
To get the ripest, reddest fruit
Upon the topmost limb.
Oh! happy days to live again
In innocence and glee,
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.
Then I awoke a weary man,
For long, long years have flown;
The April of my life is o'er,
The glorious June is gone:—
For only once the May flowers bloom
On childhood's blissful shore,
And only once the heart can love
As mine loved Ally Moore.

MILLARD FILLMORE,

Thirteenth President of the United States.

BY R. W. GRISWOLD.

The stars in our skies have, for the most part, arisen from the earth. Amid its convulsions the elements of light have gathered along the surface, and ascended higher and higher into the upper air, to remain there in serene or turbulent splendour. But they have not been reproductive. We can remember the track of every luminary that is above the horizon. It is a law of our atmosphere, that it rarely sustains in its loftier regions any object that does not derive its force and capacity and buoyancy, from an original contact and sympathy with its lower and primitive elements. With very few exceptions, what have seemed planets, native in their places, have become dim, and faltered in their spheres, and disappeared. Everything else may be common in these calmer and clearer elevations: everything but lifting and sustaining energy and activity.

The great personages of the period of our formation; the suggesters, counsellors, and leaders, who made a constellation so extraordinary that it is unexampled in the histories of states with fixed conditions, were in nearly all cases, from humble positions, from the common level, or below it. In all revolutions the patrician class hesitates or opposes at the beginning; they have comparatively little to gain; the field is apt to be left to the unknown; and when they come forward to stamp their names upon the hearts of nations, they bring a foresight and judgment, a wisdom and resolution, that in their perfectness and subtlest combinations are evolved most frequently amid the toils and conflicts of ordinary life. It is for this reason that the first age of a state is often its most eminent age for displays of capacity and virtue; the institutions, which are built upon success, commonly secure to families, by whom success has been achieved, a perpetual enjoyment of its best fruits. With us it is different; we are all hereditary statesmen:-the fathers of the republic left it for the supreme Governor to bestow on whom He would the seals of his nobility; and as such step out from among the masses—it is our distinction that we give them recognition and authority; our triumph, that they lead us through justice to greatness and glory.

Very few of these fathers of ours were inheritors of distinction. Washington was almost the only gentleman, by right of birth, in all that astonishing company of thinkers and actors; two or three Virginians, John Jay of New York, and half-a-dozen meaner men from other provinces, were exceptions; but Franklin was a printer's boy, Sherman a shoemaker, Knox a bookbinder, Greene a blacksmith, John Adams and Marshall the sons of poor farmers, and Hamilton, the most subtle, fiery, and electrical, but, at the same time, the most composed and orderly genius of all, excepting only the unapproachable Chief, was of as humble parentage as the rest; and himself, at the beginning, the clerk of a shopkeeper. And if we come down to a later period, Daniel Webster was the son of a country farmer, and was rescued from the occupation of a drover, only by the shrewd observation of Christopher Gore, whom he called upon for advice, in respect to a difficulty arising from the sale of a pair of steers; and John C. Calhoun was the son of a tanner and currier; the father of Henry Clay, "the Mill-boy of the Slashes," was of the poorer class of Baptist ministers; Martin Van Buren, during the fitful leisure of the day, gathered pine-knots to light his evening studies; Thomas Corwin was a waggoner; Silas Wright, by heritage, a mechanic; and many others among our statesmen, who receive the applause and reverence of mankind, passed their earlier years at what, in other countries, would be almost impassable distances from the eminences they now occupy. Their names are the compressed lustres with which the column of American history, rising in stately grandeur, is belted; they are the inviting balls of light which encircle the tree of Liberty, as warding swords of fire were set about the Tree of Knowledge.

The thirteenth President of the United States furnishes, in his history, another illustration of this operation of our system; and it is a truth, pregnant with encouragement, that he is of those

> "Whose high endeavours were an inward light
> That made the path before them always bright;
> More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure
> As tempted more:
> Who in a state where men are tempted still
> To evil for a guard against worse ill,
> And what in quality or act is best
> Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
> Still fixed good on good alone, and owe
> To virtue every triumph that they know."

He is descended from a Connecticut farmer, who, in his youth, in the early part of the last century, was taken from a fishing vessel upon which he was employed, by a pirate, by whom, for his firmness in refusing to join his party, he was kept several months a prisoner, until, by a conspiracy, he obtained possession of the ship, and succeeded in bringing it into Boston, where the buccaneers were hanged. The family removed from Franklin, near Norwich, to Bennington in Vermont, whence a branch of it went to Summer Hill, Cayuga County, New York, where Millard Fillmore was born on the seventh of January, in the year 1800. His father was then and is now a cultivator of the soil; he lives in Erie Country, New York, not far from Buffalo, and while still with his own hands moving the scythe or scattering the seed, he may talk proudly, with his companions, of his son who is placed at the head of the greatest of nations.

The limited means of the family prevented young Fillmore from receiving any better education than was offered in the very imperfect district schools of the time; and when he was fifteen years of age he was sent, first to Livingston County, and afterwards to a village nearer his home, to learn the business of a clothier, as carding and cloth-dressing, or the woollen manufacture in the small way, is called in the Northern States. A subscription library was formed in the neighbourhood, and every hour that was not occupied with mechanical duties was devoted to reading. With knowledge grew the love of knowledge, and the few books in history, biography, and travel to which he had access, became thoroughly familiar. The smallness of the library may not have been a disadvantage. A dozen books are frequently of more value in the cultivation of a mind and the formation of character than a thousand. The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton's prose, Wordsworth, good Histories of Greece, Rome, England, and our own country, with a Cyclopædia for the back-ground and vacant places, are as much as the clearest and strongest understanding can master in a dozen years; and he who apprehends these is educated, for all duty and enjoyment. Millard Fillmore, we may readily believe, made the best use of the authors within his reach. Certainly, when he had been four years in his apprenticeship, his faculties were so trained and developed, and in such vigorous action, and through the rude exterior of the young clothier shone out a character of such nobleness, that Judge Walter Wood, of Cayuga County, to whom he became known at this period, urged him to study the law, and to meet the objection of his poverty, offered the necessary means, 'in confidence that such a person would some time have the ability and will to pay him from the fruits of a lucrative practice. His generous offers were considered and accepted; the apprentice bought his unexpired time; and for two years (except during the winter months, when he taught school, in order, as far as possible, to defray his own expenses), he pursued his legal studies in the office of his patron, with the industry and perseverance which have distinguished him through life.

In 1822, he removed to Buffalo, and at the close of another year, passed in study and instruction, he was admitted to the bar. Unwilling, with his untried powers, to enter into competition with the leaders of his profession in the country, he retired to Aurora, near his father's farm, and began there the practice of his new vocation. His integrity as well as his capacity were appreciated by a community that had watched with deeply interested attention his advancement, and his success surpassed his expectations. In 1826 he was married to Abigail Powers, the daughter of a clergyman inthe village, and in 1829, he was elected one of the members for the county in the State Assembly. In this body he held a place three years, distinguishing himself on all occasions by a practical wisdom in affairs, and by fearlessness, tact, and energy in their direction. He was particularly conspicuous for an active and influential advocacy of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and his conduct in every way so commended him to his constituency, as to assure him at all times of their ready support. In 1829 he was admitted a counsellor in the Supreme Court, and in 1830 he took up his residence in Buffalo. He had been all the while so diligent a student, and his abilities as an advocate had been displayed so frequently, and with such eminent success, that he had no difficulty in forming a most advantageous partnership with one of the principal lawyers of the country. In 1832 Mr. Fillmore was elected a representative in the Twenty-third Congress, in which he served with industry, but with the modesty becoming a new member, and therefore without attracting much attention except from those who were familiar with the processes by which the business of the House was accomplished. At the end of his term he resumed his place in the courts, but in 1836 the people again demanded his presence in Washington; and his conduct, particularly in the committee of elections, in the celebrated case from New Jersey, established his reputation, at least with his party, for the most valuable qualities of a legislator and statesman. To the next Congress he was chosen by the largest majority that had ever been given in his district, and we have the measure of his reputation among his peers and associates at this time, in his selection for the responsible position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in which is vested the leadership of the ascendant side of the House. In the duties of this post, at a trying and very important crisis, he manifested the industry of occupation, dignity of manner, and efficient practical talent, which had in all stations secured for him respect and confidence. At the close of the Twenty-seventh Congress he stood invested with the fame, which communities award with instinctive and unerring sagacity, of being a leader of the nation, one of the few from all parties, whose wisdom and virtue elevate them above all, into the atmosphere of the common reverence.

His friends were anxious for his continuance in public life, but he declined with unalterable decision. In an address to the electors of his county, dated at Washington, on the 18th of July, 1842, after a reviewal of the then recent history and present condition of affairs, he says:—

"Pardon the personal vanity, though it be a weakness, that induces me to recur for a moment to the cherished recollections of your early friendship and abiding confidence. I cannot give vent to the feelings of my heart without it. It is now nearly fourteen years since you did me the unsolicited honour to nominate me to represent you in the State Legislature. Seven times have I received renewed evidence of your confidence by as many elections, with constantly increasing majorities; and, at the expiration of my present Congressional term, I shall have served you three years in the State, and eight years in the National Councils. I cannot call to mind the thousand acts of generous devotion from so many friends who will ever be dear to my

heart without feeling the deepest emotions of gratitude. I came among you a poor and friendless boy. You kindly took me by the hand, and gave me your confidence and support. You have conferred upon me distinction and honours, for which I could make no adequate return but by an honest and untiring effort faithfully to discharge the high trusts which you confide to my keeping. If my humble efforts have met your approbation, I freely admit that, next to the approval of my own conscience, it is the highest reward which I could receive for days of unceasing toil, and nights of sleepless anxiety. I profess not to be above or below the common frailties of our nature. I will therefore not disguise the fact that I was highly gratified at my first election to Congress, yet I can truly say that my utmost ambition has been satisfied. I aspire to nothing more, and shall retire from the exciting scenes of political strife to the quiet enjoyments of my own family and fireside, with still more satisfaction than I felt when first elevated to this distinguished station."

In the same year he returned to the quiet practice of his profession; but in 1844, the delegation from New York, in the Whig National Convention, voted for his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and the State Convention of his party presented him in opposition to Silas Wright, for the office of Governor. It was a conflict that he would gladly have avoided, and the only one in which he was ever defeated. In 1847, he was elected Controller of the Finances, and he then removed to Albany, to discharge the duties of that office, which he held until February, 1849, when he resigned it to enter upon those of the Vice-Presidency, to which he had been called by the election of 1848. By another summons, he is now in what Kossuth has styled the "most honorable position in the world."

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Within the darkened chamber sat
A proud, but stricken form;
Upon her vigil-wasted cheeks
The grief-wrung tears were warm:
And faster streamed they as she bent
Above the couch of pain,
Where lay a with'ring flower that wooed
Those fond eyes fresh'ning rain!
The raven tress on that young brow
Was damp with dews of death;
And glassier grew her upraised eye
With ev'ry fluttering breath.
Coldly her slender fingers lay
Within the mourner's clasp,
Lightly they pressed that fost'ring hand,
And stiffen'd in its grasp!
Then low the mother bent her knee,
And cried in fervent prayer—
"Hear me, O God! mine own! my child!
O holy Father, spare!
My loved, my last, mine only one,
Tear her not yet away;
Leave this crushed heart its best, sole joy—
Be merciful, I pray!"
A radiance lit the maiden's face,
Though fixed in death her eye;
A smile had met the angel's kiss
That stole her parting sigh!
And round her cold lip still that smile
A holy brightness shed,
As though she joyed her sinless soul
To him who gave had fled!
The mother clasped the senseless form,
And shrieked in wild despair,
And kissed the icy lip and cheek,
And touched the dewy hair:
"She is not dead! she *could not die*—
So young, so fair, so pure!
Spare me, in pity spare this blow!
All else I can endure!
Take hope, take peace—this blighted head
Strike with thy heaviest rod!
But leave me this, thy sweetest boon—
Give back my child, O God!"
The suppliant ceased; her tears were stayed—
Hush'd were those wailings loud:
A hallowed peace crept o'er her soul;
Her head to earth was bowed
Low as her knee; for, as she knelt,
About her, lo! a flood
Of soft celestial lustre fell—
A form beside her stood!
And slowly then her awe-struck face
And frighted eyes she raised;
Her heart leaped high; those clouded orbs
Grew brighter as she gazed!
For, oh! they rested on a shape
Majestic, yet so mild,
Imperial dignity seemed blent
With sweetness of a child!
It spake not; but that saint-like smile
Was full of Mercy's light,
And Power and Pity from those eyes
Looked forth in gentle might.
Those angel looks, that lofty mien—
Have breathed without a word—
"Trust, and thy faith shall win thee all!
Behold, I am thy Lord!"
He turns, and on that beauteous clay
His God-like glances rest;
Commandingly the pallid brow
His potent fingers prest!
The frozen current flows anew
Beneath that quickening hand;
The pale lips, softly parting, move—
She breathes at his command!
The spirit in its kindred realm
Has heard its Master's call;
And back returning at that voice,
Resumes its earthly thrall!
And now from 'neath those snowy lids
It shines with meeker light,
As though 'twere chastened—purified
By even that transient flight!
Loud swells the mother's cry of joy—
To him how passing sweet!
Her child she snatches to her breast
And sinks at Jesus' feet.
Glory to thee, Almighty God,
Who spared my heart this blow;
And glory to thine only Son,
My Saviour's hand I know!"

FANNY.

A Narrative taken from the Lips of a Maniac.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead." KING LEAR.

THEY tell me I am mad—*mad!* No, I am not mad! In this den of horror I at least am sane. Reason, bursting from the heavy shackles which would press her down to death, now asserts her right. Yes—I am sane—though they tell me I am mad—*mad—ha! ha!*

Around me I hear the incoherent ravings of insanity—the wild screech and terrific yells of demoniac rage, as the unhappy wretch dashes against the iron bars and tears his very flesh in torture. Bursts of laughter echo around my prison walls, and eye-balls red and wild glare at me through yonder grating—but *I* am not mad!

Fanny! Fanny! where are you, my life, my love!

Ah-h! now the past comes up before me. Distinct as the clouds mirrored in some placid lake do the events of my life float by.

Stay—stay—fleeting images of pleasure and of woe—let me trace distinctly as your wavelets sweep over my soul the causes which have brought me here!

A boyhood spurning parental control,—a youth of wild, ungoverned passions. These—these—first point the path I trod. And whither—ah, whither have they led me!

My God!—to a mad-house! But *I am not mad!*

At twenty, giddy with the possession of uncontrolled riches, which, as an only son, fell to me at the death of my parents, I plunged wildly within the Maelström of dissipation. On—on in its soul-destroying vortex I was whirled for months—nay, years—madly, blindly, sweeping to my destruction. In a fortunate hour my reason, even as now, was restored to me—for remember I am not mad!

I suddenly became disgusted with that which had before seemed to me the *all* that life was designed for. I forsook my gay companions. I filled my library with the choicest books—my walls with the rarest paintings—my halls with master-pieces of sculpture.

I travelled—not to see life in the haunts of folly—but the world—poised in the Creator's hand; to learn from her majestic mountains, heaped up to the skies—from her mighty rivers—her foaming torrents—from the wild cataract and the flaming volcano, the power of God—and the insignificance of man!

It was in Italy, pure land of song, that I first met Fanny—the bright, the beautiful star of my destiny.

Ah, pause memory—pause on this blest vision! Pass not too soon from my tortured brain—but for a moment stay, and soothe me into forgetfulness of all, save Fanny and love!

A wasting malady had brought the father of Fanny from the bleak climate of Canada to the pure skies and genial airs of Italy, in the flattering hope that health would once more invigorate his feeble frame—and she, ministering angel, came with him.

The lily is not purer than was the soul of Fanny—nor the rose more beautiful than her cheek. She had been nurtured in the lap of indulgence—Heaven's breath scarce allowed to fan her brow—her delicate foot to touch the earth.

And I—I won this peerless one to be my bride!

Has Heaven aught in store for the blessed can rival that rapturous moment when I called Fanny mine. Fanny! Fanny! where are you now, my beautiful, my injured wife? And I—where am I—the tenant of a mad-house—the companion of maniacs—but I am not mad—no, not mad!

We laid her father, in the sleep of death, among the vine-clad hills, and then to my native shores I brought my lovely bride.

She was my idol, and at her feet I worshipped.

But a day of reverses came. The riches which I had foolishly deemed inexhaustible, I found were melting like the morning dew. Too late I saw the ruinous tendency of the life I had led. To retrieve, if possible, my sinking fortunes, I plunged deeply into speculations—seizing eagerly the wild, visionary schemes of artful or misguided men—and so lost all!

I had studiously concealed the truth from poor Fanny, hoping even yet to seize some golden opportunity to re-create a mine of wealth. But now the fatal fact must be told—poor, poor Fanny!

Like an angel she listened to me. She soothed my grief, and hushed my self-reproach by her embraces. Never had I loved her so well—never had she appeared to me in a light so beautiful.

Thus the sharpest wound was healed—and the loss of wealth for a time scarce heeded.

The necessity of doing something for our support pressed upon me, and my angel wife encouraged my efforts. I sought employment from those against whom wealth had barred my doors, and whom in my exaltation I scarce deigned to acknowledge—but now my pride was gone, and for Fanny's sake I sought from them to earn my daily bread. I obtained a lucrative business, and for a time was happy, for I was still enabled to place my dearest Fanny above want—even to surround her with some few of the luxuries with which her young life had been crowned.

But soon a new fear begat itself. I found my health rapidly declining. The life of pleasure I had led, and the shock lately sustained by my reverse of fortune, had materially injured a constitution naturally nervous and weak. What was to become of my poor Fanny in the event of my death! Upon this one thought I brooded despondingly. My exertions even for our present support were paralyzed, my health suffered more

and more, my form wasted, and my countenance became so changed, that even my best friends scarce recognized me.

Shall I go on? Shall I call up the monster-fiend that awoke me from my misery, only to plunge me by degrees into horrors deeper than the pit of hell?

"Ay, gibe and grin at me, fiend! I defy you now—you have accomplished your worst—there is not a deed more damnable left for me to do! ha! ha! you would drive me mad—you say I *am*—but, fiend, I am not mad!

One morning, a friend came into my office. With my elbows resting on my desk, and my hands supporting my aching temples, I sat brooding over the one dark thought, which, like an incubus, pressed upon my brain.

Townsend was an old acquaintance—one whom I loved and trusted—but I am now convinced he was no other than the devil, who had come to tempt me here—*here* amid the rattling of chains and shrieks of woe!

"Cheer up, Denton, cheer up, man—what ails you?" he cried, gaily slapping me on the back.

"Townsend, I am miserable," I replied. "My wife—my poor wife—my angel Fanny, what is to become of her? Were she less kind, less sympathizingly affectionate, I might perhaps be less sensitive for the future. Poor girl! I feel I shall not live long, and then—ah, Townsend, must her delicate frame bear fatigue, her tender hands be forced to labour!"

"Tut—tut, man—all nonsense, I tell you," answered my *friend*. "If you have a mind to die, so be it; but I have come in on purpose to suggest to you a means by which you can secure to Mrs. Denton not only a competence but comparative wealth."

"How! how!" I exclaimed, eagerly interrupting him, and starting to my feet; "only tell me, and I will for ever bless you!"

"Why, my dear fellow, the simplest thing in the world—you have only to get your life insured!" cried the tempter.

"How—my life insured!" I echoed.

"To be sure. Come, go with me to some responsible office, and insure your life for three, five, or ten thousand dollars, as you please. You will only have to pay a small premium, a mere trifle in comparison, and then, my dear fellow, you may welcome death as you would a *douche* in August, sure that her you love will be benefited by your demise."

"My dear friend," said I, warmly embracing him, "how can I sufficiently thank you for your suggestion? Come, why my heart already feels lightened of half its load—don't let us lose a moment's time—let me secure to my dear Fanny an independence, and then I may die in peace!"

"I am ready," replied Townsend, with a gay laugh.

Such a laugh! It yet rings in my ear—it pierces my brain—it echoes from corner to corner of this dismal cell—it rattles like a serpent through the straw on which my worn body rests—but, it cannot drive me mad!

In less than an hour the business was accomplished, and the policy in my hands, by which, in the event of my death before the expiration of the year, I secured to my dear wife the sum of ten thousand dollars; and, feeling happier than I had done for months, I sought my home.

My charming Fanny met me with a sweet kiss, and her watchful eyes soon read in mine that joy I was eager to speak.

"Ah, my dearest Henry," she said, caressing me, "I see you have good news for me—what is it has brought back the long banished smiles to your dear face?"

"Wait until we are alone, my dearest," I answered, for our *one* servant was then placing dinner on the table, "and then I will tell you why it is that I am so happy."

No sooner therefore was our meal ended and the servant retired, than drawing Fanny on my knee, and tenderly embracing her, I related the events of the morning.

But instead of sharing my happiness, as I imagined she would, she grew paler and paler as I proceeded; and, finally, throwing her arms around my neck, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Harry, how cruel to talk to me of riches which can only be mine through your death. Henry—Henry, do you think so meanly of me? would not every dollar speak to my soul as from the grave of all I hold dear? I will die with you, my husband, but I beseech of you, I pray you by all our love, to give up that hateful policy—no good will result from it."

Was her angel voice prophetic!

Would to God I had obeyed her, then these chains would not confine me; but I am not mad—no—not mad!

I could not but admit her reasoning to be perfectly natural—just such as one might expect from a young, loving heart—for it is a bitter thought that by the death of our souls' idols worldly comforts are to be granted us! And does not this tend to harden the feelings of the survivor—to crush the sensibilities, and render them insensible to those holy influences which come to the sincere mourner—turning sorrow into joy—mourning into gladness! Nay, does it not produce selfishness and unrighteous wishes, even *before* death!

Life Insurance! Ay, write it, fiend, in letters of flame, and seal it with the blood of sacrifice! ha, ha! you would scorch my brain—but you cannot—it is *seared—seared!*

[The reader must recollect this is the speech of a madman, for certainly no sane person can deny or doubt the immense benefits daily arising from the noble institution of Life Insurance. In the case of this poor wretch, it would seem that the sudden loss of wealth acting upon a mind unhealthy from youthful excesses, and shattered by illness, had produced a morbidness upon which any chimera long dwelt upon, no matter in what shape it appeared, might at length impel to insanity; indeed, the very fancy brooded over, that Fanny in the event of his death would become a beggar, had already driven him, as we have seen, to the verge of madness when his friend advised the life insurance, and it is easy to conceive how the re-action from despondency to joy might, in the sickly state of his mind, have produced the

lamentable result. Whatever, therefore, the unhappy Denton utters in his delirium against that institution, for whose blessings the widow and the fatherless daily offer up prayers of thankfulness, must be considered only as the ravings of insanity.]

I laboured in every way to do away the prejudices of my darling Fanny. I pictured to her in the strongest language what would be her wretched situation, left friendless and penniless by my death, and little by little she yielded to my arguments, and conversed calmly, though with an air of touching sadness, upon the subject.

My heart thus relieved of the burden so long oppressing it, I became cheerful. My sighs and melancholy no longer grieved the tender sympathies of Fanny; and, as in my happiness her own was found, what wonder her gaiety soon out-measured mine. Indeed, one would have thought we were possessed of all the treasures of the earth, we were so happy. And what are the treasures earth can boast to equal love and contentment! I know it—ah, I know it—for these treasures were once mine—but they are gone—*gone* I say—ha! do you mock me, fiend—do you laugh at my agony!

This state of bliss soon ended.

The demon came—whispering words which turned my heart to ice, and set my brain on fire!

I began to look jealously upon poor Fanny's uniform cheerfulness. Well may she laugh—well may she sing, urged the demon—what care has she for the future—*she* is provided for! True, you are near death—what of that—will it not shower down gold upon *her*—ha—ha—ha! She will turn from your grave with a smile, and revel in the proceeds of—A Life Insurance!

From that hour I grew suspicious of everything my poor wife said or did—her every action was scanned, every word translated to meet my own bitter jealousy. I became moody, rude, fretful—nay, harsh to my angel Fanny; and if, when I saw her tears, and her cheek turn pale at my cruelty, my heart moved with pity, the demon, with a hideous laugh, would cry "*Cockatrice*—she only weeps and wishes you were dead!"

One day I came home with a violent headache, and threw myself upon the sofa. Fanny stole to my side, with a step so noiseless and gentle I heard her not, and kneeling down she parted my hair from my fevered brow, and kissed my closed eyelids.

"Dear Henry, can I do anything for you?" she softly murmured. "You are sick; your hands are hot, and your cheek feverish—tell me what I can do for you, dearest?"

I made her no answer; but I glared upon her with *such* a look that she trembled and turned pale; then once more stooping over me, until her golden ringlets touched my cheek, she said again,

"Henry, let me send for a physician—indeed, you must."

"Ha, wretch! traitress!" I cried, suddenly starting up, and pushing her from me with violence; "you would have the work finished soon!—eh? You would soon put me under ground if you could, woman!"

"Henry, Henry!" cried Fanny, with a look which is fastened on my brain—and, with a convulsive groan, she sank fainting upon the floor.

In a moment all my affection returned. I hung over her insensible form—I kissed her pale lips—I besought her to forgive me. I bathed her temples—I called her by every endearing name. At last she opened her eyes, and catching her to my breast, I wept my contrition. I added falsehood to my infamy; attributing the words I had uttered to the effects of opium taken to relieve a raging tooth-ache.

The dear girl believed me; and with a sweet, angelic smile forgave, and blamed herself for being so easily disturbed.

We passed the evening happily, and for several days my jealousy slumbered.

But again the demon got possession of me, and again my infernal suspicions goaded me almost to madness. Why did I not go mad! See how the fiends mock me; and with their fleshless fingers point at me, crying—"You are mad *now*—but no—no—I am not mad!"

It was a lovely day in October. I had walked out far from city haunts. The pure breath of Heaven cooled my fevered brain—my pulse beat less wildly, until by degrees a sweet serenity crept over me. I thought of Fanny, of her love, of the patience and forbearance with which she had met my cruel treatment of her. My heart bled for her, and tears of pity bedewed my cheek.

Once more I sought my home. It was long since I had offered my injured Fanny any of those kind attentions it should be a husband's pride and pleasure, as well as his duty, to bestow; but in this softened, subdued moment I resolved to take her to ride, the day was so lovely, the air so bland, it would do her good.

I entered the house; *and the demon stole in by my side*, though I felt him not. I ran up stairs; Fanny was not in her room, so again I went below, and was about to enter the parlour, when the words "life insurance" met my ear. It was the voice of Fanny. "Ha!" cried the demon, grasping my heart in his sharp talons, and wringing it till my life's blood seemed bursting out—"ha! do you hear?"

Unperceived we stole into the room—the demon and I. Fanny was in earnest conversation with a female friend, whose husband I knew to be wasting away in a consumption. Tears stood in the beautiful eyes of Fanny, while her friend held her handkerchief to her face, as if in deep grief. Their conversation was low; the only words I could catch were those I have named. My wife grew more earnest as she proceeded—her companion removed her handkerchief, and appeared to listen intently—she even smiled—and so did Fanny—and again the words "life insurance" hissed through my brain!

This was proof enough. My artful wife was, no doubt, setting forth to her friend the pleasures she would reap from my death; and that when I was placed in the tomb—then, and only then, should she begin to enjoy life. And not only was she thus wickedly anticipating my death, but she was also encouraging this *worthy*

friend of her's to take advantage of this same institution, instigated and supported by the Evil One, to secure to herself a good round sum of money, and a round sum of enjoyment.

Perhaps they were even then devising means to murder us! So said the demon.

I could bear no more. I rushed upon them *like* a maniac.

"Vile, unfeeling wretches!" I exclaimed, "is it thus you plot and plan for the death of your husbands? Is it thus you form schemes for revelling in the ill-deserved wealth which may then be yours? With suppressed laughter you would close the coffin-lid, and dance over our scarce cold remains, shouting Ho-ho-ho! for the merry life insurance!

Before I had done speaking, poor Fanny was stretched senseless upon the floor, while frightened and amazed, her companion fled the room.

And so did I. Leaving my wife in a state of insensibility, I flew to my chamber. I raved and tore like a madman—but remember, I was not mad. No, it was not madness—for madness utters it knows not what, and memory takes no heed: but *I*—I knew all—no, I was not mad—I *am* not mad!

From that day I saw poor Fanny's heart was broken. She breathed no complaint—she uttered no reproach, not even from those languid eyes which ever beamed on me with so much tenderness—wretch, infamous wretch that I was! but I saw the fatal blow was given. And I also saw, with a fiendish joy, that she was afraid of me—yes, *afraid*—ha! ha! She thought me mad—*me!* How I revelled in this idea; what gambols I held with my demon, in my joy, that I could affright her timid soul—how I gloried in it! Her monomania was such a farce, to believe *me* mad! I knew she would die sooner than complain of my treatment—and the demon shouted, "Take your revenge now for the happiness she expects from your death; give ten thousand deathly stabs to her heart, by your unkindness, for the *ten thousand dollars* she will finger! Leave her no peace—waste her to a skeleton, and then—*let her enjoy the life insurance—ha! ha!*"

Sometimes I would resolve to live until the day the policy expired, and then die—*cheat her at last.*

There were seasons, however, when I threw off the mask of the madman—for, remember, I was not mad—when I would take my Fanny to my arms with love and kindness, when I would entreat her to forgive me, while, with her true woman's heart, she would bless me and pardon my guilt toward her.

On the first of February the policy on my life would expire. For some weeks I had been uniformly kind to my poor wife. The demon had departed for a season, but you may be sure he was not far off. As the first of the month drew near, she became more cheerful—her step was lighter, and a smile, as of old, played around her sweet mouth.

It was the afternoon of the 31st of January that I drew Fanny to my bosom as I reclined upon the sofa, and carelessly playing with her beautiful ringlets as I spoke, said—

"Do you know, dearest Fanny, the policy on my life expires to-morrow, and yet you see here I am hale and hearty—what a pity!"

"Thank God, my dear Henry, that you are so!" she replied, tenderly embracing me, "thank God!" and tears glistened on her long curling lashes.

"Shall I renew it, Fanny?" I asked smiling in her face.

"Oh no, Henry, not for worlds—if you love me, don't renew it!" she cried, slipping from my arms upon her knees, and pressing my head to her bosom. "Oh, dear Henry, you know not the agony I have suffered from that simple act of yours, done in all love and kindness to me—no, Henry, don't renew it!" she added, while a shudder passed over her.

"Ah," whispered the demon, tugging at my heart-strings till they snapped, "is not she a good actress?—how well she feigns; she weeps, don't she—but it is because you are not in the church-yard!"

For the first time I paid no heed to the demon, but kissing my darling Fanny, and promising I would comply with her wishes, I withdrew to my office.

That evening—little did I think it was to be my last with my beloved—my angel wife—my *last—last—last!*

Ay, howl, ye mocking fiends! gibe and chatter, and clap your hands with hellish joy! shriek to my burning brain, "*It was the last!*" What care I—you cannot drive me mad!

That evening we were so happy—we talked of the future, we reared temples of happiness wherein our days were to be spent—but the demon set his foot upon them, and lo! they were dashed to pieces, and in an instant I was transformed from the tender, loving husband to the maniac—but I was not mad.

I turned upon my wife with the demon's eyes. She grew suddenly pale. She went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of wine; she brought it to me and said timidly, "Will you drink this, Henry?"

I dashed it from her hand—I struck her a blow!—Heavens! why was not my arm paralyzed!—and cried, in a voice of fury—

"Wretch! murderess!—would you poison me?"

Fanny stood for a moment transfixed with woe unutterable—it was too deep for tears; then taking the lamp, she slowly, slowly left the room, casting back upon me a look so full of grief—of pity.

In a few moments I softly followed her upstairs—I gently pushed open the door of our sleeping chamber. She did not hear my approach. She was kneeling by the bedside, her white hands upheld in prayer. Yes, she was praying—praying God for *me*—praying Him to restore my *reason*, to remove the darkness from my mind! *My reason!*—ha—ha!—how I chuckled as I listened.

I threw myself on the bed without speaking, and was soon asleep, or feigning to be so—narrowly watching, meanwhile, every motion of Fanny, for the demon whispered, *she meant to to save the life insurance!*

She did not undress, but sat for a while in a large easy chair. Sometimes she wept, sometimes she seemed engaged in prayer.

"*Kill—kill—kill!*" I muttered, as if in sleep.

She started—her eye-balls dilated with terror. She rose quickly from her seat, as if to fly; but the next moment she softly approached the bed, her countenance changing from terror to pity.

"My poor, poor Henry—God help thee!" she murmured.

She then cautiously stepped across the room and carefully examined the windows, to see if they were fastened. She then took down my pistols. I knew they were not loaded; she, too, appeared to recollect it, and gently replaced them. With a timid step she next approached the bureau and opened my dressing-case, glancing uneasily at the bed as she did so. Good heavens! what was she about to do!

Ah, I knew—though I cunningly closed my eyes and lay still.—Still she could not make me believe she was only anxious to put all dangerous weapons from the power of a *madman*—no—no, I knew better!

She drew forth a razor—and then softly, softly, softly, she turned from the bureau, and—

But I waited for no more. With a horrible cry, I sprung from the bed, and with one bound stood before her. I snatched the razor from her hand—I waved its shining blade in triumph.

"Wretch! murderess!" I cried.

"I attempted to seize her—she eluded my grasp, and ran shrieking from the room. I rushed wildly after her, shouting madly down the stairs—through the hall. I saw her white garments as she sprang through the street door. "On—on—after her—after her!" cried the demon.

But strong men seized me; they bound me with cords—they called me *mad*—they brought me here—they shut me up with maniacs; but I am not mad—no, no—not mad!

The demon, with a fiendish joy, whispers, "Fanny was an angel—Fanny was innocent—that I have killed her!"

Fanny! Fanny! Fanny!—where are you? Come to me, my love! No, she will not come! the fiends are keeping her from me! Ah, I see them as they wind themselves around her delicate form. Break from them, my angel—my wife come to me! *See!* she too laughs and mocks my groans! Now—now I am, indeed, growing mad—mad!

LOITERINGS AND LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES OF THE FARTHEST WEST.

BY J. M. LEGARE.

In October of '46, while on a visit to St. Louis, I met a college mate, Charles G., who, after a two years' ramble toward the South, was now about to lace on his moccasin again, from a pure love of adventure, and distaste for the so-called comforts of life in the States. He had once before traversed the prairies skirting the Mississippi, and even passed a winter among the Chippeways on the frozen lakes, but his present design was to build a lodge somewhere in the neighburhood of the head-waters of the Missouri, and run the risk of losing his scalp for the sake of the abundance of game of all sorts, and freedom from the trammels of civilization, to be found on the farther side of the Yellow-stone river. As I had abundance of leisure, and not a little fancy for stirring adventure myself, he readily made me a convert to his way of thinking, and in three days we were steaming up the Missouri for Fort Leavenworth, where we designed taking a canoe and paddling the rest of the voyage. This outpost is fully 600 miles from St. Louis; but as these sketches are such as one would scrawl off, lying full length on the grass, with rifle within reach, and a blazing fire in front, drawing savory steams from a haunch of antelope, or deer, or buffalo hump, I will describe nothing so commonplace as a voyage in the high-pressure steamer, which landed us in company with half a regiment of raw dragoons *en route* for New Mexico.

We were all anxiety to begin our expedition in earnest, and the same day purchased a dug-out, of sufficient capacity, from a couple of traders on their way down stream, in which we embarked the next morning by daylight, with a cargo consisting of a keg or two of powder, pig-lead, Mackinaw blankets, biscuits, coffee, and liquor enough to take the clayey taste out of a *few* gallons of the river water. Our party consisted of four,—Charlie G., myself, a Canadian trapper, named Jean le Louche, from an outrageous squint in one eye, whom Charlie had hunted with formerly, and hailed as an old acquaintance, and now hired to add to the physical strength of the future little garrison, and lastly, a woolly-headed servitor of mine (Jock), more honest than brilliant (I mean intellectually—for his face shone), who had begged hard to accompany me in place of being sent back to Carolina. The true banks of the Missouri are from two to twenty miles apart, and two or three hundred feet in perpendicular height, sometimes rising in pinnacles and terraces, studded with glittering fragments of gypsum, making a splendid show in the full blaze of the sun, and variegated with broad parallel stripes of red, yellow, and grey, where the stratas of different soils appear in their natural position, laid bare by the heavy rains. The space between is occupied by a rich plain, deposited by the river during its frequent overflowings; and through this beautiful meadow, shaded as it is here and there by forests and groves of cotton-wood, beech, sycamore, and oak, the current flows, winding, from bank to bank, with an average rate of speed of four or five miles. From the summit of the cliffs stretches a vast level prairie quite to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of perhaps 2,500 miles; but of this great pasture for game I will say nothing for the present, but return to the regions of the river, which abound with antelopes, deers, bears, and big-horns—the former trooping down the grassy slopes in herds of from fifty to a hundred,

stamping their little feet and stretching out their necks in their impatience to learn the errand of the voyageurs, and the last-mentioned making their appearance on the most inaccessible heights, often standing motionless between the looker and the blue sky above, like images carved out of the chalk which capped many of the peaks. These wild sheep or goats (for they resemble both), I observed frequently perched upon the precipitous banks within reach, or very nearly, of a good rifle from the shore, but on pointing this out to Jean, the voyageur, he only laughed, saying, "*Sacrê!* monsieur, dat vere true—a'most, toujours, a'most—but nevare anyting else. *Monsieur, bighorn a bien de connaissance*—all the Injens call him 'med'cine'—ha! Him stan' vere quite—him not move an pouce. Mais, tenez, him eye fixed on you steady, not so much as make vink. Ven you come assez close, you raise your fusil—oh, vere softly—den you quite sure ob him rib for supper. Mais—dans l'instant—*sacrê!*—where him jomp? You look leetle more high up de cliff, and dare him stan' a'most in de—de—how you call? Ah, in de shot-rifle! Nevare mind, you say, I not so s'ow anoder time. Den you climb up leetle vay and take de aim agen. Mais, come autrefois, him no longer there—mais, *a'most*—ah, diable! toujours *a'most!*"

We laughed at Jean's odd description of the habits of these wonderful mountain-sheep, which he rendered more forcible by his extravagant gestures, sometimes rising suddenly in our narrow canoe, at the risk of turning it bottom upward.

"But," said I, "what if one where to drive one of your 'medicine' goats where he would have no higher place to leap to, and only a sheer precipice before him?"

"Oh, ho, monsieur, you tink you got him vere safe now—mais, monsieur, med'cine not tink so—him laugh, oh vere much in him sleeve—diable! in him hide! Eh bien, you much fatigué—you say to yourself, now or nevare! Den you raise your rifle for the last time—your finger feel for de trigger—*n'est c'pas?* Hola! sacrè, diable, ventrebleu—were him? You rub your eye, you open him wide—*so* wide. Presently you look more closer—you not see no terrace, noting but deep prec'pice.—Ha! den you smile vid yourself, you quite sure him break de neck at de bottom. You creep down, creep down vere slow, dat your neck might not brake *aussi*. Mais, ven you reach de bottom, you not see him no vere!"

"How—you don't mean to say that this devil of a goat can fall a hundred feet or more, without breaking every bone in his body?"

"Précisement, monsieur, précisement. Ven him jump down, him fall on him big horn—him not break noting at all. Den à l'instant on him four foot—him cut caper—him say, *bec—bah!* And dat is de last you shall see of monsieur vid de grand hornes—eh bien!"

This was all very fine, but I credited about one-half of Jean's assertions, and determined to embrace the first opportunity of trying a shot on my own account. Accordingly, while the others were constructing our usual night-camp one afternoon, I slipped quietly away, and after a half-hour's prying about, discovered a big-horn, and crept cautiously under the cliff upon which he was perched, but the animal discovered me before I could get within long-shot. I followed, however, and to do so was obliged to begin the ascent, which was toilsome and sometimes dangerous, from the narrowness of the ledges affording foot-hold. Several times my eye glanced along the rifle-barrel, but before I could draw the trigger, a sudden leap would again place him out of reach; and in this manner I persisted in creeping and clambering higher and higher, until I found myself near the edge of the prairie above, and the big-horn some distance *below*, with only a sloping ledge intervening between us. I saw in a moment that he could not escape me this time, unless he threw himself over the brink of the precipice, as Jean related—a feat I placed no faith in.

To reach the nimble animal it was necessary to slide a portion of the way down the inclined shelf, which I did sitting, with my eye fixed on the game; the first part of the slope was hard clay, and I counted on putting a stop to my descent a dozen or so yards below, where a stratum of sand appeared; but when I reached what I taken for sand, I found it to be sand-*stone* instead, and so smooth, that my velocity was augmented rather than retarded. Away I went faster than ever.—I quite forgot the big-horn, and only thought of saving myself from a leap which would certainly prove fatal without a pair of monstrous spiral horns. Luckily, the ledge became horizontal before it terminated, which saved my neck; but the seat of my trowsers, although of stout buckskin, were grated away, and it was a great marvel I was not ground off to the waist. As for the big-horn, he had thrown himself over even before I touched the rock, and up the face of this last I was obliged to climb, breaking holes in the slippery surface with my hatchet to serve as steps, before I could regain my former position. I related my disaster with the best grace I could to a grinning audience around the camp-fire, and sought consolation in the broiled ribs of a fat doe Jean had brought in, during a running fire of jokes and mock sympathy directed against me, sitting *in naturalibus* as to my legs, while Jock stitched in a new piece of leather where it was most needed. A day or two after this we came upon a herd of buffaloes for the first time. A party of Kanzas, whom we met on their way to Fort Leavenworth, informed us that not many leagues due west large game abounded—an assertion borne out by the long strips of jerked meat with which their pack-horses were loaded. The same day we arrived opposite Bellevue, and after a council held, determined to land, drag our canoe and freight into the enclosure of the station, and spend a week or two in collecting a good store of buffalo-tongues and pemican. Accordingly, we disembarked, and found no difficulty in lodging our small vessel in a block-house not far from the water's edge, the main fort being situated on the brow of a hill of considerable elevation. Here we purchased horses with the condition of returning them to the traders from whom they were obtained, should we return in the course of a few weeks and desire to continue our voyage.

On the second or third day (I forget which),

Jean, on mounting a steep eminence somewhat in advance, cried out, "*Voila des buffaloes!*" in a rapturous manner, which quickly brought us to his side. Sure enough, some miles off, a vast number of black specks were to be distinguished scattered over the plain below, a semicircular range of low hills, separating the prairie we had just traversed, and which terminated at the banks of the Missouri, from that stretching to the Platte River. As a light wind was blowing in the direction of the buffaloes, we retraced our steps down the side of the hill, and following the direction of the range, after a couple of hours' ride, came into the immediate vicinity of the grazing herds, but this time to leeward. From the thicket of dwarf bushes bordering the ravine in which we stood, and extending into the plain a short distance, was little more than three hundred yards to the nearest group, and we could see all the cows and half-grown calves lying about in the sunshine, or feeding by twos or threes, while the bulls paraded themselves, occasionally tearing up the soil with their hoofs, bellowing, and locking horns with a chance antagonist, all wholly unsuspicious of the proximity of an enemy. We determined to descend the ravine cautiously, and, if possible, get a standing shot from the extremity of the cover before making a dash into the open plain; but our care was thrown away, for before we had advanced fifty yards, a pack of wolves, who were lurking about the skirt of the herd, in the hope probably of making a meal of a sick individual, galloped off toward the next line of thicket, and drew the attention of those closest to our party. There was now no chance of approaching unperceived, so dashing boldly out, we each selected a victim as we rode, and made straight for it, regardless of the rest. The rest, however, were far from unmindful of our presence, and such a bellowing, roaring, and scampering, I never saw or heard before. Some of the larger bulls stood for an instant eyeing us through the shaggy mane in which their heads were buried, cast earth into the air, lowered their horns as if for a rush, but immediately after wheeled, and, tail on end, followed their companions in an ungainly sort of race, which, when hard pushed, they exchanged for a lumbering gallop.

The whole surface of the prairie, as far as eye could see, was now in motion, the nearer masses thundering along amidst clouds of dust, and making the plain quake with the dint of thousands of hoofs, while those in the distance were just beginning to take the alarm, and stopped frequently, fronting about to distinguish the cause of the disturbance. We had only time to make these hasty observations, when our horses bore us into the very midst of the *melée*, and as, of course, every thing was literally lost sight of, as well as forgotten for a time, with the exception of one's own deeds and misdeeds, I will confine myself for the present to what befell me in person. I cannot say whether the others succeeded in reaching the buffaloes they had selected from the cover, but for my part, I lost sight of the cow I had chosen before I was fairly among the panic-stricken multitude; my horse, however, was a thorough Indian hunter, and entering into the spirit of the thing, presently brought me alongside of a huge bull, who with his stump of a tail elevated at an angle of forty degrees, head down, and small, red eyes dilated with terror, was making the most of his time under the circumstances. At first, our course took us into a dense crowd of fugitives, who would have been only too glad to afford us plenty of space, had it laid in their power to do so; as it was, I saw myself at one hasty glance, surrounded on all sides by the flying throng, some ahead, striving their utmost to keep out of harm's way, others on each side jostling and pressing their fellows, and others again, those we had passed in our career, bringing up the rear, and laboring to overtake their more vigorous companions, and all seen dimly through a cloud of dust, and in the midst of an uproar which I never saw equalled. I think this must have been the last general observation I made, for a moment after, the bull to whom we had attached ourselves broke from the flank of the moving mass, toward which he had been by degrees edging, and made across the prairie at an acute angle to the line of flight pursued by the greater number. This manœuvre gave him a start of some yards, as it was no easy matter to extricate ourselves at a moment's warning; but when we did, the superior speed of my horse rapidly decreased the distance between us. Now that there was only one object to engross my attention, I entered heart and soul into the wild excitement of the chase, and as far as my individual senses were concerned, the world was compressed in a single buffalo, hotly pressed by a half-mad horseman, the one endeavouring as strenuously to preserve his life, as the other to take it. Away we went—sometimes over the short-tufted sward, then into a wooded hollow, and out again on the other side—up hills and down, at the same furious pace at which we had parted from the herd. I was soon enabled to use my rifle, which the denseness of the throng in which we had at first ridden had prevented me from doing to advantage, as there was no room to wheel, and to have attempted a halt would have been a sure means of finding ourselves run down, and possibly trampled to death by the press behind. We were now running abreast, and holding my rifle across the saddle, and braced against my left arm, I fired without sighting, and lodged the ball in his bushy neck instead of behind the fore-shoulder, as I intended.

At the report, my steed, who knew well what he was about, dashed off at a tangent just in time to avoid a furious charge from the horns of the huge brute, but in a short while we had recovered the lost ground, and were bearing hard upon his flank. This time I used my pistol, and, as it happened, with success; for my finger pressing the trigger sooner than I designed, the charge hamstrung the bull and brought him down headlong in an instant, rolling over in a whirlwind of dust. As he was now safe enough, I dismounted, reloaded, and approached with the bridle over my arm, to give the *coup de grace;* and this I was glad to do, for the poor brute had raised himself on his fore legs and was making violent efforts to regain his feet, his eyes blood-shot and rolling, and a bloody foam flying from his nostrils, while he bellowed as much from terror and rage as pain. A third bullet put an end to his suffer-

ings, and after cutting out the tongue, I looked about for the rest of the party. Nothing whatever was to be distinguished moving on the great level, but far away to the north, a low, gray mist showed the route pursued by the herd. A perfect stillness had fallen over all nature, and this sudden change from the recent life and tumult was startling and even oppressive. No idea can be formed of the solitude of these vast tracts from that experienced in the midst of a forest; for in the latter there are either birds, or living creatures of some sort, or if there be none of these, every trunk aids in creating an echo, and the very motion and rustling of leaves convey an idea of existence; but alone in the open prairie, the voice is lost in the vast space if a shout is attempted, and a solemn hush succeeds which overawes the rudest heart. I felt much relieved, then, when from the summit of a mound some hundred yards removed, I perceived on the farther side of a low ridge, a number of buffaloes which had been headed off, and were now making straight for where I stood. They must have been nearly two miles distant, and it was not until they were near enough to distinguish my presence and wheel as I approached, that I perceived any one in pursuit. It was Charlie, who fired at the moment, and brought down a fat cow, as I discovered when I reached the spot. I assisted in cutting off the choicest portions of the meat, after which we rejoined the others half a mile farther on. Jean's horse was loaded with thin strips of meat, two or three tongues, and a couple of humps, the greatest delicacy of the prairies; and on these we feasted that night, building our camp at the foot of the ravine down which we had descended some hours before. Every one had some exploit or misadventure to relate. Jean had killed two bulls and a cow, and Charlie a couple of cows, but the last had received a fall, and bruised his shoulder in rather an odd manner. When a herd of buffaloes are excited and begin running, a number of the bulls are usually found in the rear, and these, in the first panic, rushing blindly onward, and being more clumsy than the cows, not unfrequently stumble in some of the numerous holes in the surface, and roll over and over before they can recover their legs; although occasionally the violence of the shock is such that they are maimed and unable to make much progress afterward. Charlie had just finished his first cow, and was in the act of pursuing another, when one of these accidents occurred directly in his path, and both he and his horse were precipitated over the shaggy monster on the instant. Fortunately, he was not at full speed, or the fall might have been fatal; and he possessed presence of mind enough to retain fast hold of the bridle, so that, although dragged a short distance, he was enabled to prevent his hunter from following the throng and ultimately to regain his seat. But the worst off of all was Jock, who had begged so hard to be allowed to try his chance also, that we had given him a heavy horseman's pistol, and left him to tie the pack-horse in the ravine when we sallied forth from cover. It seemed that having done so securely, as he thought, he galloped after a cow, which, from frequently facing about to protect the retreat of her calf, had fallen behind the others. This female buffalo turned out to be a regular vixen, for either exasperated at the *color* of her pursuer, or unwilling to abandon her offspring without a struggle, contrary to their usual custom, instead of scouring off the faster when pushed hard, she wheeled and made a determined rush at the terrified Jock. He managed to fire full at her breast, but without the least apparent success, for the next instant his horse was knocked over broadside by the impetus of her charge, and he himself projected through the air, and landed on his head with a shock which would have fractured the skull of any but a negro.

However, on rising, he had the satisfaction of seeing his late antagonist lying quite dead, the ball having entered her heart, and the effort which overthrew her enemy being the last of life. There was a slight drawback to this self-gratulation in the fact that his horse had taken advantage of the moment of liberty to dart after a detachment of the great herd which had thundered by, and could now be distinguished afar off, the flapping of Jock's mackinaw-blanket, which had been tied about the steed's neck, and served the rider in place of a saddle, every instant accelerating his speed. When he came to look about, nevertheless, his face expanded into a grin of delight, for the calf had stopped short when the dam was slain, and now returned, stamping his feet, and eyeing the sable hunter with some signs of anger, and certainly very few of fear. Jock from the first moment had coveted the calf, and now, in his charming ignorance, thought nothing easier than to catch it by the ears and to drag it into the ravine, where he could secure it alive with a cord. With this design, he marched directly up to his proposed prisoner, who stood his ground by the side of the carcase, his small red eyes watching the enemy from under his shaggy brows; but the instant Jock stretched out his hands to clutch him, the undaunted little brute plunged forward, and gave the former a thump in the stomach, which knocked the breath fairly out of his body, and laid him flat on his back in the grass. Greatly indignant, the discomfited aggressor scrambled up and began a search for his pistol, which in the fall from his horse he had lost possession of, but before he could recover it, the calf, emboldened by success, made a second attack on him, and taking Jock at a disadvantage in that portion of his body which is most prominent in stooping over, cleverly caused him to perform an involuntary somersault. This was the last of Jock's adventure, for as soon as he could recover his perpendicular, he took to his heels, and now related his ill luck with a crest-fallen air enough. We all went to see this sturdy calf, but the little fellow had no sooner caught sight of our white (or what passed for white) faces, than he scampered off, and we saw no more of him. Jock profited by this retreat to find his pistol, but when we returned to the ravine we discovered a worse misadventure had occurred—the pack-horse had broken loose, and gone off at full speed, to judge from the numerous cups, pans, and a dozen other miscellaneous articles scattered for some yards along his track until he got clear of the bushes.

THE PARK AND CITY HALL, NEW YORK

(See Engraving.)

THE first *Stadt Huys* in New York was constructed of stone, and stood originally at the head of Coenties Slip, facing on Pearl Street, towards the East river. It was built as early in the Dutch dynasty as 1642, and became so weakened and impaired in half a century afterwards, that the court sitting there recommended it to be sold, and another to be constructed. In 1699, they sold the old building for nine hundred and twenty pounds, "reserving only the bell, the King's arms, and iron works (fetters) belonging to the prison." By the agreement, leave was granted "that the cage, pillory, and stocks, before the same, be removed any time within one year, and the prisoners in the City Hall to remain one month." In front of all these, on the river, was placed the *Rondeal*, or Half-Moon Fort, where it probably assisted the party sheltered in the City Hall, while the civil war prevailed."

The new building must have been finished in 1700. It stood at the head of Broad Street, fronting on Wall Street; and its lower story formed an open arcade over the foot pavement. It was also the proper prison of the city, and had before it, on Broad Street, a whipping-post, pillory, &c. There were also held the sessions of the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, and the Mayor and Admiralty Courts. It was finally altered to suit the Congress; and at that time the prisoners were moved to the new gaol in the park; but the Congress removing to Philadelphia, it was again altered to receive the courts and the State Assembly.

"It was in the gallery of the old City Hall, on Wall Street," says Watson, in his Annals, "that General Washington was inaugurated the First President of the United States. The oath of office was taken in the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, in the view of an immense concourse of citizens. There this nobleman of Nature, with his noble height and port, in a suit of dark silk velvet of the old cut, steel-hilted small sword by his side, hair in bag and full powdered, in black silk hose, and shoes with silver buckles, made his pledge on a quarto Bible, still preserved in St. John's Lodge. How uprightly, intelligently, and disinterestedly, he executed his task, history will never cease to tell to his fame and glory."

The present City Hall was erected in 1803, at an expense of half a million of dollars. The front and sides are constructed of white marble, and the remainder of red sandstone. It is a beautiful edifice, and only wants elevation. When the trees of the Park are in full leaf, it is difficult to get an entire view of it.

The Park is the centre of New York, and its two most thronged and finest avenues form the two sides of it. Broadway, the much crowded and much praised Broadway, the Corso, the Toledo, the Regent Street of New York, pours its tide of population past the western side of the verdant triangle, and just at the Park, its crowd and its bustle are thickest. Broadway is a noble street, and on its broad side-walks may be seen every thing that walks the world in the shape of a foreigner, or a fashion—beauties by the score, and men of business by the thousand.

It would be difficult in one day to describe the prevailing style of dress in Broadway, for fashions have become unfashionable, and each man and woman dresses as fortune pleases. But here is a picture of dresses in Broadway a century ago—

"Men wore three-square or cocked hats, and wigs; coats with large cuffs, and big skirts lined and stiffened with buckram. The coat of a beau had three or four large plaits in the skirts, and wadding, like a coverlet, to keep them smooth. The cuffs were very large, up to the elbows, open below, and loaded with lead to keep them down. The cape was thin and low, so as readily to expose the close-plaited neck-stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver stock-buckle on the back of the neck. The shirts were worn with hand-ruffles, and sleeve-buttons were worn at the wrist, of precious stones or gold. The little boys wore wigs, like their elders, and their dresses generally were similar to those of the men. Coats of red plush were very fashionable, and the breeches were commonly made of this material."

HEART'S ECHOES.

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

BEATING, beating, still repeating, in the never-ceasing strife—
Strife!
Straining, straining, never gaining, how it battles on the life!
Life!
Building, building, ever gilding, fairy castles in the air—
Air!
Fleeting, fleeting, from our meeting, only echo answers 'Where?'
"Where?"
Sighing, sighing, ever trying for the empty bubble, fame—
Fame!
Groping, groping, always hoping, till it finds it but a name—
Name!

Telling, telling, with its knelling, of the sad and weary past;
Past!
Strewing, strewing, its undoing, like the leaves to autumn's blast;
Blast!
Striving, striving, never thriving, till the dial points too late;
Late!
Dreaming, dreaming in its deeming of the wayward course of fate;
Fate!
Showing, showing, ever flowing, like the waters to and fro;
Fro!
Rolling, rolling, Time is tolling, for the changing *heart's echo!*
Echo!

DEATH OF FENIMORE COOPER.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.



(From a Daguerreotype, taken from Life by Brady of New York.)

THE announcement of the death of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER awakens many bright recollections of the past, and sends the thoughts backward over a long, shining line of literary achievements, as proud for the author of them, as they were happy for the character of his country. Of his later writings, when his thoughts had become absorbed in political interests, we have too little knowledge to be able to speak with accuracy. We prefer to view him—

"In the power
And beauty of his happier hour."

Long before he had given his talents to themes less genial than those which had inspired his early genius, he had done enough for immortality—enough for affectionate reverence—enough for abiding gratitude! To the younger authors of our time, Mr. Cooper's reputation stands like a fixed star in the upper ether: to them it has never been other than an established reality; as it is now, so was it when first they looked forth to admire and enjoy. We remember the rising of that great luminary: we beheld it as it ascended along the arch of Fame, illumining the earth below it, and shedding a richer light even over the radiance of the heavens; we were witnesses of its progress as it grew clearer and fuller at each upward stage of its orbit, till at length it took its firm place in the zenith, among the eternal things of history. We recur, with vivid sensibility, to the time when Cooper's novels were what California gold mines and Cuban expeditions have been since, the great events and interests of the hour. With what breathless delight, with what surprised satisfaction, each new creation of that inexhaustible imagination was hailed by a world of

readers who felt for the author of these fruitful marvels every enthusiasm that personal gratification and national pride could kindle. It was at a time when the literary jealousy of the two countries was at the highest, and when, on the other side of the water, Sir Walter Scott was everything :—

"Or if not all, so much,
His very rivals almost thought him such."

At this moment, there went up on the American side of the ocean a light, fit to shine face to face, against the other orb, even in its noon-tide lustre. It is not easy to describe the exultation with which this splendid competition was watched. Not one ray of Cooper's genius was borrowed from Scott; not an element of his art was imitated from him: he was as original, and peculiar, and unapproachable in his department as the Scottish romancer was in his.

To excellence in literary execution in any kind, the world justly awards a high meed of intellectual honour: but to those who become the originators of a new class and order of works—who invent a new style of composition—who illustrate a new form and type of art—it rightly gives a place in another rank from those who only follow the indications of others, and carry to greater perfection suggestions which they could not have contrived. The genius of this country may through future years accumulate what monuments it will of its invention and power: nothing can eclipse the pre-eminence of Cooper as the founder of two great and distinct schools of fiction—one of them the romance of nautical life, the other the romance of wild, Western nature and adventure. In the latter field, the character of LEATHERSTOCKING is a creation as undying as Falstaff, or Bailie Nicol Jarvie. But it is upon the other, sublimer element, that the trophies "are all his own." In the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, there is no class of writings which embody and represent the excitement, beauty, majesty, terror, mystery, melancholy, listlessness of the ocean, with such completeness and fidelity as the sea stories of Cooper. In letters his name is identified with it, as Vernet's in painting. With the spirit of that solemn existence, his mind had communed till it had assimilated to itself a portion of its tone, its hues, its grandeur. With all the stops of that mighty organ of moral interest and material awe, he had grown so familiar that he could sound it "from the lowest note to the top of its compass," through all its chords of harmony. In men's character and reputation, as well as in their personal nature, Life mingles together the eternal and the mortal, the infinite and the little, in one undistinguishable union. It is the office of Death, by a touch, to separate these alien elements: the transitory, the perishable, sinks and disappears from recollection; the immortal soars forth bright, and pure, and star-like. The slavery which noble spirits had been under, to infirmities, and passions, and susceptibilities, which they owed

"Half to the ardour which their birth bestowed,"

is ended; and their better, greater part, becomes "free among the dead." In the mental admiration of mankind, the name of Cooper has long stood aloft, one of the very first of the authors of this nation: over this "perfect day" of fame, the departure of such a man is as "a new dawn" upon our affection, our sympathy, our kindly esteem. We see his glory no more through clouds or mists; and he appears, henceforth for ever, in his true aspect, as a creator of surpassing brilliance and power, and as an honourable, high-spirited, fearless MAN.

THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

A Sea Sketch.

BY GEORGE H. THROOP.

"LAND O!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"Very well! Lay down!"

"That is Cape Blanco, I take it, Mr. Muller, said Captain John Wilson to his mate.

"Yes, sir; from yesterday's observation, we must be well to windward. The Belle has not done much since the mid-watch. We'll be late in getting into port, I'm afraid."

"It will take us until nightfall with this breeze, Mr. Muller, and the land breeze will then be blowing a perfect hurricane. Get up the chains, if you please, and have the anchors on the bows."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And the mate went forward. Such was the dialogue between Captain Wilson and his mate, on board the good ship "The Belle," then bound to Payta (Peru) with merchandise.

We were sailing pleasantly along at the rate, possibly, of six miles in the hour. The ship rose and pitched very lazily with the low swell; and as my hammock swung with every motion (I had been confined to it for weeks), I could see the peculiar "golden haziness" which always hangs over the land, when you are making an approach from the west, in the earlier hours of the morning. There is a very expressive word for the appearance, among sailors; but an elderly gentleman's memory may be forgiven some small short-comings.

Captain Wilson had been in the habit, for several days, while I was slowly recovering from a violent fever, of having my hammock slung upon the poop-deck. On the morning of the day which commences my story, the decks were not yet dry from the morning scrubbing, when I climbed wearily on deck, with the assistance of the second mate and Ben the steward, and lay down in my hammock. The cry at mast-head gave me new life. I had been waiting, with a starving man's longing, for the sight of the green earth. Their was a fierceness, even in the morning, in the glare of the tropical sun, that almost drove me mad. But that loud, long cry of "L-a-n-d ho!" stirred my pulse like the note of a trumpet.

As we stood in for the land, I could catch occasional glimpses of its outlines; and when we had passed Payta Head, there came, deliciously to me, an odour of the land. I remember that, in the girl-like weakness of my exhausted energies, the hot tears rolled down my cheeks as I murmured,—

"Thank God! I shall live to set foot on land!"

As we approached Payta, the fresh land-breeze increased our speed to ten knots; and, just at night-fall, as Captain Wilson had anticipated, we came to anchor. During the last few tacks that we made in beating up nearer the town, the land-breeze had freshened to almost a gale. We were only showing whole top-sails, jib, and main-top-gallant-sail; and, even with that amount of canvass, there was a clatter of ropes and blocks, and a *slatting* of sails, as the top-sails were clewed up, that rendered it almost impossible to hear the loudest order. The holding-ground at Payta is excellent; and our scope of seventy fathoms on the smaller cable, held the "Belle" to her moorings.

We were to remain but four days; and Captain Wilson urged me to remain for the next two months under the care of the physician to the consulate. Accordingly, I was carried ashore the next morning, and placed under the protection of old Pilar, who dignified his doggery of a house with the title of hotel. He was a Frenchman. He had married a Spanish-American lady some years before; a well-looking woman, with large liquid eyes, that I had a wonderful fancy for gazing into; to whose care I probably owe it that I was not gathered, years ago, into the sheaves of the Grim Reaper.

The front apartment, on the first floor, was a bar-room. Old Pilar had several other invalids under his care. Indeed, I believe the consul gave him the preference in that regard, as several men were added to our number, during the short period of my sojourn.

He had also a little boy, who answered to the name of Whong (Juan), and who so far took a fancy to me as to provide me with many a coveted delicacy; for the want of which, so far as old Pilar's attentions were concerned, I might have gone to my last home.

O, how wearily the weeks dragged their hours away in that Spanish hovel! My sick-couch was an old settee. No one thought of retiring before midnight; for two hours of the morning, and the time from night-fall until midnight, were the only endurable portions of the whole twenty-four hours. And then, as soon as we laid our heads upon our pillows (mine was my monkey-jacket), the fleas carried the war into Africa. Groans, curses, oaths most horrible followed their ravenous onset; and there were few hours of the night in which I could not bear some gruff old sea-dog damning his own eyes for the depredations of the fleas. As the night waned, however, the enemy drew off their forces; and we slept the sleep of the weary.

We breakfasted at ten. The coffee—bah; let it pass. The principal dish was a huge omelet, consisting of eggs, onions, beef, vegetables—what not? And this, with a very palatable roll of baker's bread was our bill of fare. We had no water, except such as was brought in casks, on the backs of mules, from some place leagues away. It was warm, muddy, brackish; and, but for a cup of tea with our four-o'clock dinner, I must have died of thirst.

During the third week of my sojourn, old Pilar announced to us that we had best "bug up a little," as the consul was about to pay us a visit. We complied with the suggestion, and had but just completed our toilet, when his arrival was announced.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed old Pilar, in the tones of alarm (his usual Spanish epithets were always exchanged for the native French, when he was excited), de consul 'ave bring de ladies. Caramba!"

Even so. Following the consul, and a grey-haired gentleman who accompanied him, were two ladies, one, as I thought, most unmistakeably the consul's wife, the other, I conjectured, the old gentleman's daughter. The consul made some general inquiries, as a matter of form; but his aged companion, as well as the ladies, looked from one to the other of the invalids with an expression of genuine kindness that I can never forget. The old gentleman was drawn aside by the consul to look at old Pilar's temple-like bird-cage, which hung in the balcony, while the ladies lingered and questioned us as to our improvement. The younger said nothing. She was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of seventeen, with blue eyes that peered timidly forth from a mass of curls that fell from the slight restraint of a rich ribosa; and, as her eyes met my own, I silently promised myself that, if human energy could accomplish it, she should be mine. They left us.

It was wonderful how I recovered. I gained new strength every day. I made the necessary inquiries of old Pilar, with the proper degree of caution, and learned that the old gentleman was Mr. Bathurst, the incumbent of the consulate many years before, and, for a long period, a resident of Payta. The young lady, he added, was his daughter; and both were about to embark for the United States.

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"In what vessel?"

"In that barque—the 'Angelina;'" and he pointed to a vessel, at whose peak the French ensign was flying.

"When does she sail?"

"Next Monday."

"Thank you."

"Pas de tout, monsieur!"

It was but a few evenings afterwards that I was passing the residence of the captain of the port; an important dignitary, by-the-bye, in all the Spanish-American ports. He was holding a fandango. A violin, a clarionet, and a tenor drum were the instruments used; and these were accompanied by singers in the nasal, minor tones of Spanish music. Of course there was a great deal of noise, to say nothing of the music. A drum, let me add in passing, is used at Payta in the celebration of the Mass. The door was open, and several sailors were standing around it, some of them very manifestly intoxicated. I

paused a moment and looked in, and there, dancing with a handsome Peruvian officer, was Miss Bathurst. It was late; the dance ceased. My charmer first left the room, accompanied by her father, who, I thought, seemed to be little pleased with the attentions of the young officer. He had left the door, when his host, the captain of the port, recalled him.

"Amigo mio!"

"Senor!"

Mr. Bathurst turned towards the house; leaving his daughter standing a few paces from the door, and saying to her,—

"Stay here a single moment. I won't go in."

He went, accordingly, to the door, and was speaking, in a low tone, when suddenly a drunken sailor approached the fair girl, and said,—

"I say, sweety; (hiccup!) shan't I (hic!) see ye home?"

He was in the act of seizing her arm, when I sprang forward, and, dealing him a blow that sent him reeling into the gutter, I turned toward the trembling girl, to assure her of her perfect safety, when I met the alarmed father face to face.

"'S death, sir! what are you doing here?"

"Protecting your daughter from insult, sir," I replied; and, turning on my heel, I sought my lodgings. The old gentleman called the next day at old Pilar's; apologised, thanked me, made proffer of his services, "in any way," and ended by saying that it would afford him great pleasure to see me at his residence, but for the fact that he was busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements for sailing, on the following Monday, for the United States. I am afraid I did not receive his civilities with the best grace in the world; for, although he seemed a very benevolent, urbane old gentleman, he gave his shoulders the slightest possible shrug as he left me, as if he would have said,—"Queer fellow that. Can't approach him."

I went that very day to the consul, who very kindly waited on the captain of the Angelina, and secured my passage to Valparaiso, where, he said, we should be obliged to procure a passage in some American homeward-bound vessel. The day arrived, I had been half-an-hour on board, when Mr. Bathurst and his daughter came alongside in the government barge, under the personal escort of the Captain of the Port. I now discovered that that functionary was a sailor, for he worked the Angelina gallantly out of the harbor. At length, he laid the main topsail to the mast, got on board his beautiful barge, and left us.

For many days we sailed, close-hauled, southward and westward. On that coast it never rains, and the air is so dry and clear that a ship seems like a thing of enchantment as she glides quietly along in the sunshine and the deep blue of the Pacific. We were well-nigh three weeks out when we passed Juan Fernandez, and as we were becalmed within three miles of it, it was decided that we should go on shore. So far there had been little intercourse between the other passengers and myself. The occurrences at Payta caused a feeling of awkwardness that kept me aloof from them. On that day, however, the excitement of a jaunt on classic ground banished all reserve.

It is exceedingly difficult to land at Juan Fernandez. We had a crew, however, that was accustomed to land in the surf, and no danger was apprehended. We reckoned without our host, for, in urging the jolly-boat toward the shore, on the back of an enormous swell, an oar broke, and, in the confusion, she capsized. I was sitting by the side of Miss Bathurst. The wave was receding, and, as I fell, I very fortunately struck the bottom near a sharp spur of a mass of rock. I grasped the arm of the fair girl, and clutching a point of the rock, I succeeded in getting a safe footing just in time to catch her in my arms and bear her to the shore. As it was, the swell reached my knees as it broke furiously upon the beach. Captain Dubois had not been idle, and with the assistance of his men, he had borne the old gentlemen safely to land, and secured the boat and oars. Mr. Bathurst was considerably bruised; and, in our drenched condition, it was desirable to return at once to the ship. The mate had seen our mishap and sent us a boat. By the direction of the captain she lay at a short distance from the shore. A warp was thrown to us; and, by her assistance, we succeeded in getting safely through the surf. In a few minutes we were again on ship-board.

With a fresh breeze from the south-west we shaped our course for Coquimbo, at which port the Angelina was to discharge some two hundred tons of salt. There we were so fortunate as to find the good ship Chili, of Boston, Knowles, master, in which we obtained a passage home. I will not dwell upon the incidents of the passage. Enough to say, that we had a pleasant run of one hundred and four days to Cape Cod. It was near nightfall when we passed the Cape. The wind being from the south-west, we hugged the southern shore, and two hours later took a pilot. The wind grew light and baffling. We bore away with the intention of going to leeward of "The Graves," a reef on which I have, since that time, narrowly escaped shipwreck. We were quite near the reef, when suddenly the wind changed to the north-east. I was at that moment on the forecastle. But a few moments before I had been conversing in low tones with Julia Bathurst. We spoke of the past. I ventured to say, for all reserve had long since been banished, that I hoped our intimacy was not to end with the voyage.

"Surely not!" was the reply; and she spoke of the obligations she had incurred in the earlier stage of our acquaintance. I know not what I said in reply, for I was in a flutter of excitement; but I have a tolerably distinct recollection that Julia dropped her eyes very suddenly to the deck, the seams of which she seemed to be making the subject of a philosophical investigation, while she picked the whipping from the end of the signal-halyards with the very prettiest of all pretty fingers. We were interrupted, and with a light heart I went forward.

As the squall, with which the wind changed, struck the ship, the spanker-boom flew fiercely to starboard, prostrating Captain Knowles, Mr. Bathurst, and the mate to the deck. All were so

much injured that they were incapable of giving any assistance in the management of the ship. The second mate was so much frightened that he stood irresolute. We were going rapidly astern, directly toward the rocks, on which the surf was breaking, in snow-white sheets, with a deafening roar; and a glance showed me that a moment's delay would be fatal.

"*Hard-a-port! Down with your helm!* HARD down!" I shouted, at the top of my voice; and I sprang to the wheel and aided the man in shifting it. It saved the ship. She grazed the rock as she made a stern-board. The second mate ordered the men to the braces; the ship was speedily got out of irons, and we bore away for Long Island light. At midnight we anchored.

A flattering letter from the owners of the ship, with the proffer of the berth of first officer on board the "Chili" for her next voyage, were my reward. I entered at once on my new duties. A conversation with Julia, on the day before we sailed, gave me no grounds for despair. The next voyage I took the weather-side of the quarter-deck; and, on my return, Miss Julia Bathurst very obligingly exchanged her maiden name for that of——bless me, good reader! I had almost made you my father confessor!

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

BY ELLIOTT CRESSON, ESQ.

So broad and constant is the tide of emigration setting across the Atlantic from Britain, that, instead of discussing its policy, it becomes our duty rather to warn the inexperienced voyager of the perils besetting his path, and to offer some suggestions for his special benefit. British emigrants have generally directed their attention to the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, and New York—rather because those have been the chief points to which our shipping sailed, than because New York, New Orleans, or Quebec, were the best ports for the emigrant; far otherwise.

It is well known that the ascent of the St. Lawrence is not only long and tedious, but often full of risk, from ice, fogs, and the low and dangerous islands near its mouth. From these causes, no less than fifty-three sail of ships, with many lives, were lost during one disastrous season. To some, the long and severe winters of Canada, with the necessary cessation of agricultural labor, would prove serious objections.

The Mississippi is even worse. On reaching New Orleans, the steerage-passengers endure great exposure, on the open decks of the steamboats, for many successive days and nights. Tempted, too, by the tropical fruits and vegetables, so grateful after a long voyage, but which rapidly decay, especially in hot weather, thousands who have escaped the yellow-fever of New Orleans, perish by cholera—a St. Louis paper, before us, stating that half of one steamer's list had been buried there by that fearful scourge, within ten days after landing, and attributing the mortality to the causes just glanced at.

So frequent of late have been the just complaints in relation to New York, that we need say little beyond the fact recently noticed in the American papers, that the Mayor of Buffalo had been delegated to check, if possible, the frauds cruelly practised by "land sharks" (too often English, Irish, and Scotch), who remorselessly plunder their unfortunate countrymen. The facilities for these heartless robberies were of course great, when no less than 215,000 rushed last year to that one port! This year the arrivals at New York will probably exceed 300,000, consequently increasing the competition for employment, the expense of living, and the opportunities for defrauding them, especially as Albany, the usual point of departure for the Western States, is 150 miles inland; New York itself, being chiefly commercial, offers them few local advantages, as almost every avenue to useful industry is already filled to repletion, and great suffering among the destitute a natural consequence.

Happily, *all* these evils may be avoided by selecting *Philadelphia*, a noble city, about eighty miles south of New York, and rapidly increasing in foreign and domestic commerce, and still more by the extent and variety of her manufactures, ship-building, and other sources of productive industry, offering profitable employment for myriads of our industrious classes. Thus, in a Philadelphia paper, before us, we find her coal trade estimated at 4,000,000 tons, most of which is transhipped to eastern ports, by an immense fleet of coasters, and a list of fifteen new steamships, just completed, or on the stocks. Her manufactures are various, embracing glass, iron, steel, cutlery, machinery, cotton, woollen, silk, paper, paper-hangings, chemicals, &c. Within a circumference of twenty miles, are about thirty towns and villages—some of great beauty, surrounded by a rich and picturesque country, with the advantages of cultivated society, cheap living, and cheap access to the most attractive city of the New World—others engaged in the various branches of industry just named. As the sufferings of the emigrants, by the "Washington" to New York, excited so much just indignation recently; we cannot, perhaps, do a more acceptable service to the respectable classes who may be anxious to avail themselves of the best means of reaching the New World, than by a further extract from the paper already quoted:—

"The packet ship, 'Tonawanda,' belonging to the Liverpool line of the Messrs. Cope, which arrived at this port on Sunday, with nearly 800 persons on board, made an unprecedented voyage, from the fact that no cases of death, or even of sickness, occurred during the passage, which occupied thirty-six days. This remarkable exemption from sickness is undoubtedly attributable to the fine condition of the ship, and the excellent sanitary and marine discipline required by the owners, and enforced by those in command."

The "Tonawanda" may be considered as a

CHIT CHAT.

SILSBEE, THE AMERICAN COMEDIAN.—This gentleman, who claims to be the only living successful representative of the Yankee character, since the death of Hill and Marble, has made an unusual sensation among the *habitués* of the Adelphi Theatre, and since the commencement of his engagement, the house has presented nightly an overflow. Silsbee stepped in at a most opportune period—the door was opened for him, and he strolled leisurely and without effort into the halls of public favor. Wright was ill; Madame Celeste had taken wing to the scene of her early triumphs, thé United States, and consequently an attraction was demanded. Silsbee has filled the vacant niche, and from his advent to the time these lines are put on paper, his presence seems to have caused an era in theatrical appreciation of Down East peculiarities. Hill and Marble have both been here, but their success was partial. The golden branch of universal favor was at once, and by one universal voice, thrown to Silsbee, and like a sensible candidate for public honors, of course he picked it up, and waved it with an expression of gratitude. The Press, cautious but fostering, guardful yet unbiassed, sealed the Yankee comedian's demonstrative *debut* with strong terms of approbation. The *Times* was amiable; the *Morning Post* eloquent; the *Herald* unequivocal; and what better could be required?

In respect to Mr. Silsbee's piece, the "Forest Rose," it would be sad twaddle did not here and there a gleam of Woodworth's genial rustic nature appear through the average mass. Its author had genius for poetry, but possessed no dramatic ingenuity. The elements of frankness and simplicity entered too largely in *his* nature, to aspire to much, even theoretical invention. He has written poems that will live for centuries, but his "Forest Rose" must wither and fall forgotten in the passage of Time. We must take occasion here to compliment Miss Chaplin for her personation of Sally Forrest. One would suppose she had eaten pumpkin pies, in her day on the green hills of Vermont; and Honey "manages" William something on the principle that an elephant would a young calf, merely for amusement. A Miss Collins, who plays Harriet, has talent, and is one of the growing favorites now of the Adelphi. In "Bloomerism," Miss Woolgar has an opportunity of turning the breeches to some account, and if she could only contrive to avoid twisting herself about so on the stage, she would be a cherished "object of interest." She calls dimly to our mind two lines out of a queer old Pindaric by Pepys:—

"You're wrong, most mighty Duke—you say there's nothing in it,
There is, I do assure you,—*twenty movements in a minute.*"

Jolly Paul Bedford seems to be a fixture in this establishment. Momus and he are twin-brothers, or the psychology of sympathy is in error. O. Smith is the same gloomy, sombre actor, reminding us of a rich picture somewhat faded yet still beautiful; and Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam looks *mind* out of a pair of languidly expressive eyes that well with amiability and good nature. Her vocalization is always sensible and pleasing.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA, at the Egyptian Hall, cannot be too highly commended for its truthfulness, elegance as a work of art, and the faithful idea it imparts of the mineral economy of that interesting section of North America. The spirited proprietors, Messrs. Payne, Paul, and Smith, seem determined that "all the world and its mother," shall see the gold regions, and we are happy to learn that the painting has been largely patronised the past three months. All the proprietors seem to be more or less oratorical, and their illustrative descriptions are highly interesting. Mr. Payne's anecdotes, Mr. Paul's Phrygian style, and Smith's clever didactic powers, are always sure to command an attentive interest.

MR. EDWARD L. DAVENPORT, the eminent American tragedian, who has been engaged the past successful season at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, has seceded from that establishment, and is at present playing a most excellent engagement at Newcastle-on-Tyne, from whence he proceeds to several of the leading towns in Scotland. Mr. Davenport visits his native land professionally during the early part of next year, where he has made various splendid engagements in several of the Atlantic cities. He will be received in a manner due to his fine talents and social worth.

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN have gone to Edinburgh to play at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi. They are certain to delight our Scotch neighbours. Little Kate's benefit (the last night), at the St. James's, was a most fashionable and enthusiastic demonstration. The Duchess of Somerset and suite attended, and expressed themselves highly delighted at the efforts of the astonishing performers.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER, whose clever invention, the artificial leg, has attracted so much attention in London, the present season, sailed for the United States a few days ago. We believe he has established an agency in this country for this "artificial blessing," and we regret that we are not able to point out the locality.

MRS. MOWATT, the American tragedienne, was, at the last accounts, playing at Boston to large audiences. Miss Cushman is in New York. She denies the statement that she has adopted the "Bloomer Costume" as a street dress. She will visit England again in a short time.

THE AMERICAN EQUESTRIANS have gone to Dublin. They realised a large sum at Drury Lane during the short season it was open. Mr. Welch, the Napoleon of the American arena, is at present on this side of the water, picking up talent to present to the Yankees next season.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHAT THEY SAY OF OUR DESIGN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER.—The American Press, from Maine to Louisiana, speak in terms of commendation of our new enterprise. They agree with us, that as the two great nations learn more of each other, so will prejudice be dissipated and amicable feelings established. We work with this view, and are gratified to find our object so thoroughly appreciated by our own countrymen. A late number of the *Philadelphia Sun* says—

"*An American Magazine in London.*—We have received the prospectus of a new magazine to be started in London, to be devoted to a re-print of the best papers in our leading American journals. As we re-print in our country six English magazines, we see no good reason why England should not support an American monthly collection. In light reading, humorous sketches, and didactic stories, we consider our countrymen equal to British writers, and American pens only require a fair and candid hearing before a London public, to be appreciated. This plan is a novel one, and we think will prove popular with our Transatlantic friends, and should secure a large patronage on this side the water."

General George P. Morris, the Poet-editor of the *New York Home Journal*, in a late number of his excellent paper, says,—

"We have received from London a prospectus of a new periodical, to be published monthly in that city, beginning with the first of October, under the title of *The American Magazine*, edited by Henry Howard Paul. It is intended that this publication shall present to the British public a varied selection from the writings of the most popular American authors, in prose and poetry. Tales, sketches, essays, poems, anecdotes, are to be united in the miscellany. The design of introducing to English readers the lighter and more fugitive literature of this country—more brilliant and dignified perhaps than that of any other nation—is a glorious one; and, under judicious management, which the public may look for in the present instance, can scarcely fail of success. We give the enterprise our best wishes, and shall be happy to learn that its reception accords with the hopes of its spirited proprietor.

"THE CARPENTER OF ROUEN," an interesting drama, from the French, by an American author, J. S. Jones, Esq., has been issued by Lacy, the Play-publisher of Wellington Street.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

A COUPLE OF "WHOPPING" PUMPKIN STORIES.—Did you ever hear tell of a certain cucumber story, where a Rhode Island farmer took a half bushel of imported guano and put it into a hole in the ground, after which he dropped into the hill a dozen cucumber seeds, which he had no sooner done than a cucumber vine made its appearance, causing the man to drop his hoe and run for life, as the vine was fast curling about him, like a serpent. After he had run for three-quarters of a mile, more or less, his legs became so entangled with the vine, that he fell to the ground, and was unable to extricate himself. Finding himself in such a "precarious situation," he at once endeavored to obtain his jack-knife from his pocket, but when he put his hand in said pocket, he found *a big cucumber already gone to seed*.

An old gentleman "down East" related the following as a "set off" against the above. He is a Connecticut specimen of the New England school:—In my garden, where, I dare assert, a body might dig four-and-thirty feet, and there find the same rich soil, more powerful than seventeen cargoes—yes, seventeen thousand cargoes—of your guano, I have seen wonders. It has been my family garden, it was my father's, and even his father's father's; in short, it has been a family garden more than a century. Well, when I was a boy, I was hoeing one morning, with my good old father, in the garden, for a breakfast spell. I happened to be hoeing round a pumpkin vine, and was about to dig it up, when the old man said, "Stephen, don't dig it up, my son, let it grow, and see what it will eventually become." I obeyed, of course, yet could see nothing so very wonderful about it. "Now, don't you think," said he, earnestly, "that in time the vine grew so as to run over the north end of the garden wall, on the outside of which a very heavy ox-sled had been placed flatways, so as to keep it out of the sun during the summer months. This pumpkin vine eventually passed right under the sled, thence over another wall, thence through a cabbage patch and orchard, thence over a piece of meadow, a hundred and fifty yards wide, thence down a long hill, and at last crossed a stream of water, four rods wide. Now the soil of the garden being of such a powerful and unsurpassed nature, a pumpkin in time got under the sled; and it got to growing at such a thundering rate, as to raise that heavy ox-sled an inch every night! In a very short period of time it had got the big sled on a *pize*, and we were obliged to prop it on the weak side, so as to keep the mammoth sled from tipping over. One day an old sow was looking for ground nuts on the opposite side of the stream, when she espied the pumpkin vine, and tracked it to the water's edge; thence, by some mystic movement, she crossed the stream *on the pumpkin vine*, and coursed it along, until she found the pumpkin itself, when she went at it deliberately, and ate four-and-twenty days out of it. One night, my father fearing that we were to have an old-fashioned black frost, he ordered all hands, and invited the neighbours to lend a hand, to get the mammoth pumpkin under cover. Well, we got the big stone drag down to the scene of action, and, after a while, two yoke of oxen and one horse made out to get it up to the back door. It was so big that it was an impossibility to get it in, so we took it round to the front door, which, as you have observed, is a wide old-fashioned one; and here we were obliged to rip off the door-casings, and then the pumpkin just rubbed through, on a tight squeeze at that. Well, sir, it was weighed right in this big square front room, after a fashion, and allowing good honest Connecticut weight, it weighed just *twenty-three hundred and seventeen pounds!* And in ten days, don't you think, full fifteen hundred people came from here, there, and yonder, to see this wonderful pumpkin! Now *whar* is *poodle* Rhode Island after that?"

This is a hard story, but it is far surpassed by the following "whopper," also related by that same old Connecticut farmer. He says:—

"Man may ascend mountains, and dive into the bowels of the earth, but after all his travels, the States of Connecticut will be found *ahead*. Now I'll just tell you another story, to show you the wonderful power of Connecticut *soil*. When spring came round, a nephew of mine happened to be down here on a visit from the northern part of the State, and when he got all ready to go home, I made him a present of a dozen of these pumpkin seeds, knowing that the soil on any part of his small farm was very powerful and rich. I couldn't spare him no more, as I had even sold some single ones as high as a dollar and seventy-five cents a-piece. Wal, my nephew went home and planted a dozen hills, one seed in each, and eventually up came the vines, and on they grew rapidly—so much so, that the fellow's eyes began to stick out like two peeled onions in a pail of water, for it seemed as though the vines were bent to run all over creation.

"In the fall of the year I visited him, having a pretty fast nag, full of the sap of life, and it took me just nine days to reach him. Well, I hadn't been there fifteen minutes before up drove, in haste, the widow Holmes, who lived about a mile and a quarter right north of my nephew's farm. Says she, in a passion, 'Be you agoing to take your pumpkin vines off my premises, or do you want me to destroy them?' Of course I at once mistrusted, and asked right off what all this meant, when I soon found out that the trouble was all about the *pumpkin seeds I gave him to plant!* She told my nephew that she shouldn't come again, and off she drove as spunky as a north-east wind. Now you see, the pumpkin vines were running miles and miles in length, and the very devil was to pay with the neighbours. One would come from one way and complain, and another from this point of the compass, until my nephew wished them all in Halifax,——

"The *soil* must have been very, very rich?" said I, in a sober tone, interrupting him in his remarks.

"Oh yes, oh yes!—altogether richer, if anything, than my family garden. Any how, I can soon show you the power of Connecticut *soil*. When I got ready to start for home, I rode down the long lane and soon passed on to the turnpike. Well, Gid,' my young horse, hadn't more than struck the turnpike, before I observed, along the road wall, a very thrifty pumpkin vine, which I knew to be one of my nephew's, as the place where he had endeavored to 'fence in' the plaguy vines, when they first came up, was visible to the eye. I drove on, whistling in my natural way—and after going a few miles, darn my eyes, there was the pumpkin vine! This puzzled me; I at once reined up 'Gid,' and away I rushed it over the Bunkhard-good turnpike, expecting to pass the *end* of it every instant. "Well, now," said he, "don't you think I didn't pass the *end* of that pumpkin vine until just about twenty minutes before the hour of four in the afternoon! On I drove, and when night overtook me, I put up at the Dutch Tavern. On the second morning, off I started again, but lordy! I *smelt* the pumpkin vine in a wink of a jiffee, just as soon as I struck on the turnpike. At it we went, and it was near sundown before I overtook the *end* of it. Before stopping for the night, I drove on some nine miles ahead, but when I pushed for home on the third morning, lo, and behold! there was the pumpkin vine! "Then," said the old man, vehemently, "I was wrathy, vexed—yes, mad. The way 'Gid' did take up his legs was a caution to any of your Third Avenue horses, now I tell you. He spun out full sixty-five miles that day, but to do our best, we didn't overtake the *end* of the pumpkin vine until just about twilight. I began to feel a little frightened, as well as being mad, yet knowing the almighty power of real Connecticut *soil*, I drove along, endeavouring to keep it off my mind as much as possible. On the sixth day I didn't overtake the end of it at all. On the seventh, I conquered just about dusk—then drove on eleven miles ahead before I put up for the night, intending to have a good *start ahead of the vine* on the morrow; "but you see," said the farmer, "it would make out to *pass me nights while I was asleep!* And I swear the pumpkin vine would have beat me home if a *stout black frost hadn't killed it on the ninth night!!*"

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.—There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his 'sharp bargains'—by which he has

amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a great number of dwelling-houses, and it is said of him that he is not over-scrupulous in his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible*. His object is always to lease his houses for a term of years, to the *best* tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him, last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that applicant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exhorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant moved into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath-room upon the cellar floor—but the lease was signed and the landlord chuckled.

"I hav ben vat you sal call humbug vis zis dam *maison*"—muttered our victim to himself a week afterwards—"but *n'importe*—ve sal see, vot ve *sal* see!"

Next morning he rose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord.

"A-ha!—*Bonjour, monsieur,*" said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! Monsieur—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent! *Eh bien, monsieur;* I hav but ze one regret—"

"Ah! What is that?"

"Monsieur—I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I hav find, by vot you sal call ze *lease*, zat you hav' give me ze house for but tree year, an' I hav' ver' mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer, if you wish—"

"Ah, monsieur—I sal be ver' mooch glad if I can hav' zat house *so long as I please*—eh, monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly—certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien, monsieur!* I sal valk rite to your offees—an' you sal give me vot you call ze lease for zat *maison* jes *so long as I sal vant ze house.* Eh, monsieur?"

"Certainly, sir. You shall stay there your life-time, if you like."

"Ah, monsieur, I hav' ver mooch tanks for zis accommodation."

The old leases were destroyed, and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "*such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent therefor promptly, &c., &c.*

The next morning, our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a "legal tender" for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:—

"Monsieur, I hav' bin shmoke—I hav' bin drowned—I hav' bin froes to death in ze house vot I hav' hire ov you, 'for ze period as I may desire.' I hav' stay in ze dam house '*jes so long as I pleese*,' an' ze bearer of zis vil give you ze key!—*Bon jour, monsieur!*"

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up "a bird in the hand for one in the bush!"

KICKING A YANKEE.—A very handsome friend of ours, who, a few weeks since, was poked out of a very comfortable office, up the river, has betaken himself to Bangor awhile, to recover from the wound inflicted upon his feelings by our immolating administration.

Change of air must have had instant effect upon his spirits' for from Galena he writes us a very amusing letter, in which, among other things, he tells us of a very desperate quarrel that took place on board the boat between a real live dandy tourist and a real live Yankee settler. The latter trod on the toes of the former, whereupon the former threatened to "kick out of the cabin" the latter.

"You'll kick me, Mr. Hitchcock, out of this cabin!"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick you, Mr. Hitchcock!"

"Well, I guess," said the Yankee, very coolly, after being satisfied that it was himself that stood in such eminent peril of assault, "I guess since you talk of kicking, you never heard me tell about old Bradley and my mare, there tu hum?"

"No, sir, nor do I wish——"

"Wal, guess it won't set you back much, any how, as kicking is generally best to be considered on. You see old Bradley is one of those sanctimonious, long-faced hypocrites, who put a religious suit on every Sabbath morning, and with a good deal of screwing, manage to keep it on till after church in the afternoon. Wal, he had an old roan mare, that would jump over any sixteen-rail fence in Illinois, and open any barn that hadn't a padlock on it. Two or three times I found her in my stable, and I told Bradley about it. He was very sorry—an unruly animal—would water her, and in a serious manner, with a face twice as long as old Deacon Farra's on Sabbath day. I knew all the time he was lying, and so I watched him and his old roan tu, and for three nights regular old roan came to my stable about bed-time, and just about daylight, old Bradley would come, bridle her, and ride her off. I then took my old mare to the blacksmith's, got corks made about four inches long, and had 'em nailed to her hind feet. Your heels, mister, ain't nothing to 'em. I took her hum, gave her about ten feet halter, and tied her right in the centre of the stable, fed her well with oats about nine o'clock, and taking a good smoke, went to bed, knowing that my old mare was a truth-telling animal, and that she'd give a good report of herself in the morning. I wasn't fairly asleep, before the old 'oman hunched me, and wanted to know what on earth was the matter out at the stable. Says I, "go to sleep, Peggy; it's nothing but Kate—she's kicking off flies, I guess." Purty soon she hunched me again, and says she—

"'Mr. Hitchcock, du get up and see what in the world is the matter with Kate.'

"'Lay still, Peggy; Kate will take care of herself, I guess.'

"Wal, the next mornin' about daylight, Bradley, with his bridle in his hand, cum to the stable, and as true as the book of Genesis, when he saw the old roan's sides, head, and starn, he cussed and swore worse than you did, mister, when I come down on your toes.

"Arter breakfast that mornin', Joe Davis cum to my house, and says he,—

"'Bradley's old roan is nearly dead—she's cut all to pieces, and can scarcely move.'

"'I want to know,' says I 'how on earth did it happen?'

"Now, whilst we were talking, up cum that everlasting hypocrite, Bradley, and says he—

"'Mr. Hitchcock, my old roan is ruined!'

"'Du tell,' says I.

"'She's all cut to pieces,' says he; 'do you know whether she was in your stable last night?'

"Wal, mister, with this I let out: 'Do you know it?' (the Yankee here, in illustrating, made a sudden advance on the dandy, who made way for him unconsciously, as it were); do I know it, you no-souled, squash-headed old night-owl, you!—you hay-hookin, corn-cribbin, fodder-fugin, cent-shavin, whitlin of nothin, you! Kate kicks like a mere dum beast, but I've reduced the thing to a science!'"

The Yankee had not ceased to advance, or the dandy, in his astonishment, to retreat; and now, the motion of the latter being accelerated by an apparent demonstration to suit the action to the word, he found himself in the "social hall," tumbling backwards over a pile of baggage, and tearing the knee of his pants, as he scrambled up, a perfect scream of laughter stunning him from all sides. The defeat was total; a few moments after he was seen dragging his own trunk on shore, while Mr. Hitchcock finished his story on the boiler-deck."

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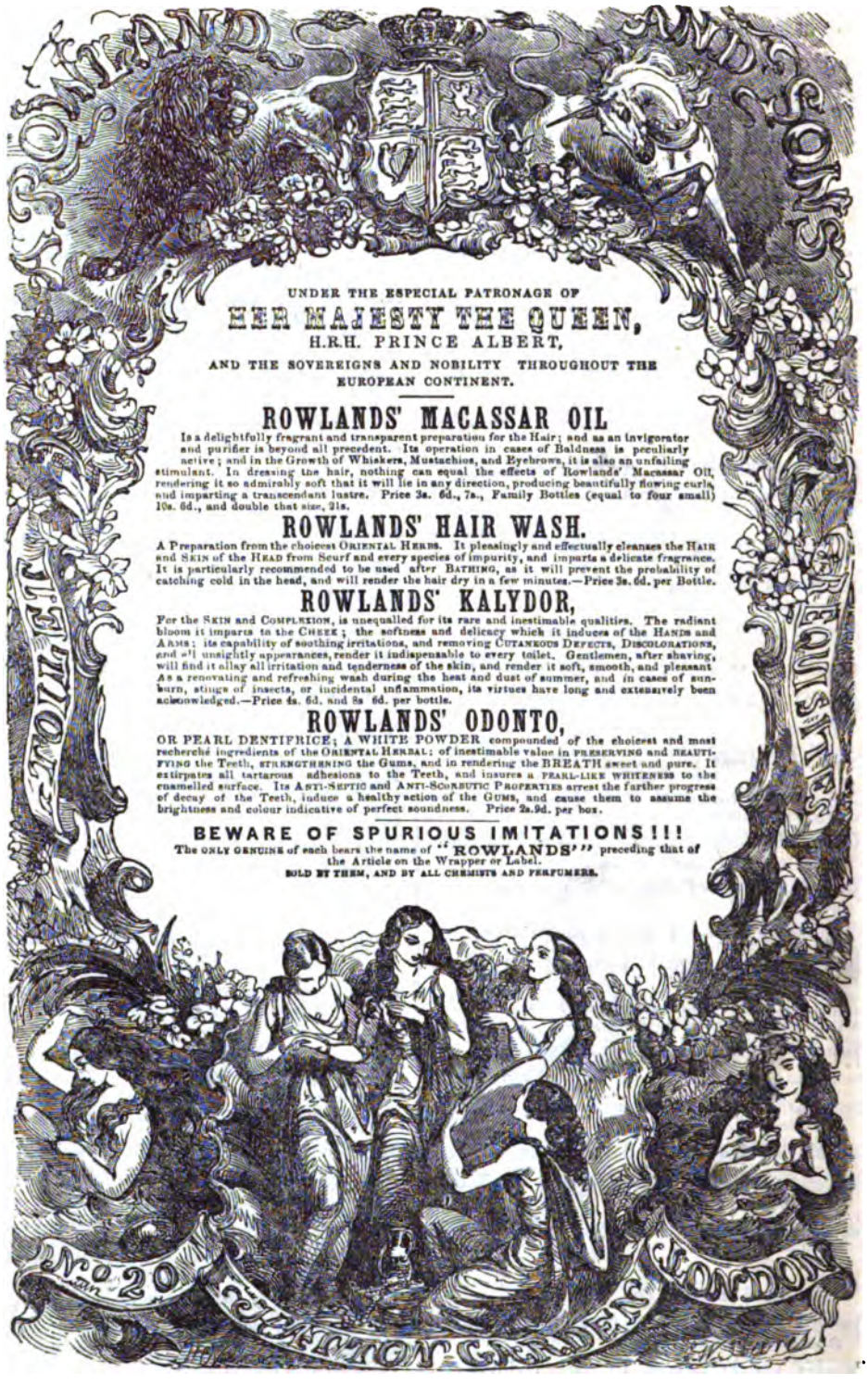
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The Sequel to the Mob Cap.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

CLARA STANLEY, at the time of her brother's marriage with Mrs. Clifton, believed herself the happiest of human beings. The first wish of her heart was gratified, and she did not think it possible that a more ardent one could quicken its pulsations. She loved Edward as a most affectionate and tender brother; she admired him, too, as the most handsome and graceful of men; and her pride as well as her affection exulted in his union with the admired and fascinating widow. But after the excitement attending the event had subsided, she wondered at the dejection that weighed down her spirits. She felt that there was a love dearer than that of a sister's now gladdening his life, and that she must henceforth be satisfied with a secondary place in his affections. She had no other brother, no sister to supply his place as a companion, and poor Clara was often left to feel a dearth of which she had never dreamed before. There was something, too, in the impassioned character of Gertrude (for thus by her Christian name we will hereafter designate our former friend of the "Mob Cap") that threw a kind of romance over every scene in which she moved, and Clara, communing with her own heart, would sometimes ask herself if she had the same deep capabilities of loving, or if the being existed, though yet unseen, who could call them into existence.

An event soon occurred, that gave a new colour to her dreams. She was sitting at an open window, intently reading, when the unfolding of the gate attracted her attention. She started as if she had seen a monster, for she knew at the first glance that it was a pedlar who was coming in, and the sight of one filled her with horror. To make the sudden appearance more terrific, he carried in his hand a red morocco trunk, almost exactly like the one she had so shamefully bartered, and unexpectedly recovered.

"Oh, mother, dear mother!" exclaimed she, starting up in dismay, "do not let him come in; I cannot bear the sight of him. Tell him we do not want any jewels. I hate—I detest the whole tribe of pedlars. I wish———"

A look from her mother checked her rash speech.

"Rather blame yourself, Clara," said Mrs. Stanley, "for a folly, for which I never would again upbraid you, if the remembrance of it did not make you unreasonable and unjust to others. I do not wish you to purchase jewels, but you must not be harsh in your refusal."

"I know I am wrong," answered Clara, ingenuously; "but you know not the agonies of remorse the sight of that man calls to my recollection."

In the meanwhile the pedlar knocked, and was admitted by Mrs. Stanley, with her usual gentle courtesy. He was a young man of quite a genteel appearance, and his long dark hair shading his forehead with its shining masses, his exceedingly dark complexion, and dark piercing eyes, reminded Clara, whose imagination was ever on the wing in search of romantic resemblances, of the gipsy race. He placed his trunk on the floor, and kneeling on one knee, opened it without speaking.

"Do not trouble yourself," said Clara, with a nervous shudder, as the opening lid displayed the glitter of the jewels; "we do not wish to purchase anything."

"Allow me to show them to you?" said he, with that officious politeness peculiar to his profession, "you may be tempted to change your resolution."

"No, no," answered Clara; "I have made a vow never to wear another jewel."

"Not even a ring?" said he, with a smile, which she thought very bold and sarcastic; and determined to repel his assurance, she took up the book which she was reading, appeared to be absorbed by its contents. But the persevering pedlar was not so easily repulsed.

"Will you not look at this beautiful chain?" said he, holding one up so near her eyes that she could not but perceive the dazzle of the links.

"Surely," thought Clara, "he must be my evil genius, sent to torment me before my time, for my past offence."

She put the chain back with an impatient gesture, and an appealing look to her mother to rid her of his importunity.

"My daughter has not the wish, nor I the

means, to purchase your ornaments," said Mrs. Stanley mildly, but gravely; "you will probably find others in the neighbourhood who have both."

The young pedlar reluctantly closed his trunk and took up his hat, which he had thrown at Clara's feet as he knelt, and thus given the opportunity of seeing the name of "Rover" written on the lining. He observed the direction of her eyes, and said, as he swung the hat carelessly in his hand—

"A very appropriate name, Miss, for one of my profession. I believe it was what made me first think of becoming a pedlar; and, as I am naturally indolent and fond of variety, I find my roving life vastly agreeable at times."

"You are certainly vastly impertinent," thought Clara, as he retreated with a really graceful bow and a bold gaze of admiration, which displeased Mrs. Stanley very much, and made her close the door quickly after him, though it was a warm summer day.

"I do not like that man at all, Clara," said she, after he was gone; "he is very assuming, and though I reproved you for your vehemence, when he first made his appearance, I cannot but agree with you in thinking that pedlars are anything but a respectable class of people. A young, handsome, and apparently intelligent man, like him, to be wasting his time in such an idle, inglorious profession. You were right in checking his presumption, as you did."

The next day Clara was searching her work-basket for some stray articles of sewing, when her eyes fell upon a small packet, folded up in muslin paper.

"I do not remember what I have folded so carefully in this envelope," said she, as she loosened the covering, and a beautiful diamond ring, set in pearl, dropped into her lap. Clara was lost in astonishment, and examined it again and again, almost believing it an optical illusion. "How could it get there?" asked she aloud; but she was alone, and all the answer she could obtain was from her own thoughts. "The pedlar? yes, it must have been the pedlar!" She remembered that he had taken out some of his jewels, and placed them upon the table, and that when he put them back, she had heard some paper rustling in his hands. This could not have been the result of accident,—it must have been a bold design,—and Clara blushed as if she had been detected in the act of stealing; recalling his long, lingering gaze of admiration, and the bright, dark eyes which, in spite of herself, had rivetted that gaze on her memory.

She could not return the ring—she could not keep it; what should she do? She put it on her finger, turned it in the sunbeams, and admired its shifting lustre, and delicate setting. That it was intended as a token of the admiration his looks so evidently expressed, she could not doubt; and, though she knew she ought to be indignant at the presumption of the act, a throb of gratified vanity fluttered in her heart.

The sound of approaching footsteps induced her to restore the ring to the envelope, and when her mother entered, she was busily searching her work-box for her thimble and scissors, and looking in every direction to avoid the glance that might notice the confusion of her own. Shame prevented her from mentioning the circumstances to her mother,—besides, she did not wish to expose the young pedlar to her resentment for his secret homage.

"I wonder what I have done with my ring?" said she, stooping down that her heightened colour might seem the result of the attitude.

"Your ring!" repeated Mrs. Stanley—"what ring?"

"Oh! I did not mean ring," cried Clara, hastily, "I meant my thimble. But it is too warm to be confined to the needle within doors. I scarcely ever think of walking now,—Edward is not with me."

"It is true, dear Clara," answered Mrs. Stanley, "you must feel the want of exercise. But you should not linger at home for want of your brother, for you must learn to be more independent of him now. The paths are all familiar to you, and in our quiet village you can never be in danger."

Clara felt as if she could bless her mother, for thus giving her a *carte-blanche* to ramble about by herself, and just now she wanted to think her own thoughts; and her own thoughts were never half so delightful as when she could look up to the blue sky, stretching far around her, and the green earth beneath her, the lulling sound of waters in her ear, and the fragrant breathings of the zephyrs on her brow.

"I will first go to Gertrude," said she to herself, "and, if I find her alone, I will tell her about the ring, and ask her what I must do."

Gertude met her at the entrance of the avenue, with one of her most brilliant smiles.

"You are the very person I most wished to see," said she. "I have just received a letter from that chivalric cousin of mine, Washington Graham, of whom you have more than once heard me speak. He is actually wending his way hither, so much charmed is he by the description I have given him of a certain rural maiden, whom, perchance, you know. Hear what he says himself, Clara?"

Clara blushed, while Gertrude opened the letter, and read here and there a paragraph of its contents—

"A cheek to blush, an eye to weep, a heart to feel, and a mind to kindle—these are charms that exercise an almost omnipotent sway over my wayward spirit. * * Simplicity and sensibility constitute what is most lovely in woman. When these are combined, as they seem to be in this charming new sister of your's, I feel as if I could make a pilgrimage to her shrine, and glory in surrendering a liberty of which so many have vainly attempted to deprive me."

"Oh, how could you be so unjust to yourself and me?" exclaimed Clara, ready to cry with unaffected vexation. "You know I am the veriest rustic in the world. Even in Edward's company I fear to disgrace him, and how must I appear in a stranger's eyes? I would not meet him for the universe after such a——"

Clara hesitated. She did not like to accuse Gertrude of falsehood, especially when too partial kindness had dictated the act. Gertrude passed

her hand over Clara's throbbing neck, and looked smilingly into her downcast eyes.

"The sister of Edward Stanley need not blush in the presence of any gentleman of the land—never at least for her own sake—and do not destroy the fair web of romance I am weaving for you, by false pride or false shame. This cousin of mine is doomed to be the hero of your destiny, graced as he is with every quality to win and wear a maiden's heart. Since I have robbed you of a brother, dear Clara, it is no more than fair that I should give you a lover in return."

In vain Clara protested and declared she never thought of a lover, never wished for one, and entreated her never to mention the subject; she could never more hear the name of Washington Graham, without feeling her cheeks dyed with conscious blushes.

"I dare not speak of the ring," thought she, "to Gertrude now. If she has such magnificent views for me, she will be doubtless displeased at the presumption of the gift."

With her thoughts strangely confused between the blending images of Washington Graham and the pedlar, she turned towards the woodland, and continued her walk alone. There was one favourite spot where the turf seemed greener, the sky bluer, and the trees bent their branches more lovingly towards those who sought the shadow of their leaves than any other, and thither Clara directed her steps. She had concealed the ring in her bosom, resolved to inquire, at the earliest opportunity, the route the pedlar had taken; but the opportunity was much nearer than she imagined, for when she reached her favourite resting-place, there the identical young gentleman was reclining, leaning on his red morocco trunk, his hat lying on the grass, and a poetical-looking book in his hand.

Clara started back in alarm and shame, at thus suddenly finding herself alone with one whose presumption the restraining presence of her mother had failed to check. The young man sprang upon his feet, but his manner, instead of being bold and careless, was modest and respectful.

"Pardon me," said he, "if I have intruded upon a spot, which, perhaps, is by right appropriated to yourself. If so, forgive the sympathy which drew me hither."

Clara's alarm subsided at the deference of his address, but her embarrassment remained.

"I have no right here, sir," replied she, "beyond your own. But since I meet you so unexpectedly, I would wish ——" Here Clara stammered; for in restoring the ring, she knew not how to avoid wounding his feelings, without compromising her own dignity. She drew forth the paper, which she had concealed in the foldings of her dress, and handing it toward him, with a look which she intended to be cold and severe, added, "This ring, which I found on my table, I believe must be your property. I was wishing for an opportunity to return it, as it appears to be of value."

"Do you then scorn my offering?" said he, drawing back with an air of deep mortification; "was I too presumptuous, in daring to leave this little token of the admiration with which you had inspired me? I know my situation is lowly, and those who look upon wealth and station as what constitute the man, may regard me with contempt; but there is something in your countenance that encouraged me to think you were above the false prejudices of the world. No! madam, I cannot take back the gift, worthless henceforth if refused by you. It shall never encircle another's finger; but lie in the grass beneath our feet, to mingle its pearls with the dews of night."

Poor Clara! assailed by flattery, breathed in practical high-flown language, such as she had read in books, but never expected to hear addressed to herself—delighted, in the midst of her confusion, at meeting with so romantic an incident in her hitherto uneventful life—she could not repulse with harshness her humble admirer.

"It is not from scorn that I refused your gift," answered she; "but you must be conscious of the extreme impropriety of my permitting such freedom in a stranger. Your conduct is very strange, sir—very unauthorised."

"Is it strange," said Rover, without seeming disconcerted by her rebuke, "to admire what is beautiful, or unauthorised to wish it our own? In my somewhat idle and wandering life, I have had leisure to cultivate the taste and imagination Nature has given me, and I think I can say, mine is no vulgar stamp. Books are my constant companions, poetry my passion, and Nature my study and delight. I am sure I speak what is true, and your own heart can bear witness to it—there is something congenial to your own character in mine. Two kindred souls can read each other at a glance, while discordant spirits may remain strangers for years."

He accompanied these words by a glance such as Clara never met before, and it made her heart throb, and her cheek kindle. There was a glow, too, mantling his own dark cheek, an eloquent commentary on the warmth of his language. She cast down her eyes, and they rested on the hateful trunk—the badge of the pedlar—and her mind all at once took in the ridiculous position in which she was placed. A pedlar for her lover! A stranger whom she had never seen but once before; and then her mother, gentle as she was, had shut the door in his face, incensed at his familiarity. Then the vision of the proud Washington Graham, such as Gertrude had depicted, came in dazzling contrast to increase her mortification. These thoughts, so chilling to romance, gave her sufficient composure to speak, and resolution enough to speak as she ought.

"I cannot forgive myself for continuing this conversation so long. I feel more and more sensible of its impropriety. Since you leave me no other alternative, you force me to lay your treasure where the dews of night will indeed deface its lustre."

She said this in answer to a deprecating motion of his hand, as she again held out the ring, and dropping it on the grass, she turned to depart, glorying in the conquest she had made over the weakness and vanity which tempted her to linger and accept an incense as novel as

it was pleasing. Rover crushed the ring under his feet, and his eye flashed scornfully.

"I see I am mistaken. Every woman is a slave to opinion, and fears to follow the dictates of her own heart. A fine coat and a fine equipage are the only passports to her favor, and provided the world approves her choice, it matters not whether she is tortured by unkindness, or frozen by indifference."

Clara stopped, for her spirits were roused, and she forgot her timidity, that she might vindicate herself from such an assertion.

"Whatever claims you may offer as an individual," said she, "to confidence and respect, you must be conscious you have chosen a profession that precludes you, by its itinerant habits, from the society in which we mingle. I am indeed astonished that you are willing to pursue it, ignoble as it is deemed."

"If I should tell you the history of my life," he answered, more calmly, "you would find, perhaps, that I had been a rebellious youth, too proud to labor—too independent to solicit favor; —who wanted to see a little of the world, and thought it just as honest and respectable to walk through it with a pedlar's trunk and a clear conscience as to wear a lawyer's gown or wield a doctor's lancet. But," added he, dismissing his sarcastic tone for one of deep feeling, "if you dislike me because the world dubs me *pedlar*, I will be anything and everything you please, if I may be animated with the hope of one day winning your affections. Yet the love that is capable of defying any reproach, and encountering any obstacle that can trample pride and vanity, and the world itself, under its feet, is the only love that can satisfy the boundless wishes of my heart. If I cannot meet with this, I will continue a wanderer through life, dealing in tinsel and gewgaws, rejoicing the while in my own independence."

It was impossible for the imaginative and inexperienced Clara to listen to these high-wrought sentiments, so exactly corresponding to her own, without being moved. She could not disdain one who laughed to scorn the distinctions of society, and who, proud of his inborn wealth, asserted his claims to regard as one of Nature's aristocrats. In vain she sought to leave him, till she had admitted the possibility that he might see her again, and had promised that the dread of meeting him should not banish her entirely from her wonted walks.

When alone once more, she wept at her imprudence, and would have given worlds to live over again the last hour, that she might recal the faint encouragement she had given. She knew she was wrong in concealing the circumstance from her mother and brother; but she tried to persuade herself that he would soon leave the neighbourhood, and forget his foolish admiration of herself, so there could be no necessity for revealing what would only expose him to their resentment. She avoided, after this, the place where she had met him; but there were other shaded walks, and her mother told her that her health would suffer for want of exercise. It would be impossible to live within doors all the time in warm summer weather, and it is not strange that she again encountered the persevering pedlar, or that the dread and the shame that at first oppressed her, gradually melted away in the fascination of their romantic and untold meetings. Each time she said to herself, "It shall be the last;" but faint and wavering are the resolutions of youth, opposed to the growing influence of the strongest passion of the heart. He no longer carried the odious red trunk, and she tried to forget that she had ever seen it. When with him it was an easy task, listening to such language, and looked upon by such eyes, soft, yet bright, so luminously dark! Even the gipsy hue of his complexion gave him a wild charm in her eyes, harmonising, as it did, with his wandering habits and eccentric character.

As Clara was walking, lost in these dangerous reveries, hesitating whether she should proceed where she was almost sure of meeting one who seemed like an invisible being to watch her footsteps, and know whither they were bound, or to remain nearer the guardian boundary of home, she was startled by the sound of horses' feet behind her, and it forcibly reminded her of her brother's first meeting with Mrs. Clifton, for it was precisely the same path, and likewise near the sunset hour of day. She turned her head involuntary, as the sound came near, and drew back as far as the width of the path would allow, to permit the stranger and his attendant to pass by. She did this with a quickened pulse, for something told her it must be Washington Graham. At any rate, he was no vulgar rider—for he was mounted on a coal-black horse, splendidly caparisoned, and attended by a negro, who rode one of the same raven color, whose blackness was contrasted by a scarlet saddle-cloth, that almost swept the ground. Clara was so dazzled by the magnificence of their appearance, and so confused by the thought that it was the hero appropriated to herself, by the splendid imagination of Gertrude, that she did not clearly discern the gentleman's features, though he raised his hat as he passed, with a graceful bow, and slackened his pace, till he disappeared in the direction of the white house on the hill.

"What a singular coincidence!" said Clara to herself. "Just on this spot did Edward first behold Mrs. Clifton, on horseback too, and that glance decided his destiny!" The ardent glance of Rover flashed through her memory, and, conscious of the struggle of vanity and feeling in the heart, she believed herself unworthy of the homage it expressed.

"What can he ever be to me, this proud southern stranger," she added, "who comes among us like an eastern nabob?—and yet I shall be to him an object of ridicule and disgust, after Gertrude's glowing description. Had he never heard my name, I might escape his notice, but now it is impossible."

While her mind was wrought up to a state of feverish excitement, by the anticipated meeting with the dreaded stranger, her eyes were fixed on the windows of her brother's dwelling, illuminated, as they now were, by the setting sunbeams, and she could see the dark outlines of the

two riders defined upon them; then she knew that her conjecture was right. Most willingly would she have sought some covert in the woods, and fed on berries and herbs for weeks to come, to avoid the mortification she believed was in store for her; but she fortunately remembered she had a mother who was probably, even now, waiting her return with anxiety, for the soft grey of twilight was beginning to steal over sunset's golden tints.

The next day she received a summons from Gertrude, telling her there was to be a general gathering of friends to welcome the arrival of her cousin, who was all impatience to behold the fair rustic whose image was already drawn on his fancy in such attractive colors. This message renewed the trepidation of Clara to such a degree, that she was tempted to plead a nervous headache, as an excuse from attendance. One moment she was ready to sink at the thought of her being contemned and despised—the next the *possibility* that Washington Graham, lordly as he seemed, might cast a favorite glance upon her, unpretending as she was, filled her with dread. If so, what would become of poor Rover? And what would Gertrude think if she turned coldly away from the attentions of her gifted cousin? When arraying herself for the occasion, she tried to school herself into perfect indifference with regard to her appearance; but in vain. She repeated to herself a hundred times it was no matter how she looked. She could not obtain the stranger's admiration if she would—she would not, if she could—still she lingered before her mirror, thinking it had never reflected a less pleasing image. She was entirely divested of ornaments, for she had not forgotten the bitter lesson taught by the tinsel chain; but the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which seeks no praise or favor, for any outward gifts, Clara had not yet gained. The same vanity that led her to barter her self-approbation for a paltry bauble, now caused her to tremble, in anticipation of a stranger's scrutiny. She thought it humility, and would have wept at the suggestion, that one trace of the foible that had lately cost her so dear was still lingering in her heart. The green branches were lopped off, but the roots still clung to the parent stem, and when circumstances favored their growth, were ready to shoot forth with new luxuriance.

When Clara found herself in the illuminated drawing-room, she saw nothing, for a few moments, but bright spectres floating before her eyes, and heard nothing but a ringing sound in her ears—loud as the echoes of a tolling bell. She had a kind of consciousness that she was going through the ceremony of introduction to a gentleman; but how he looked and what he said, she knew not. He might have been the veiled prophet Mokanna, for aught she knew of his face, for she never lifted her eyes from the carpet, but stood clinging to her brother's arm; her cheeks burning with blushes; indeed her whole face, and even her neck, was covered with the same crimson hue. Clara knew that the deep suffusion she was undergoing was anything but becoming, and this conviction only added to the intensity of the glow. The idea that she was actually in the presence of the formidable Washington Graham, the prophesied hero of her destiny, was too overwhelming. He addressed her in the common language of courtesy, but she could only answer in monosyllables, and whispering to her brother to lead her to a window, he drew her away, pitying her confusion, yet vexed at her unwonted awkwardness and taciturnity.

"Leave me here," said she to Gertrude, who followed her to her retreat, "there are so many people in the centre of the room, that I cannot breathe. I will not disgrace you here."

"I *will* leave you, dear Clara, since you desire it," answered she, with a calm sweetness of manner that operated like a charm in soothing Clara's preposterous agitation, "and only remember that while you are just to yourself, you can never disgrace us. But for my sake, for Edward's sake, try to recover your self-possession, and give my kinsman the welcome I have dared to promise him from the sister of my husband."

Clara felt the gentle rebuke conveyed in these words, as she followed with her eyes Gertrude's retreating figure; admiring that surpassing gracefulness which distinguished her above all other women, she could not but admire still more the kindness and forbearance she manifested towards one so untutored and wayward as herself. The soft evening air that flowed in through the open window cooled her fevered cheeks, while the circumstance of her being permitted to remain quiet much longer than she anticipated, composed, while it mortified her. She dreaded observation—she equally dreaded neglect; and when she saw Washington Graham conversing with some ladies on the opposite side of the room, without making any effort to disturb her solitude, and by their pleased and attentive countenances knew that he was saying what seemed very agreeable and entertaining, she felt

> "It were better to stand the lightning's shock,
> Than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

She had but a partial view of his face, as it was somewhat turned from her, but his figure struck her as being remarkably graceful and gentleman-like. In a little while he changed his position, and her heart palpitated anew, for she thought he was approaching her; but no! he was drawing near his cousin, who, having been compelled to take her seat at the harp (an instrument which still possessed all the charm of novelty with her guests), was beckoning him to her side. Clara, like her brother, was passionately fond of music, and Gertrude's always thrilled to her very soul. But now a manly voice of exquisite melody mingled its deep notes with her's, and both blending with the full, breeze-like strains of the harp, "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume." Edward was leaning over the instrument in the same attitude she remembered to have seen him at Mrs. Clifton's never-to-be-forgotten party, but then his face was pale and his countenance dark; now it was lighted up with an expression of fervor and happiness as intense as the human features are capable of wearing, and Gertrude's eyes, floating in liquid radiance, were occasionally

lifted to his, beaming with the love she no longer sought to bury in the foldings of her own heart.

"Surely," thought Clara, "I have never loved Edward, or my nature is too cold to love as she does, and yet my very existence seemed bound up in his. Can there be a love stronger than that which binds together an only brother and sister, when that brother, too, exercises a father's tender guardianship, in place of him who is laid low with the dead?"

As she asked herself this question, the image of Rover seemed to glide before her, and memory whispered, "The glance of Rover, when it bends on me, expresses the same depth and fire, and can it be that he loves me more than Edward? and will he ever fill, and more than fill a brother's place within my heart? Dare I ever avow the interest he has inspired to those who have woven my destiny with that of this dazzling stranger?"

At this moment the face of Washington was turned towards her, and though her vision was somewhat obscured by the tears that involuntarily suffused her eyes, she could observe its lineaments, and she thought she could trace in every feature the pride of wealth and conscious superiority. His figure was set off by a dress of aristocratic elegance; his hair was arranged in careless but graceful waves around his temples, revealing a forehead, whose unsunned whiteness plainly indicated that he at least was exempt from the primeval curse of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. The southern sun had given to his cheeks a manlier glow, so that the idea of effeminacy could never be associated with Washington Graham, who looked exactly what he was, a gentleman by nature, by birth, by wealth, and by education. The music had so far subdued Clara, and carried her out of herself, that when Gertrude again approached her, accompanied by her cousin, she received them with less trepidation, and she ventured to listen and speak, though still with her eyes bowed down in "penetrative shame." Had Clara been conscious of her own attractions, she would not have suffered so much from self-distrust. She could not know them, for when she saw herself reflected in the looking-glass, in the act of dressing, her features were at rest, and there was nothing sufficiently striking in their outline, or dazzling in their hue, to give her an exalted image of her own loveliness. She never saw the roses flitting over her cheeks, coming and going, and coming again, heralds of the heart's spring-time, or the warm and shifting lustre of her eye, when enthusiasm or sensibility stirred its peaceful depths. What if she had made a conquest of a poor wandering pedlar, this magnificent Washington Graham was a very different kind of person, and the idea that he would look upon her with admiration or love was too absurd to be admitted, and it would certainly expose her to the ridicule of all her acquaintances, if it were but known that it had ever entered into her mind. But when she was once more alone in her room, and reflected on the events of the evening, though filled with mortification at her own want of self-control, she rejoiced she had stood the ordeal without any open violation of decorum, and without incurring any visible marks of contempt. The thought that she had been seen, and that the illusion created by Gertrude was consequently dispelled, was very comforting to her. Another thought gave her a feeling of delight and self-approbation; why she could not define—Rover lost nothing in her estimation in comparison with the elegant southerner. She would rather live over again the moments passed with him in the midst of Nature's loveliness, stolen and hurried as they were, and always accompanied with the dread of detection and the consciousness of acting a clandestine part, than spend a thousand such evenings as this—so cold, constrained, and formal. Clara was a mystery to herself—foolish girl that she was, to find a happiness in contemplations which should fill her with sorrow and self-reproach! The next day Gertrude came to her with a congratulating smile.

"I feared last night, dear Clara," said she, "when you acted the part of the blushing automaton, that my character as prophetess was more than endangered—that it was lost. But cousin Washington declares himself enchanted with that very bashfulness and simplicity that deprived you of your native grace. He is so sick of the artificial glare of fashionable society, so weary of glitter and display, his eye reposes with delight, as he expresses it, on the soft green of your character."

"Stop," cried Clara, "you do but mock me. His practised tongue may well utter the language of flattery, but do not, dearest Gertrude, solicit his admiration for me. To gratify your affection he may profess an interest I know he can never feel. You know not how wounding is the thought that I should be forced, as it were, upon the particular notice of a gentleman like him."

"Believe me, Clara," answered Gertrude, earnestly, "I will do nothing to wound your delicacy or pride. I will say nothing more at present, leaving it for time to unfold events which I trust will justify all I have ventured to express; one thing only let me ask—what think you of my vaunted cousin?"

"I have no distinct impression left on my mind," answered Clara, so deep was the embarrassment that oppressed her; "he appeared to me like something bright, lofty, and cold."

"Oh," said Gertrude, "you do not know him yet. Beneath that somewhat cold exterior, the result of a premature experience of the world's heartlessness, there is a depth of feeling known only to those who see him free from the restraints of society. Handsome, intellectual and rich—romantic, too, in the best sense in which that oft perverted word is used—I should not think it possible that Washington Graham could fail to win a young and disengaged heart like your's."

The soft blush that had hitherto coloured the cheek of Clara was pale to the crimson that now dyed its surface.

"He leaves us to-morrow for a few days," continued Gertrude, "and when he returns, I hope to see all my fondest wishes realized."

Clara breathed as if recovering from a fit of the nightmare. She pleaded every excuse to be permitted to remain at home that evening. She

had a nervous headache, she was unfit to appear in company, she did not like to leave her mother alone; in short, she gave twenty reasons, any of which was in itself quite sufficient.

"My head really does ache," said Clara, after Gertrude's departure, "and I think a walk in the fresh air will revive me; though unfit for company, I am not ashamed of being seen by the cattle and the birds." How she disposed of her objections to leave her mother alone, remained a mystery even to herself. She had never met Rover in the path in which she now walked, and he could not know the direction she had taken; yet she started when the wind moved the branches or the birds flew rustling through the leaves, as if these accustomed sounds were the harbingers of coming footsteps. She was unwilling to acknowledge to herself the disappointment that weighed upon her spirits; but not finding in her walk the exhilarating influence she anticipated, she turned her face homeward.

"He has probably heard of the arrival of Washington Graham," thought Clara, "and believes me paying homage to his wealth and pretensions. He does me injustice, but it is no matter. Better, far better that we should never meet again—for he can never be any thing to me. Edward would not disdain his poverty, for he himself was once poor. But a pedlar! Mrs. Clifton would not have married Edward if he had been an itinerant pedlar."

Just as Clara had finished these reflections, which breathed more of pique than she was aware of, she heard a sudden crashing among the boughs, and the pedlar himself bounced into the path, his dark complexion glowing from the rapidity of his motions, and his eye sparkling with more than its wonted fire.

"I feared that I might be forgotten," said he; "but I see that I have wronged you—yet if village rumour has been true, it is a hopeless devotion, an act of still greater presumption. It says that a stranger of wealth and distinction, conspicuous for the display and pride of his appearance, is come hither for the sole purpose of addressing and wedding Clara Stanley. It says, too, that he will not address her in vain."

The characteristic openness and boldness of this address left Clara no room for evasion. She did not wish to acknowledge its truth—she would not give utterance to a falsehood. Unpractised in the arts which could teach her the way of extrication, she stood silent and embarrassed, wishing the good people of the village would find something else to talk about besides the Stanleys, whose concerns seemed to interest them so much.

"You are silent, Clara," cried he, in an altered tone; "you do not deny it, and Heaven forbid you should, if for once village gossip has spoken the truth. I have no right to reproach you—you have professed nothing—promised nothing—and yet I feel as if I were waking from the sweetest and brightest dream that ever gladdened the heart of man—the dream of imagined perfection."

Clara's heart swelled under the consciousness of injustice, and she would have made an indignant reply, but the deep dejection of his countenance and air inspired her with pity.

"If I deserved upbraiding from you," said she, "I should not, at this moment, be dreading the reproaches of all whom I love. Whatever may be said of this stranger's visit, his coming can never influence my feelings towards you."

The last words were uttered in a tremulous voice. She began to feel as if she had forsaken the "guide of her youth," and rashly given her happiness into a stranger's keeping. In the true spirit of a heroine, though true only to the impulse of Nature, she covered her face with her hands, and, sitting down at the foot of the tree beneath which they were standing, tried to think herself miserable; but strange as it may seem, a thrill of delight still penetrated her heart, from the conviction that she was beloved. Nothing was more natural, from the lowly position she had assumed, for Rover to kneel at her side; and he did kneel in exactly the same graceful attitude in which she first beheld him, when he bent to display his jewels to her admiring gaze; but Clara had forgotten all that, and she soon forgot everything else but the words he breathed into her ear, and the looks that bore witness to their sincerity.

The next morning, as she was tying up some wandering vines, that answered all the purposes of *jalousies* to the window, she heard the tramping of horses' feet, and Washington Graham, on his raven black horse, accompanied by his black attendant, with the red saddle-cloth sweeping so magnificently on either side, was seen passing by. He lifted his hat, and bowed till his hair almost touched his horse's flowing mane, then rode rapidly by. Clara thought of the Black Knight in Ivanhoe—of Ivanhoe himself, and almost expected to see the days of tournaments and Queens of Love and Beauty revived in all their semi-barbaric splendour.

"He is certainly very, very graceful," said she, shading her eyes to catch the last glimpse of his knight-like figure, yet vexed at being forced to bring him in lordly contrast to the contemned Rover, assured that in everything but outward show, Rover transcended the southern nabob. "But I dare say he is very proud, and the maiden that he will wed must also be proud and rich, as she will be beautiful and accomplished." And with a half-suppressed sigh at the inequalities of Fortune's gifts, she resumed her occupation, which naturally led her thoughts back to rural life and cottage scenes, and it was not long before she was indulging most heroic scorn for every joy dependent on wealth or fortune.

Clara sat one evening alone with her mother, her head bent over her work. Whenever she was thus employed, her secret weighed heavily on her heart, and the dread of detection was never absent from her mind. If Mrs. Stanley addressed her suddenly, she would start and turn pale—if she looked upon her intently she would tremble and blush, and sometimes she would talk at random, and commit a thousand inconsistencies. She rejoiced at the entrance of a neighbour, for it saved her the trouble of talking, and left her to the indulgence of her own thoughts. Mrs. Morton, the lady who now made her appearance, was only desirous of listeners, for she came laden

with news she was eager to impart before she could be forestalled in the office.

"This is a very unpleasant affair about that young pedlar," said Mrs. Morton; "have you heard of it?"

Clara's ears tingled at these words, and she held her breath to listen. Mrs. Stanley expressed her ignorance, and Mrs. Morton proceeded:

"You recollect that a shocking murder and robbery were perpetrated, not very long since, in an adjoining town, and that great rewards were offered for the apprehension of the murderer. It seems they have discovered a gang of pedlars, who are going about murdering and plundering in every direction. Some one who knew the gentleman who has been lately murdered, says he can swear to one of the watches among the jewels of the young pedlar who has been sauntering about here. He says he has seen it in the gentleman's possession, and has no doubt he is both a robber and a murderer. They have taken up the young man upon suspicion, and he is now confined in jail. The probability is he will be hung."

"It is indeed shocking to hear of such crimes," replied Mrs. Stanley, "when the actors, too, are brought so near our own homes. I thought there was something very suspicious about that young man, and I feared he might be troublesome to us."

She looked at Clara as she spoke, but she seemed to take no interest in the conversation, remaining perfectly still, with her head bowed, so that the lamp shone brightly on the ringlets that shaded her face, leaving her features in a still deeper shade.

While Mrs. Morton went on with earnestness and volubility, describing all she knew of the event in exaggerated colors, Clara rose softly and left the room. She stepped cautiously through the passage, and down the steps, opened the gate with a noiseless touch, and then ran like lightning through the street. It was a moonlight night, and she could see her own shadow flitting on every wall, lengthening into spectral dimensions, as she flew on, as if the avenger of blood was behind. She slackened not her pace, even while ascending the hill on which her brother's house was situated, nor paused till she reached the avenue of trees that stood in long stately lines in front of the mansion. For a moment she stopped, and looked back at the light that glimmered from her mother's window, like a solitary star, luring the wanderer home—then renewing her flight, she found herself all at once in the presence of Gertrude, who was sitting alone in her chamber, little dreaming of so strange an interruption. She rose in unspeakable alarm at Clara's entrance, whose appearance fully justified the feeling. Her face was of ashy paleness, her lips parted and quivering, and her long hair hung unbound over her shoulders in damp clinging masses.

"Clara, dear Clara," exclaimed Gertrude, "tell me what has happened! You know nothing of Edward? Speak!"

"Is Edward gone? Thank heaven!" uttered Clara, and sinking into a chair she burst into tears. Gertrude threw her arms around her, and held her sobbing head around her bosom, till, like a wearied child, she gradually ceased her tears. The hot pressure on her brain seemed loosened, but there was anguish in her heart. There was but one sound in her ears—"He will in all probability be hung!" There was but one image before her eyes—Rover, a dying victim to a false accusation. She believed him as guiltless of crime as her own brother was, and the one strong purpose of her soul was to liberate him, at the hazard of her own liberty, and life itself, if it were necessary. She had read of Helen Mar, who followed into captivity the Scottish chieftain; of the devoted Lavalette, who effected the escape of her husband from the walls of a prison, by clothing him in her own garments, and assuming his bondage instead. Impulse and action were almost simultaneous with Clara. She stopped not to think of the censure of the world, the reproaches of her friends. Rover in prison—exposed to an ignominious death, alone filled her mind. The circumstances of Edward's absence, who had been called away upon some unexpected business, was favourable to her design, for she was sure of the co-operation of Gertrude.

"Dear Gertrude," said she, "I cannot tell you the cause of my grief, but if you love me, do not refuse what I am going to ask of you."

"I do love you, Clara, for more than your own sake; and mysterious as you are to-night, I am ready to promise that whatever you ask shall be granted, assured that it will be nothing but what justice may require and affection bestow."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks!" cried Clara. "Then, quick, dear Gertrude, lend me the cloak, hood, and mob cap, which you wore when Edward first met you, and say not a word of what you have done to a human being. Oh! Gertrude, you look as if you were going to deny me!" and Clara clasped her hands supplicatingly together, as if her life depended on the boon.

"I would do any thing but suffer you to expose yourself to danger," said Gertrude, a bright ray flitting over her face at meeting a spirit so congenial to her own; "any thing that will not serve as a barrier to separate you hereafter from Washington Graham."

"Talk not of Washington Graham," cried Clara, impatiently, "I think not of him, I care not for him—nor is there danger to me. Hasten! I will do nothing but what your own generous, uncalculating heart would prompt me to do."

Gertrude withdrew a moment, and returned with her masquerade dress, which she kept as a precious memento of her life's most romantic scenes. "My Clara," said she, as she entered, "the sight of these makes me almost wish I had again the task of winning the heart which I first learned to prize beneath their muffled shades. Never, never shall I forget the hour when Edward breathed into Aunt Bridget's ear the story of his love for the high and lofty Widow Clifton."

"Tell me," cried Clara, as she hastily wrapped her youthful person in the ancient cloak, "if Edward had been in danger before you married him, what would you have done to save him?"

"What would I have done!" repeated Gertrude, passionately, "I would have died to save

him. Had I ten thousand lives, I would peril them all for him at this moment, so entirely, so devotedly do I love him."

Clara could have worshipped her for this burst of enthusiasm, sanctioning as it did her own purposed devotion, and with firmer hand she tied the mob cap under her chin, put on the green spectacles, and drew the hood over her head. Notwithstanding Clara's distress, Gertrude could not forbear smiling at her antiquated little figure, wondering whether she had ever looked as obsolete herself. "Now speed thee, dear Clara, and heaven bless thy purpose, whatever it may be," cried she, leading her down the steps of the piazza.

Clara was obliged to gather her cloak round her, as it trailed on the ground, and impeded her walking. Then she recollected, that if so aged a person as she appeared to be, were seen running, it would excite suspicion, and she tried to fashion her movements to the character she had assumed. She met several boys, who terrified her by hallooing in her ear, "Good night, grandmother—what will you take for your spectacles?" Without turning her head, she walked on with quicker steps till she arrived at the prison. She had been there before to visit a poor black woman, who was very sick, and who had been accused of an attempt to poison a white family. She died in prison, and her innocence was proved too late. She knew the gaoler, too, a simple, kind-hearted man; and when in flattering accents, which might well pass for the trembling utterance of age, she requested admittance to the pedlar (that hateful name almost choked Clara, for she had never breathed it aloud since she had first known Rover), the good gaoler immediately granted her admission. Rover was seated in a remote corner of the gloomy apartment, his head resting on his hand, the dim light scarcely defining the dark outlines of his figure. He raised his dark eyes upon her entrance, and they flashed with lamp-like brilliancy through the shades that surrounded him. He was in danger and disgrace, and Clara felt that if she had resolved to act a heroic part, she would do it in the true spirit of a heroine. She drew near him without speaking, while he, with the courtesy which adorns a prison as much as a drawing-room, rose and offered her his seat, wondering what good old lady was so kind as to visit him in this extremity. Clara sunk into the chair, and gathering courage now the critical moment had arrived, untied the strings of her cloak and cap, and emerged from the disguise like the bright evening star from behind a grey cloud.

"Clara Stanley, by all that is lovely!" exclaimed he; and the graceful pedlar knelt at her feet. A bright triumphant smile played about his lips. "Welcome imprisonment, danger, and death itself, if they bring with them consolations like this. You believe me innocent, then?" added he, "or, deeming me guilty, have come to pity and—"

"To save!" interrupted Clara, "to save, believing you innocent. In this apparel you can pass out undiscovered, and fly the wretches who seek your life. As for me, there is no danger. They will release me as soon as they learn that I am here."

"What! leave you here alone in this dismal place the long dark night, exposed to present suffering and future calumny, that I may elude dangers, which, after all, are imaginary, for my life is in no peril! I can produce such proofs of my innocence as will cover my accusers with shame. No! no! I cannot leave this cell. It is transformed into the garden of Eden—since I have here learned what I have hitherto dared to doubt, the truth, the tenderness, the heroism, of woman's love."

"And shall I have braved everything in vain?" cried Clara, imploringly. "Your innocence will serve you nothing when law in its strength is once aimed against you. Even in this very cell, I saw a poor creature breathe her last, accused, though guiltless, condemned and broken-hearted. And I shall be as safe here as in my own chamber. The gaoler knows me—my mother has been kind to his children, and he will be kind to me; I shall immediately be released. What! still unyielding? Have you upbraided *me* for coldness and pride, and fear of the world's censure?—but who now is cold and proud, and unwilling to incur a debt of gratitude?"

Rover fixed his steadfast gaze on Clara's now glowing countenance. She seemed transformed. Her eyes, that had always bowed abashed beneath the beams of his, were rivetted intently on his face—and the hand which had never willingly been abandoned to his hold, now clasped his, in the energy of her address.

"Clara," said he, and his voice trembled with deep emotion, "this is no time for deception—on one condition only will I fly. Should my fame be cleared, and my character proved upright and pure, will you allow me to declare my love before the world, and consent to unite your fate to mine, however poor and lowly I may be?"

"I will consent to any thing that obtains a mother's sanction," replied Clara, in low but firm accents; then snatching up the cloak, and throwing it over his shoulders, she entreated him to hasten, as footsteps were heard echoing through the passage. There was no time to be lost, and he hastily gathered the folds of his cloak around him; but when he bent his head for the mob cap and spectacles, unconquerable mirth struggled with the tumultuous feeling excited in his bosom. Even Clara, though wrought upon by a thousand fears, could not forbear laughing at the ludicrous effect of the head-dress; then she wept to think she could have laughed at such a moment. She was sure that Madame Lavalette did not laugh when she liberated her husband from the gloomy Concierge, and he must have looked equally grotesque in her French mantle and veil. The cold sound of the turning key banished every thought but her separation from Rover. "And now," whispered she, "Rover, farewell—take the wings of the morning, that pursuit may be vain."

The grey folds of the cloak were for one moment wrapped closely around her, and a soft deep voice murmured in her ear,—"Farewell, generous, noble, and devoted Clara! Your holy confidence shall never be betrayed. You shall yet find me all your trusting heart believed."

The door slowly creaked open. Clara sprang into the darkest corner of the cell, while the prisoner passed out to the gaoler, who remained on the outer side. She trembled, for she distinctly heard the latter mutter, as he fumbled about the keyhole, "The old woman might have had the manners to speak to a body. She strode by me as fierce as a dragoon. I wonder what she wanted of the pedlar. I'll go in and see if all is safe."

He re-opened the door, looked round the cell, and was about to close it, when returning and shading his eyes with his hand, "I thought I saw white in this corner. As sure as I am alive it is a woman! Bless my stars, if it is not Miss Clara Stanley!

Clara's first impulse was to rush by him and escape through the open door; her next was to remain and prevent him from pursuing Rover.

"Why, where is the pedlar?" cried he, looking from side to side in amazement and dismay. "Ah, ha! I knew what made the old woman walk so fast. But I'll catch him yet."

"No, no!" exclaimed Clara, springing forward, and holding him by the arm. "You cannot be so cruel. He is innocent, and you might have his life to answer for."

"But it is as much as my place is worth to let him go," said the gaoler, struggling to free himself from Clara's hold, whose slender fingers seemed gifted with wondrous strength.

"It is a cruel office," cried Clara, "and I would not wish to keep it; and if you do lose it you shall have a better one instead. My brother shall exert his influence, and you shall not be blamed. Dear, good gaoler! do not be angry, but remain quiet here. I never asked a favour of you before, and you have said my mother has been kind to you."

"So she has, and a blessed woman she is," replied he; "and so have you, too, as to that matter; but what makes you take on so about it? Is that young pedlar any kin of your's?"

"No," answered Clara, blushing; "but I knew he was innocent, and I pitied him—sorry, indeed, should I be, if I could not be kind to any but my own kindred."

Clara continued her pleadings, and in short, as the gaoler said, had "such a taking, coaxing way, there was no getting away from her," so that she at last persuaded him to let the matter rest, and suffer it to be supposed that the prisoner had broke loose from confinement. He promised, too, to say nothing about her agency, and to permit her to depart unmolested.

"But you must not go bare-headed and bare-necked through the damp air," said he, "the folks will think you crazy. Stop till I get you a bonnet and shawl of my wife's. I can get them without disturbing her, and you can send them back in the morning."

Clara thanked him for his consideration, and the fear of being taken up for a crazy woman induced her to accept the offer. But when he brought her a wonderful-looking shawl, flowered all over with beasts and birds, and a straw bonnet which looked as if it had survived a hundred fashions, she feared the danger still existed, and that she would lose her own identity in the various transformations of the evening. The good-natured gaoler laughed heartily, and said "There was a good deal in things belonging to a person, and fitting them, after all, for they became his wife mightily."

Clara showered down her blessings upon him, and returned home, while, like Collins's Passions,

> "By turns she felt her glowing mind
> Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined."

"How shall I meet my mother?" thought she, when she reached her own door, and she stood on the threshold pale and trembling. The exultation of having performed a generous action no longer buoyed up her spirits with unnatural excitement. She felt that she was a daughter, acting independently of a mother's sanction, and she shrunk from the terrors of her penetrating gaze. A glance through the window, from which the light streamed in glimmering rays, relieved her worst fears. She saw her mother quietly seated at a little work-table, her Bible opened before her, entirely absorbed by its sacred pages. Clara was too much accustomed to pass her evenings in her chamber, for her absence to excite observation, and Mrs. Stanley usually sat up till a late hour, the tranquillity of the night harmonising with her chastened and religious tone of character. Clara stole softly up stairs, hastily divested herself of her strange attire, and, smoothing down her disordered locks, endeavoured to compose herself to rest. But no slumber that night visited the couch of Clara. Her nerves were unstrung. The singing of the wind against the window made her start from her pillow. The clouds drifting over the moon seemed the shadows of horsemen in the fleetness of pursuit.

The flight of the pedlar became a matter of three days' wonder in town, during which time active measures were taken to discover the place of his retreat, but in vain. Intelligence was received, just as they had given up the pursuit as hopeless, that the real murderer was apprehended, who, by a voluntary confession of his crime, had exonerated the young pedlar from the slightest imputation of guilt, who again made his appearance in the village, the hero and lion of the day. But what was the astonishment of the good people when it was reported that Clara Stanley was actually going to be married at her brother's, where a splendid wedding was to be given, and then they were to start off to some distant place, where the pedlar was to give up his profession, and try to pass off for a gentleman. There was more reality and truth in these reports than is generally the case in village gossip. The nuptials of Clara and young Rover were in full preparation, through the influence of the all-conquering Gertrude. Edward and Mrs. Stanley were induced to yield their consent. Rover declared his resolution of relinquishing his present course of life, and embracing some honourable profession, in which the energies of his mind could be called into exercise, and Clara, who was, perhaps, a little disappointed at things going on so smoothly, where she expected so much opposition, expressed her willingness to go with him to the world's end, if it were neces-

sary. She shrunk from the idea of a bridal festival, but Gertrude insisted upon arranging every thing her own way.

"If," said she, "you have shown yourself superior to the prejudices of the world, in the independence of your choice, let it see that you glory in acknowledging it."

But when she would have lavished upon her those tasteful gifts affection loves to bestow on such occasions, Clara put them from her, refusing to wear any thing more adorning than a plain muslin robe.

"If I am to be the bride of a poor man," said she, "the decorations of wealth are not for me."

She thought she had subdued every trace of her once besetting sin; but when she sat in her own room, overcome by those feelings which press home on the heart of the most thoughtless on their bridal day, she saw the unexpected apparition of Washington Graham sweeping by on his raven black horse, in all the pride of conscious wealth and aristocracy, she turned away from the sight in mortification and dismay.

"Gertrude must have known of his coming," said she, brushing away the tears that trembled on her cheek, "and yet she gave me no warning. I cannot bear that he should be present, to look down in scorn on one equal, if not superior to him in every gift of nature and of God. May Rover forgive me this last lingering moment of weakness, unworthy of her who is blest with a heart like his."

The shades of evening came on, and Clara, in her robe of unadorned white, with the bridal rose wreathed in her hair, was waiting, with palpitating heart, the anticipating summons. She was already at her brother's, in an apartment adjoining the drawing-rooms, which were fast filling with guests.

"I am proud of my sister," exclaimed Gertrude, kissing her cheek, now pallid from agitation.

"Be not angry, dear Clara; though I have pleaded the cause of Rover with all the interest so romantic a love could inspire, I cannot but feel for my cousin. Washington Graham is here returned once more to devote himself to the task which I once dared to promise him would prove successful."

"Never, never mention his name to me again," cried Clara, "nor seek to raise in me emotions which sometimes triumph over my better nature. I have been the child of vanity, and once sacrificed even my integrity to vain display and heartless ambition. And now, when I have been struggling with my in-dwelling enemy, in the strength of disinterested love alone, and feel as if I had come off conquering, let not your hand, Gertrude, supply my vanquished foe with new arms to rob me of my victory."

The sudden unfolding of the doors prevented Gertrude's reply. A flame of light poured its effulgence into Clara's eyes, and every thing swam in confusion before her gaze. The room appeared to turn round with a circular motion, and every figure to blend together in strange confusion. She was only conscious of being led forward into the centre of the room by a hand that trembled as much as her own, and of hearing a buzzing sound around her like the murmur of many voices.

"Be not dismayed, dear Clara!" said the bridegroom, in a low voice, in her ear, "your generous confidence shall never be betrayed."

Clara, who had been gradually raising her eyes from the floor, as they recovered the sense of vision, perceived that every face was turned towards the bridegroom, with a stare of amazement. It was more than curiosity; it was wonder, mixed with incredulity. Involuntarily following the direction of their glances, she raised her eyes to the face of him on whose arm she was leaning, and a wild exclamation escaped her lips. It was Washington Graham that supported her: Washington Graham, with all that high-bred elegance of dress and manner, which distinguished him from all others. The waving hair carelessly shading the brow of marble whiteness, the complexion, the air, were Washington Graham's; but the dark, lustrous eyes, whose glance had so often thrilled to her very soul, and which were now bent on her pale, bewildered countenance, were the eyes of Rover.

"Clara, dear Clara!" cried he, "the hue of the gipsy, the garb of the pedlar, alone are wanting, but the faith of the lover—the vows of the bridegroom, remain. Forgive the deception I have practised, in concert with my romantic cousin here, whose guardian genius has been constantly exerted in my behalf, to prove whether I could be loved for myself alone."

"Yes," added Gertrude, turning towards the company with inimitable grace, thus diverting their attention from Clara's unconquerable emotion, "suffer me to finish the explanation, I know all our friends are interested in hearing. My cousin came hither, disgusted with recent proofs of the treachery of those who were attracted towards him by the mere distinctions of wealth and fortune, and laying aside their gaudy trappings, he assumed the disguise of a poor and lowly man."

"But what upon earth made him think of passing off for a pedlar?" exclaimed an old lady, who had been rubbing her spectacles half-a-dozen times, to see if she could see distinctly. Every one smiled at the sudden interrogation.

"I had written to him," rejoined Gertrude, "of Clara's history, and of her invincible horror of the very name; and he, in the proud confidence of his own unborrowed excellence, resolved to encounter the most obdurate prejudices, that he might have the glory of conquering them. How he has succeeded, your own congratulating hearts can now bear witness."

"But I can't, for my life, think," continued the persevering old lady, "why she didn't find him out. I know nobody would have deceived me in that way."

Gertrude spoke in a low voice to Washington Graham, who, gently withdrawing from the trembling hand that clung to his arm for support, smiled and left the apartment. Clara followed him with her eyes, as if she feared he was about to vanish like the phantasmagoria of a dream, and there was a dead pause in the whole assembly. In a few minutes the door re-opened,

and a young man appeared, dressed in a plain suit of the darkest green, his hair combed in shading waves over his darkened brow, his complexion tinged with the same gipsy dye—"Rover!" exclaimed Clara, and sprang forward with a bound of irrepressible delight. Every remaining doubt vanished, and she wept in the fullness of her joy.

The old lady put on her spectacles, and looking close in his face, declared she would never have known him from Adam—only there was a sort of a look out of the eyes, that was like nobody else in the world but himself.

There was now a general rush of congratulation towards Clara, and she was almost smothered with caresses from those, who, a few hours before, thought it would be a disgrace to visit her again. The bride of Washington Graham was a very different person from the bride of a pedlar, but Clara's heart whispered that Rover and Washington Graham were the same.

"Well," said the lady of the spectacles, after the bridegroom had resumed his character as Washington Graham, and the wedding was concluded, "I never saw anything like these Stanleys, for the luck that follows them; but I would not advise any of the young folks to get such romantic notions into their heads for all that. Every old woman with a mob cap don't turn into a rich young widow, nor every pedlar into a fine gentleman."

ISRAFEL.*

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above,
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours'.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

* And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

SONNET TO BYRON.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

Spirit of gloom, whose meteoric glare
Gleamed o'er the darkness of an erring path,
And lit its horrors into heightened wrath,
Laying the shades of shrinking terrors bare!
Sad was thy rare prerogative. Thy ken
Pierced the dim confines of the shadowy sphere,
Where—dark and towering—phantom forms appear,
Unseen by fainter eyes of feebler men.
Such was thy commune: was it strange that thou
Shrank from the dwarfish race of common thought;
And, with a haught, unhallowed daring, sought
The shoreless ocean of forbidden wo?
Thy mind a mystery in its dark unrest—
The tortured cloud that palls the red volcano's breast!

VALUE OF MECHANICAL INDUSTRY.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

DOUBTLESS, to the higher forms of a complete civilization, a various, extensively developed, intellectual manufacturing and mechanical industry, aiming to multiply the comforts and supply the wants of the great body of the people, is wholly indispensable. Its propitious influence upon the wages and enjoyments of labor; the reasonable rewards which it holds out by means of joint stock, in shares, to all capital, whether the one hundred dollars of the widow and orphan, or the one hundred thousand of their wealthier neighbour; its propitious influence upon all the other employments of society; upon agriculture, by relieving it of over-production and over-competition, and securing it a market at home, without shutting up its market abroad; upon commerce, creating or mainly sustaining its best branch, domestic trade, and giving to its foreign trade variety, flexibility, an enlargement of field, and the means of commanding a needful supply of the productions of other nations, without exhausting drains on our own; its influence upon the comforts of the poor; upon refinement; upon security; defence; independence; power; nationality; all this is conceded by everybody. Senators denounce the means, but they glorify the end. Protective duties make a bill of abominations; but an advanced and diversified mechanical industry is excellent. The harvest is delightful to behold; it is the sowing and fencing only that offends the constitutionalist who denies the power, and the economist who denies the expediency, of reaping anything but spontaneous growths of untilled soils. While, therefore, a general defence of this class of employments, and this species of industry, would be wholly out of place, there is, however, an illustration or two of their uses, not quite so commonly adverted to, on which I pause to say a word. And one of them is this: that, in connection with the other tasks of an advanced civilization, with which they are always found associated, they offer to every faculty, and talent, and taste, in the community, the specific work best suited to it; and thus effect a more universal development and a more complete education of the general intellect than otherwise would be practicable. It is not merely that they keep everybody busy, in the evening and before light as well as in the daytime, in winter as well as in summer, in wet weather as well as in fair, women and children as well as men, but it is that everybody is enabled to be busy on the precise thing the best adapted to his capacity and his inclinations. In a country of few occupations, employments go down by an arbitrary, hereditary, coercive designation, without regard to peculiarities of individual character. The son of a priest is a priest; the son of a barber is a barber; a man raises onions and garlic, because a certain other person did so when the Pyramids were building, centuries ago. But a diversified, advanced, and refined mechanical and manufacturing industry, co-operating with these other numerous employments of civilization which always surround it, offers the widest choice; detects the slightest shade of individuality; quickens into existence and trains in perfection the largest conceivable amount and the utmost possible variety of national mind. It goes abroad with its handmaid labor, not like the elegiac poet into the churchyard, but among the bright tribes of living childhood, and manhood, and finds there in more than a figurative sense, some mute, inglorious Milton, to whom it gives a tongue and the opportunity of fame; the dauntless breast of some Hampden still at play, yet born to strive with the tyrant of more than a village; infant hands that may one day sway the rod of empire; hearts already pregnant with celestial fire; future Arkwrights, and Watts, and Witneys, and Fultons, whom it leads forth to a discipline and a career that may work a revolution in the arts and commerce of the world. Here are five sons in a family. In some communities they would all become hedgers and ditchers; in others, shore fishermen; in others, hired men in the fields, or porters or servants in noblemen's families. But see what the diversified employments of civilization may make of them. One has a passion for contention, and danger, and adventure. There are the gigantic game of the sea; the vast fields of the Pacific; the pursuit even "beneath the frozen serpent of the South," for him. Another has a taste for trade; he plays already at bargains and barter. There are Wall-street, and Milk-street, and clerkships and agencies at Manilla, and Canton, and Rio de Janeiro, for him. A third early and seriously inclines to the quiet life, the fixed habits, the hereditary opinions, and old ways of his fathers; there is the plough for him. Another developes from infancy extraordinary mechanical and inventive talent; extraordinary in degree, of not yet ascertained direction. You see it in his first *whittling*. There may be a Fulton, or an Arkwright; there may be wrapped up the germs of an idea, which, realized, shall change the industry of nations, and give a new name to a new era. Well, there are the machine shops at Lowell and Providence for him; there are cotton mills and woollen mills for him to superintend; there is stationary and locomotive steam power for him to guide and study; of a hundred departments and forms of useful art, some one will surely reach and feed the ruling intellectual passion. In the flashing eye, beneath the pale and beaming brow of that other one, you detect the solitary first thoughts of genius. There are the sea-shore of storm or calm, the waning moon, the stripes of summer evening cloud, traditions, and all the food of the soul, for

him. And so all the boys are provided for. Every fragment of mind is gathered up. Nothing is lost. The hazel rod, with unfailing potency, points out, separates, and gives to sight every grain of gold in the water and in the sand. Every taste, every faculty, every peculiarity of mental power, finds its task, does it, and is made the better for it.

Let me say, that there is another influence of manufacturing and mechanical arts and industry, which should commend them to the favor of American statesmen. In all ages and in all nations they have been the parents and handmaids of popular liberty. If I had said, of democratical liberty, I should have expressed myself more accurately. This praise, if not their's alone, or pre-eminently, they share perhaps with commerce only. I observe, with surprise, that Mr. Calhoun, in his speech in opposition to Mr. Randolph's motion to strike out the minimum valuation on cotton goods, in the House of Representatives, April, 1816, a speech in many respects remarkable and instructive, and to which I shall make frequent reference before I have done,—in that speech Mr. Calhoun gives some slight countenance to the suggestion that "capital employed in manufacturing produced a greater dependence on the part of the employed, than in commerce, navigation, or agriculture." I think this is contradicted by the history of the whole world. "Millionary manufacturing capitalists," like all other persons possessed of large accumulations, are essentially conservative, timorous, disinclined to change on the side of law, order, and permanence. So are millionary commercial capitalists, and millionary cotton-growing and sugar-growing capitalists, and millionary capitalists of all sorts. But the artizans of towns,—mechanics, manufacturing operatives, that whole city and village population, wherever concentrated, by whom the useful arts of a civilized society are performed,—are among the freest of the free, the world over. They are no man's slaves; they are "no man's men." Brought together in considerable numbers, and forming a part of a still larger urban population in immediate contact; reciprocally acting on and acted on by numerous other minds; enjoying every day some time of leisure, and driven by the craving for stimulus which the monotony of their employments, their own mental activity, and all the influences about them are so well calculated to produce; driven to the search of some external objects of interest, they find these in conversation, in discussion, in reading newspapers and books, in all the topics which agitate the crowded community of which they are part; and thus they become curious, flexible, quick, progressive. Something too in their position and relations; just starting in the world, their fortunes to seek or to make; something in their half antagonistical, half auxiliary connection with their employers; free associated labor employed by large associated capital; something, with unfailing certainty, determines them to the side of the largest liberty. So always it has been. So it was in the freest of the Greek republics. So, too, in the middle ages, after her sleep of a thousand years from the battle of Pharsalia, liberty revived and respired among the handicraftsmen and traders of the small commercial and manufacturing towns of Germany, Italy, and England. There, in sight of the open and glorious sea—law, order, self-government, popular liberty, art, taste, and all the fair variety of cultivated things, sprang up together, and set out together on that "radiant round," never to cease but with the close of time, And where do you feel the pulses of democratical England and Scotland beat quickest and hottest to-day? What are the communities that called loudest for parliamentary reform; and call loudest now for those social and political ameliorations, the fear of which perplexes the throne, the church, and the aristocracy? Certainly, the large and small manufacturing towns. "The two great powers (I read from the ablest Tory journal in Great Britain), operating on human affairs, which are producing this progressive increase of democratical influence, are the extension of manufactures and the influence of the daily press." What British periodical is it which most zealously advocates the cause, asserts the dignity, appreciates the uses and claims of manufacturing industry? Precisely the most radical and revolutionary of them all. And whose rhymes are those which convey to the strong, sad heart of English labor, "thoughts that wake to perish never," the germs of a culture growing up to everlasting life, the "public and private sense of a man;" the dream, the hope of social reform; and a better, but not revolutionary liberty! Whose, but Elliot's, the worker in iron, the "artizan poet of the poor?"

The real truth is, that manufacturing and mechanical, and commercial industry, is "the prolific source of democratic feeling." Of the two great elements which must be combined in all greatness of national character and national destiny, permanence and progression, these employments stimulate the latter; agriculture contributes to the former. They are one of those acting and counteracting—opposing, yet not discordant powers, from whose reciprocal struggle is drawn out the harmony of the universe. Agriculture is the other. The country is the home of rest. The town is the theatre of change. Senators are very fond of reminding us that the census shows so large a preponderance of numbers at work on the land. Then over and above all the good you do them, by calling off some who would crowd that employment into other business, and providing a better market for those who remain in it, why should you be afraid, on a larger and deeper reason, to temper and attend this by other occupation? You have provided well for permanence. Be not afraid of the agents of intelligent progress. It is the union of social labors which causes the wealth, developes the mind, prolongs the career, and elevates and adorns the history of nations.

MEETA CLIFTON'S FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE ESTRANGED HEARTS."

MEETA CLIFTON was sitting alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, one hand veiling her eyes from the subdued light of the apartment, the other carelessly resting on the closed and splendidly bound volume lying in her lap. Her small lips were tightly compressed, and now and then there stole from the veiled eyes large tears, which glanced along her cheeks like drops of dew on the petals of a blushing rose.

From the opened windows of the conservatory there came a mingled perfume of many blossoms, and at her feet lay the half-finished wreath of delicate buds, which but a few moments before she had been busily twining. A door opened, and Meeta's reverie was broken. She raised her large, thoughtful eyes, and met the anxious and inquiring gaze of her devotedly fond mother.

"Tears! tears again, my darling—tell me, Meeta, why is this? Have you not every luxury which you could desire?—every wish granted as soon as expressed?—and still you persevere in weeping away your mornings, and sighing away your evenings, as though your heart was breaking. There is some cause for this, Meeta, and you must tell it to me, my child." Mrs. Clifton had commenced in an almost playful tone of voice, but as she proceeded, her tones, if not her words, assumed a tinge of bitterness, and when she ceased, a look of vexation had entirely displaced the one of motherly anxiety, which had before so plainly predominated. Meeta stooped, raised the wreath, and selecting a sprig of jessamine from the flowers before her, diligently bent over her work, as she carelessly answered—

"It is not strange that one should have sad thoughts at times, mamma, and I have been reading a sad tale this morning."

Mrs. Clifton lifted the volume. It was a book of German legends.

"I wish you would stop reading these German stories, Meeta—you know you were always visionary enough. Come, child, put up this nonsensical romance, and dress yourself; I will order the carriage, and we will go down to Levy's and see what they have new and pretty." A look of weariness, almost of disgust, passed over Meeta's strikingly beautiful features as she arose from the lounge, and carefully laid her wreath in a porphyry urn half filled with water. With a languid step she followed her mother from the room—up the staircase, and then gliding into her own dressing-room, she closed the door, and turned the key in the lock. She threw a careless glance around the chamber, and met the reflection of her own graceful form in the Psyché glass. The marble forehead so thoughtfully serene—the dark eyes so intensely brilliant—the faultlessly chiselled mouth—she noted all, and then, with an almost sorrowful smile, she said—

"For these must I listen to the flatteries I despise, while not one soul in the wide world understands me as I long to be understood." Throwing herself upon the couch, she again pillowed her head in the palm of her beautiful hand, and the moments stole onward unheeded, although they bore upon their wings many a soft sigh, escaping from the spirit which was ever developing itself in earnest aspirations.

"Meeta, are you ready?"

"In one moment, mamma;" and tying on her bonnet, and folding her cashmere about her, she joined her mother in the hall.

After making their purchases at Levy's, Mrs. Clifton ordered the coachman to drive to the United States Hotel, where Meeta and herself immediately proceeded to call upon some friends from St. Louis.

They found Mrs. Nugent and her daughter in the parlor—Miss Nugent singing a popular song, accompanied by a gentleman beside her, whose deep, rich voice swept the fine chords of Meeta's heart, as a summer breeze would sweep over the trembling strings of a wind-harp. But the melody it awoke died not as soon away. How many times in the watches of the sleepless night that succeeded that eventful meeting, did Meeta Clifton listen to the echoing vibrations which so powerfully moved her—how many times did she repeat to herself his musical name—"Clarence Grenville." It seemed to her the golden key which was to unlock for her the treasure-house of the future.

The next day Mrs. Nugent and her daughter passed with the Cliftons. Mr. Grenville dined with them, and when he bade them good evening, he bore away the jessamine which Meeta had twined in her wreath—the wreath she had wept over, little dreaming one of its flowers would be pressed to the lips of her "first love."

Days, weeks, months, glided onward, and Meeta and Clarence were betrothed. In Grenville had Meeta found the ideal she had pictured; and fully understood and appreciated by him was her noble and sensitive nature. Never wearied of her wild imaginings, he listened hour after hour to the tide of brilliant thought which gushed carelessly from the deep wells of her intellect, or flowed calmly from the boundless seas of her affections. He had passed the first flush of manhood, and, disgusted with the heartlessness of the throngs, in whose midst he had moved a polished man of the world, he looked upon Meeta's rare and beautiful attractions with surprise and glowing admiration; for even at their first meeting had his discerning eye penetrated the almost haughty coldness of her manners. An intimate acquaintance soon ripened into love upon his part, and the avowal of it was met with no affectation of indifference by Meeta. Upon the very fauteuil where but a few months

before she had wept because she so longed for a sympathizing spirit, did she sit by the side of Clarence, hand clasped in hand, and the pure blood mantling her cheeks with crimson, as she listened to the eloquent words which told her how fondly—how devotedly was she beloved. After their engagement most of their mornings were spent together; either in riding, or walking, or in their favorite apartment, the boudoir. There, one morning, Clarence surprised her, so deeply engrossed in the German tale she was reading, that he raised her hand from the table before she was aware of his presence.

"I am jealous of that book, Meeta; and I challenge you to give it me."

"Ah, Clarence, my German books are all the world to me in your absence—there I live over all the happiness I experience in your presence, and sometimes I so identify myself with the feelings of some favorite character, that I forget the matter-of-fact world of now-a-days."

"Then is the present 'matter-of-fact' so disagreeable to you, Meeta?"

"Oh, no, Clarence; I am far happier than any of my heroines since we have met; so happy that I sometimes tremble lest the bright dreams which gilded my pathway so suddenly and beautifully should vanish. Shall I tell you of my last night's dream, Clarence?"

"Certainly, dearest, but I am sure with your strong mind you are not in the least superstitious; although I easily divine that the dream was not a pleasant one by the Madonna-like look which you wear. There; your eyes a trifle lower; that will do. Now your expression is exactly that of Ellen Gray, my first love. I must tell you all about that, Meeta."

Meeta's eyes were turned full upon Clarence Grenville's before his last sentence was finished. Slowly from her cheeks the rose-hue faded, and strangely hoarse was her voice as she said—

"Clarence, you have surely never loved before?"

"Most assuredly I have, my loveliest and my best," he replied, at the same time vainly endeavouring to imprison the hand she had withdrawn.

"Oh, Clarence, this is terrible! this is cruel! *You* have loved before, and yet *you dare* to bring to me a heart whose altars are soiled with the ashes of the sacrifices which you offered up in other days. Clarence Grenville! is this the return for the unbounded love which I have poured upon you?—no, not upon you, but the ideal with whom I fancied I had exchanged a heart as fresh, and pure, and fervent as my own."

Clarence looked upon Meeta with surprise.

"Surely, dear one, this is but a jest. You cannot imagine that my love for you is less strong or less abiding, because my fancies have been enthralled before. You will not let such a trifling cause interfere with our happiness, Meeta; my love for you is too deep for such bubbles upon the surface of the past to affect it for a moment."

Slowly from her cushioned seat Meeta arose—there were no tears in her eyes, but the pupils were painfully dilated, and her colourless cheeks and lips bore unmistakeable signs of the struggles of her proud heart. For one moment she paused in front of her betrothed—with a low whisper she bowed her head.

"Take back this ring, Clarence—our marriage can never be, and henceforth I am to you only *as a bubble upon the waters of the past.* God in mercy grant that it may disturb the serenity of my life no more than it will your's." Another moment, and she had gone. How bewildered was the look which Clarence cast upon the closing door—with what wild energy did he spring forward—it was too late.

He seized the pencil which lay upon Meeta's escritoire, and wrote hurriedly upon a blank sheet of note-paper—

"For God's sake, Meeta, come back to me—for my sake, come—for thy own sweet sake, beloved. Too closely woven are the inmost fibres of our hearts for this rude blow to separate. Come to me, darling, I will tell you all. I have not one thought which I would hide from you—come, and let these moments of unnecessary torture cease. For ever thine, and thine only,

"CLARENCE."

He rang the bell, and sent the note to Meeta's room. It seemed ages before the answer was brought to him. Eagerly he broke the seal and read—

"No time can change me—no persuasions can induce me to become your's. It was but this morning that I read a story of the sufferings—the intense heart-sufferings of one who wedded a man that had loved before. Turn to the index of the volume I was reading—you will find 'Das Hertz-gebrochene,' read it, and ask your own heart if you wonder at my decision. My last night's dream was but a prophecy of the future to me. I was wandering in a beautiful path; overhead there were arching vines; their green and glossy leaves bent over me; their snowy blossoms filled the air with perfume, and at every step I crushed the dewy violets, and the fragrant wild flowers that were woven so thickly in the velvet turf. Everything about me was gloriously beautified—my path was onward. From the deep shade of the wreathing vines I suddenly emerged into an open space. The day-god was resting his head upon the blue and cloud-capped hills of the far west—slowly I saw him sink into the fleecy, snow-white pile; and then I watched the golden stars gleam one by one from the enamelled heavens. Cold and stately the moon looked forth from the windows of the east, and the jewelled stars trembled and grew dim in her queenly presence. A strange icy sensation girdled my heart—I looked down upon my path—I was on the verge of a precipice—*one step further, and I had been lost!* From the depths below—so far that my eyes could not penetrate—I heard the tumultuous noise of rushing waters; upon the opposite side another precipice loomed far up, and across this fearful gorge a single thread was spanned! my path laid over it—I could not go back. I looked up to the heavens, was there no way of escape?—no extending arm to save me? Dark clouds in giant forms were trooping upward—they spread their tents about the moon—they wrapped the whole earth in their gloomy folds: from the abyss below unearthly voices were shrieking to me—even the very thread whose strength I was to

trust to, was now lost in the darkness! In my agony I struggled with my fate and awoke—awoke to thank my God it was but a dream, little imagining it would so soon prove reality. I still stand upon the verge of the abyss, but motionless, for I have ceased to struggle. The cord may yet prove of sufficient strength to bear me over to the beautiful path beyond, but if it break, and I am dashed upon the rocks below, may he who spread the cord feel but one tithe of the anguish which is now eating to my heart's core.

"Farewell *for ever!* from this moment, meet where we may, we are strangers; from this hour I commence the task of rooting out every memory of the past which is associated with you. It will be in vain to write to me, your letters will return unopened, and unanswered. The path I have chosen, dreary as you may think it, has far more of solace than that of 'Das Herts-gebrochene,' whose history I wish you to read. Again, farewell *for ever!* "MEETA CLIFTON."

As Clarence finished reading, tears stole from his eyes—"tears even though he was a man." He arose, dashed them away, and paced the room hurriedly.

"She mistakes her own strength—she knows not what she is doing. My God, Meeta, you will break both our hearts!"

Again he sat down upon the lounge—he raised the book, but his mind was too much agitated to read. Although the story was written with a masterly hand, he found it utterly incapable of enchaining his attention, and with an impetuous movement he threw the book on the table. An hour passed on. Vainly had he hoped that Meeta might come to her room, that he might see her once again, and now with a few of her favourite flowers, which he had gathered from the conservatory, he passed from the room where he had spent so many happy hours with his young betrothed. Once more he looked back—there was the harp over which he had so often hung entranced in the earlier days of their acquaintance—should he never hear its tones again? The thought was agony; with a quick step he turned from the room, and was soon rapidly wending his way to his hotel. After passing a sleepless night, he wrote in his journal thus—

"I have passed a night of mental anguish; such an one as I can never pass again, for with the morning light has come a stoical indifference which I expected years alone could bring me. I have loved Meeta Clifton almost idolatrously. I love her still, despite the visionary philosophy with which her mind is so deeply imbued. She is young—not seventeen—a few years from this time she will look upon these things in a different light. I will go to Europe, and when I return, if she has loved me as fervently as I do her, she will remain true to my memory, and perhaps better prize the matured love she has so scornfully rejected."

The next day he was on his way to New York, and in one week from the day of their parting, Meeta read his name amongst the passengers who had sailed in the packet ship, "Oxford." She crushed the paper with both hands, then pressing them to her face, she sobbed like a child. They were the first tears which she had shed for Clarence Grenville, but not the last!

It was a balmy June morning that against one of the vine-wreathed pillars of the conservatory Meeta leaned. Her dark eyes were as thoughtful as ever, and far more red, and there were traces of tears upon their silken fringes. Already had she found that the second love of Clarence Grenville was far dearer to her than aught on earth beside. Should she pour out her whole soul to him on paper, and thus summon him back? No, pride forbade the thought. She would suffer in silence—she would so school her heart that none should know how troubled were its waters. He would find some new love in the beautiful lands he had gone to, and she would learn to hear his name linked with another—calmly and coldly would she hear it, not a flush should mantle her brow, not a tear dim her eyes. She would drink the cup she had prepared, and no one save herself should dream how darker than midnight were the dregs.

A hand was laid lightly upon Meeta's—the one which rested amidst the vines. The chain of thought was broken, and she looked up into her father's face. In expression it was but the reflection of her own, so sad, so thoughtful.

"Meeta, I have sorrowful news, my child—come into the library with me;" and he drew her hand within his arm. She followed without speaking, but her heart beat faster at every step. They sat down together upon the broad divan.

"It is now nearly two months since poor Clarence left us—although you refused him, Meeta, I cannot but think that you have some sentiments of affection for one every way so worthy of them, and I almost tremble to tell you the fearful——." Mr. Clifton paused, for the expression of deep suffering upon Meeta's face was too plain for her father to doubt for a moment longer the love in her heart.

"Tell me, father, that he is alive—that he is not dead; I can bear anything but that."

Mr. Clifton shook his head mournfully—it was enough, for, with a scream of anguish, Meeta threw herself upon the floor.

"Meeta! my child! my darling! listen to me—do not moan so piteously. Here, rest your head upon this cushion—there, love, be calm, I will go for your mother."

Mr. Clifton hastened up to his wife's dressing-room. She was reading a paper, and her eyes were discolored with weeping.

"Margaret, we have deceived ourselves, Meeta loves Clarence. I tried to break the news to her gently, but she surmised before I commenced, and is now giving way to the most passionate grief."

Mrs. Clifton immediately went down with her husband. They met Meeta at the door, and both started back in surprise. She was perfectly calm—there was not a trace of suffering upon her face.

"Clarence is dead, mother," she said, as she passed them quickly, and hastened on to her room.

"Follow her," whispered Mr. Clifton to his wife, "she is too calm."

"Meeta, let us talk calmly about this distress-

ing event," said Mrs. Clifton, as she drew a chair close to the couch where Meeta had thrown herself, and now lay with her eyes widely distended and fixed full upon the ceiling. She made no reply.

Mrs. Clifton knew that the wildest grief was not so dangerous as this freezing apathy, and she strove to awaken some emotion.

"Did your father tell you the particulars, my dear?" There was no answer.

"The 'Oxford' was wrecked off the Cornwall coast, and not one soul saved—very terrible, but you must not blame yourself in the least. It was very foolish in Clarence to go off so suddenly, but it was fated to be so, and no regrets can alter his fate, my child."

"*Fated!*" moaned Meeta, through her closed teeth. There was a quivering of the eyelids, a quick muscular motion about the nerves of the lips, followed by a piercing scream which rang through the house.

Mrs. Clifton started to her feet, and her husband, who was waiting at the door of the apartment, immediately joined her.

"A single cord! a thread to cross upon! I cannot," screamed Meeta. "Clarence, save me—help me to cross. Where are you, Clarence? It is dark—it is fearfully dark, but give me your hand, and I will come to you—it is but a step between; oh, for the love of heaven, do not leave me! I was wrong—I was cruel; but do not upbraid me now, for the flames are about me; they scorch! they burn! Oh, help me! save me, Clarence!"

Thus during all that fearful night did Meeta rave. With the morning light came calm unconsciousness; for weeks she lay in this state: then came months of convalescence, in which the spirit seemed wavering between love for the beautiful things of earth, and longings for its promised rest in the home of heaven.

Two years had passed since Meeta's illness—two years of constant anxiety to her devoted parents. They had left no means untried to divert her mind from the one absorbing subject. Through all the most interesting portions of the United States had they travelled, but they could not restore the cheerful smiles of other days.

As a last resort, Mr. Clifton proposed an European tour. To this his wife at first objected, fearing that it might recall to Meeta's mind more vividly the painful past; but upon adverting to the subject in her presence, they found her not only willing, but eager to undertake the proposed journey. In a few weeks they embarked for London. From there they proceeded almost immediately to France, and after travelling through portions of that country, and Spain and Portugal, they reached Naples in time to spend Meeta's twentieth birth-day. Here they expected to pass the winter, and Mr. Clifton was so fortunate as to procure a palazzo in one of the most delightful situations. The grounds were enchantingly laid out, and the interior of the palazzo was luxuriously furnished. The excitement which had buoyed up Meeta's drooping spirits during their hurried travelling, now seemed to die away. Day by day her beautiful face grew far purer and paler, and the disappointed mother wept bitter tears over her blighted hopes. The physician they had called in pronounced her in no immediate danger, but this was but little encouragement to the distressed parents.

Suddenly the aspect of things changed. Meeta's favorite room was upon the first floor, and overlooked the bay. Here she had gathered all her souvenirs of home—vases of fragrant flowers were scattered about upon antique tables—fine landscape paintings adorned the walls, and against a marble statue rested a harp, which Meeta had but seldom used.

By one of the open casements of this room, Meeta had reclined for nearly an hour, looking out upon the vineyards and the blue sky beyond. Suddenly she turned to her harp, and after a short impromptu prelude, she commenced singing—

Come to my bosom, merry thoughts and glad,
Come, with the timbrel and the joyous song,
Come, ere the light of my young youth has fled—
It is not well that ye should linger long!

Come pleasure, with thy clarion-breathing voice,
Come, whisper music at my heart's lone shrine;
Thou wert my first-desired, my only choice,
When a young child I played beneath the vine.

Come, with thy dancing feet o'er sadness flying,
Come, chase my grieving spirits' gloom away,
And with thy syren voice dispel the sighing
Which echoes through my heart from day to day.

What though my bosom holds but ruined shrines;
What though the cypress spreads around its gloom;
Music and mirth can dance among the vines
That arching grow above Love's early tomb.

As she finished, her hand fell motionless by her side. Her fine head was thrown back, and the chiselled features looked as pure and cold as the marble beside her. Her braided hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, was confined in a simple Grecian braid, and knotted around with pearls. Her large thoughtful eyes were fixed so intently upon the amber sky, that the two who stood motionless by the marble balustrade hesitated whether they should disturb the enchanting tableau, or remain and enjoy its beauty.

The eldest of the two was the physician, Dr. Villiers; the other an Italian, Signor Manfredi, a friend of the doctor's, who had accompanied him once or twice before in his visits to his fair patient, and who seemed exceedingly enamored with her surpassing loveliness.

Not for one instant had he ceased to gaze upon her during the song, and when her voice, so mournfully sweet and sad, died away, he dashed something very like tears from his soul-speaking eyes.

The lower part of his face was so concealed by his immense moustache and beard, that the features were not visible, but the forehead was broad and massy, and the dark chesnut hair which fell in such profuse waves upon his shoulders, only added to its beauty. Dr. Villiers at length stepped forward.

"I have broken the spell, Miss Clifton, for I did not dare to let you look any longer upon that magnificent sky, lest your soul should escape

through your eyes, as my friend Manfredi's seemed to be escaping."

Meeta smiled, as she welcomed the doctor and his friend, but the smile rested only on the lips—the eyes were as sad as ever.

Dr. Villiers went on in the same playful strain he had commenced, until he left the saloon to search for Mrs. Clifton.

"Will you sing me that song again, Miss Clifton, or am I asking too much?" said the signor.

"I would gladly oblige you, but it is impossible," replied Meeta, "I composed it as I sang."

"Is it possible! Do you know, as I looked at you, I imagined you a second Corinne, and I wished from my heart that I——"

Their eyes met—the Italian's drooped suddenly, as if he had presumed too much upon the short acquaintance. A crimson flush spread over Meeta's face, and died away as suddenly. The rest of their conversation seemed restrained, and it was evidently a relief to both when Dr. Villiers returned with Mr. Clifton.

The conversation then became general; Signor Manfredi entering with spirit into some descriptions of the scenery about Naples. He was exceedingly eloquent, and Meeta more than once found herself gazing upon him, with more interest than she had felt for any one for years. Her parent noticed the change with pleasure, and the good doctor fairly chuckled and rubbed his hands in glee, as he said, in an aside to Mr. Clifton, "Ah, we'll have her a convert to second love yet." Meeta little dreamed of the conspiracy going on between her parents and her excellent physician. *Their plot was well laid.*

As days passed on, neither of them seemed to mistrust that there were any designs in their frequent meetings; yet Meeta had learned to consider the hours long in which he was not lingering by her side, and Manfredi spent the time which was not devoted to her within sight of her palazzo. In less than a month from their first acquaintance, Signor Manfredi, with all the ardor of his southern temperament, bowed himself at Meeta's feet, and passionately avowed his love.

"Not yet, not yet," sighed Meeta, "let us be friends, but no more."

"No," replied Manfredi, "I cannot live longer in your presence, and not be more to you than I am. You must love me, Miss Clifton, or if you give me no hope, I leave you this night for ever. Do not turn from me, I beg of you. Look upon me—read my love in my eyes—the love no words can tell, and say but one word, 'go' or 'stay'—it is all I will ask to-night."

Meeta raised her drooping lids, and met his eyes—oh, that one thrilling glance! it recalled the days that were past; and yet strong as was their memory, she bowed her head and rested it upon his shoulder, acknowledging to herself that her second love was stronger—more thrillingly intense.

In the blissful present, Meeta seemed to have buried all memories of the painful past. She was herself again, warbling like a wild-bird, as clinging to his arm she wandered through the beautiful saloons of the palazzo. She sang for him the same song which years before she sang for Clarence, and he kissed the tears from her humid eyes—tears which seemed to well from excess of joy.

When they rambled through the grounds, he wreathed her hair with his favorite flower—the white and starry jessamine—then paused to gaze upon her increased beauty.

The third evening after their engagement found them seated in the colonnade which overlooked the bay. Manfredi was gazing with peculiar tenderness upon his affianced bride. She seemed enwrapt with the beauty of the moonlight scene before her.

"This is very beautiful, dear Meta; but were you ever in Germany?"

"Never—papa wished to travel there before we settled ourselves here, but I was a little obstinate, and he yielded to me."

"We must take our bridal tour in that direction, dearest. Germany is a most interesting country to travel in. Scarce a spot but has its own peculiar tale or legend—some of them extremely thrilling. It was from reading one of those legends, that years ago I resolved never to marry one who had loved before."

A shade passed over Meeta's face, she drew her hand from the one clasping it so tenderly, and pressed it tightly over her eyes.

"I have loved before, Lorenzo—loved well-nigh as ardently and devotedly as I do you now."

"Loved another! impossible!" commenced Manfredi.

"No, not impossible—it was the resemblance in the tones of your voice to him—in the glance of your eye, that first awoke the love I bear you now, and oh, Lorenzo! it was the same foolish belief which caused our separation—a separation which, for more than three years, made me lose all love for life."

"Meeta, if you were to meet him again, would you not forget me?"

"That is impossible—he was wrecked scarce a month from our parting." She shuddered as she spoke: Manfredi noted it, and said, "Meeta, you love him yet!"

"I have so blended my love for him with my love for you, Lorenzo, that I have felt that—indeed I cannot tell you how, you will think me strange, but your manners, your tones, your eyes were so like his, it seemed to me that—" She was so agitated she could not say more.

"So I am to understand that while I supposed you was loving me for myself, you was only loving me because of my resemblance to an earlier love. Is that it, Meeta?"

There was nothing harsh or chiding in the tones of his voice. Meeta raised her eyes and met the same all-powerful glance. A moment more, and she felt his arm encircling her waist—her head nestling in his bosom.

"Lie thus, dearest, until I tell you a story of the past—do not tremble so, my bird, or I shall fear to tell you."

At this moment Dr. Villiers called from the saloon,

"Come here, Miss Clifton, we want you to sing for us."

Manfredi arose, and led Meeta to a seat within the saloon.

"Doctor, I was just commencing a story; you must not interrupt me. When I have done, she will sing for you if you wish it."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the doctor, and wheeling his chair up to the lounge where they were sitting, he took one of Meeta's hands, and carelessly placed his fingers upon the wrist. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton retained the seats they had occupied when Meeta and Manfredi had entered from the colonnade.

"Meeta darling," said Mrs. Clifton, her eyes moistened with the unbidden tears she was vainly striving to crush, "you must not let Signor Manfredi's story excite you."

Meeta looked around wonderingly—her mother's tearful eyes—her father's expression of intense anxiety—the doctor's evident watchfulness—what could it all mean? Inquiringly she directed her glance to her lover. Mr. Clifton arose and came toward her.

"Meeta, prepare your mind for a very great, a sudden shock; do you think you can bear it?"

"What can it be father? I can bear anything but the suspense. I see you all here; what have I to fear?"

"Nothing to fear, but much to rejoice over, my child; we have deceived you—Manfredi is not the name of your betrothed—can you guess who he is?"

It was almost a vacant look, which for a moment Meeta cast around; then she met the same thrilling glance, and a gleam of triumphant joy lit up her features, as exclaiming,

"Clarence! my Clarence! oh, my heart told me this long ago!" she sprung into his arms.

"She is safe, thank God," said Dr. Villiers, as he turned from the tearful but happy group. "She got through it wonderfully well. I must say I felt a good deal of anxiety, but these women are always a-head of you. I never surprised one yet; they are always thinking so, or feeling a presentiment, or dreaming so, or something or other of the sort."

He took the opportunity, while his back was turned, of brushing the tears from his eyes, for Dr. Villiers had lived many years in the world, and he did not care to be seen weeping. Then looking back, he said,

"Oh, ho! we are so happy now, that we don't care about hearing the story—how do you know who it is Miss? we have not told you yet. It may be the wandering Jew, or Belzebub himself, for all you know to the contrary."

The next day Meeta heard the story, which Signor Manfredi, *alias* Clarence Grenville, had commenced. The packet ship "Oxford," on whose books he had registered his name, sailed without him, as he had concluded, at the urgent persuasion of a southern friend, to go with him to New Orleans, where he remained several months; the next two years he passed travelling in Europe. He heard the fate of the "Oxford," and knew that his American friends would believe him lost; he was very willing that it should be so, as some such plan as the one he finally pursued had occurred to him. For this purpose he suffered his hair to grow long, and cultivated his moustache and beard to perfection.

Upon his return to the United States his most intimate friends failed to recognise him. He found that the Clifton family were travelling; he searched in vain at several of the most fashionable watering-places, during the succeeding summer, and eventually followed them to Naples. He immediately made himself known to Mr. Clifton, and told him the particulars of his refusal, and his desire to win Meeta's second love. Dr. Villiers was consulted—his consent given, the doctor introduced him as his friend, with the result which is already known.

At their palazzo in Naples was the marriage of Clarence Grenville and Meeta Clifton celebrated: and although Meeta denies it, her husband still persists in saying, that he was her *second love.*

THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He hath but gone an hour or two earlier to bed, and we are undressing to follow."—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

WHY com'st thou back, departed one,
Why com'st thou back to me,
When Autumn with its first-drawn blood
Doth stain the maple tree?
Is it because thy musing mind
Did take such deep delight
In the lone hush of pensive thought
That fading groves excite?

Why glid'st thou on, when Winter sweeps
The Year's proud wealth away,
And leaves it to the scathing blast,
All old, and bare, and grey?
Is it because the lengthened eve—
The hearth-stone blazing free—
The social page—the home-felt joy,
Were aye so sweet to thee?

Why art thou here, when Summer's pomp
Enrobes the scented thorn?
Is it because thine own young life
Was 'mid its roses born?
Or that her hand did lay thee down
On pillow cold and fair,
And duly make its covering bright
With turf and violets rare?

Why art thou near, when Spring unlocks
The lowliest blossom's cell,
Thou bud of fondly-cherished hope,
That in its flushing fell?
Thy spirit-breath is on my cheek,
Yet nought can melt away
The frost-seal from my lips, or heave
Thy breast of sculptured clay.

Why com'st thou thus, with every change
That marks the rolling year?
Is it because great Nature's book
Was to thy soul so dear?
Or to forewarn me that the land
O'er Jordan's wave draws nigh,
Where varying seasons have no place,
And love can never die?

Hartford Ct., September 24th, 1851.

ISHMAEL.

BY V. J. JEFFEL.

A YOUNG MAN, quite jauntily dressed, was walking one day along the muddiest street in the suburbs of Baltimore. Just as he had plunged his foot into the midst of a viscid pool—by comparison with its connected waters a very Lake Superior—the exclamation of disgust which such an incident was likely to call forth from the wearer of a new patent-leather boot was cut short by a noise as startling as it was loud. Arrested in that picturesque attitude, which showed a well-formed person to much advantage, —with one foot on solid earth, the other buried ankle-deep in the centre of the slimy sea—he turned the upper portion of his body half round, and looked eagerly in the direction of the noise. Extending from the street at right angles was a narrow lane of considerable length, which terminated at a cluster of board pens, and a low brick edifice, hard by a small brook. Some twenty paces from the street, the lane was cut by a stout gate. The post on which this hung suspended also a smaller gate, which served to give passage through the fence at the left, to the yard-door of a dwelling. It seemed that a young woman, who had gone up the lane, was just putting her hand to the latch of the small gate, when the other flew open with such violence that she was prostrated by the concussion. The gate was hung so high that it passed clear over her, and swung back, unobstructed, to the fence. At the same instant, an ox galloped by frantically, leaping over her as he went; and a little distance behind, a whole herd of cattle came dashing on at the same furious speed, and gave forth the discordant sounds which had attracted the attention of the pedestrian. As it afterwards appeared, these were beeves, driven fresh from pasture to the shambles, where the temporary madness into which the first sight of blood sometimes throws these animals had excited them beyond the control of their keepers.

The young woman was in a situation of real danger; the drove of cattle, cooped in on either side by the high, strong fence, and impelled precipitately forward, the one by the other, were crowded into a dense mass, in which animal could not be distinguished from animal, while from the whole there arose a noise made up of the clatter of interlocking horns, and the bellow of rage and distress. There is something fearful at any time in such a display of brute energy. It shocks us as unnatural, to see matter gifted by inseated life with a force which is prodigious and resistless, while reason, ordained the governor of life, is not there. But the youth in the street, as the whole scene broke upon him, had no time for any thought but of the fellow human being who lay in the path of the frantic cattle. It seemed impossible that anything could stay their course, and that, unless it were arrested, aught but a miracle could save the poor woman from being trodden to death under the hoofs of a herd, in which each animal communicated momentum to the rest, but had no power of individual action. He never stopped to weigh probabilities, but bounded up the lane, and stood in the gateway with both arms extended. The foremost of the herd recoiled within ten feet of him; but, although their dread of the human form caused them to resist with all their might, the on-driving force beyond was too strong, and the young man, received between the wide-spread horns of a stately ox, was pressed, staggering backwards, till he stood almost over the outstretched body of the girl. Then it was, that the front line of cattle, wedged in fast between the gate-posts, formed a living wall: the resistance in front was greater than at the sides: the fence to the right gave way; and in the space of time that one might draw a full breath, the lane was cleared, and the herd, frightened and scattered, were racing over a twenty-acre field.

The rescuer lifted up the fainting, yet not unconscious form of the female. The thick coating of soft, adhesive clay that clung around her making almost as effectual a disguise as the bandages of a mummy, suffered little else to be distinguished but a fair, oval face. A glance at this, however, which he caught as he raised her in his arms, quite regardless of the mass of mud he was at the same time clasping, enabled him to recognise that she was a pretty girl, who perhaps had seen her eighteenth birthday.

Before she had recovered sufficiently to thank him, another person appeared—a man, who ran up from the street. He was rather under the middle stature, compactly knit, though not clumsy: he wore a greasy cap, below which stuck up some short crisp hair, of grizzled grey: he had no coat on, and his up-rolled shirt sleeves left his arms bare, which were small, but round, hard, and muscular: a cotton apron, bespattered with blood, completed his costume, from all which it was evident he was a butcher, and, as his manners soon showed, by no means the gentlest of his craft.

"Well, this is sweet!—the cattle all scattered to the dickens, and drifting off twenty blessed pounds of fat a-piece!—*Humph!*" (this was accompanied by a nod at the young man)—"I am beholden to you for as much as you've done. I 'spose you could'nt well help the critters breaking the fence. But I'm desp'rate busy just now —there, I'll take Ellen. And what may your name be, sir?"

"Henry—Brooke."

"Well, it's like I may see you another time. Good morning to .you." At that, he carried, rather than led, his daughter into the house, and the said Henry Brooke, with a broadcloth suit none the better for his exploit, was left, "like one astound," and had only to turn away and

trudge towards his lodgings. Soon after he got into the street, he inquired of a boy he met, "Who lives in that house?"

"Ishmael, the butcher," was the answer, "and a tougher he is, stranger, if you but knew it."

Henry Brooke Fulham, a fortnight previous, was a student, in good standing, at Yale: but a sudden decision of the faculty had rendered him no longer one. Under the first impulse of boyish shame, he had dropped his surname, and hurried to a place where he was not at all known. This very day he had received a letter from his uncle and guardian, in which the writer scolded him roundly—not so much on account of his getting into the "scrape," but because he had not got out of it, when, by his own showing, he might have done so by only telling the truth—*at the expense of his fellow-rioters.* The worthy gentleman represented in affecting terms, that in his scrupulous regard for that foolish thing, college honor, the young man had not manifested a proper consideration for *him*, dependent as he was upon him for his daily support. The uncle closed with a reference to the large family of his own, which imposed so great a burthen on him that he had little surplus of income to devote even to the son of his brother. Henry wrote back instantly, thanked him for past advances, promised to repay them as soon as possible, and added, that in the meantime, he was glad to assure him he could get along perfectly well without further assistance. And this magnanimous declaration was made at a time when he did not see his way clear to a single dollar which might go towards replenishing an entirely empty purse.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Henry, on his way to church, determined to call at the butcher's. "I want to find out whether that girl's hurt." He went to the house by the mode of approach which he had reason to be familiar with. He knocked—there was no bell—but the summons was not immediately acknowledged. The door was ajar, and the rapping had made it open wider—that leading from the passage to a side-room was also open, and it was possible both to see and hear a good deal of what was going on inside. About the centre of the room stood a small lad with the intensest awe painted on his countenance. He was an orphan, an apprentice to the butcher, who had taken him from the almshouses. It seems he had just returned from Sunday school, and in reply to his master's question, what library book he had brought home (for Ishmael was occasionally disposed to indulge in light literature), he silently handed him a thin duodecimo.

"Short method with the De—," read Ishmael, aloud; and exclaimed immediately, in towering wrath, "Short method I'll make with *you*, you brat!" And dashing down the volume, he seized the boy by the arm.

"Please, sir," said the child, whimpering, and shaking from head to foot with terror, "I didn't know nothin' about it—'*deed* I didn't. I only fotched what was given to me."

"I won't lash you, then, Mordaunt; but this is what I'll do." The man went on, then, in violent objurgation against the Sunday-school, and all who had the management of it, declared the teachers thought of nothing but how to insult him, treating him as a heathen, when in fact he was as good a man as they, and closed by announcing his fixed determination never to allow the boy to go again. After a minute's interval, he proceeded afresh, and with undiminished rage. He swore he would take the boy's moral training into his own hands. "I'll train him—that I will! And if he don't learn deviltry a sight faster than the chaps over yonder learn the Gospel, it will be a wonder. Daunt!" the boy started and looked up, "you shall be an example to the world, that you shall!"

A gentle female voice was now heard expostulating. He answered—the voice rejoined, and a quick dialogue was kept up for some minutes. The listener became much interested. The butcher, he could see, remained hard and unyielding. "Hush, Ellen! not a word more, or you'll find you yourself have made your last trip to church." To this she answered in a touching way, that it were far better *she* should lose the benefit of the Sabbath, than that the poor, ignorant child should. Ishmael appeared surprised, and referred to her "half-killing herself" in the labours of the week, for the sake of securing the seventh day's rest, and asked whether it was possible she was willing to relinquish the fruits of the self-denial for the sake of an "ugly little wretch like Daunt."

Then Ellen, all enkindled with generous zeal, came forth into the middle of the room, and Henry could see her plainly. To *hear* her now, as in perfect simplicity and forgetfulness of self, she poured forth her soul in that flowing, unbroken strain, so low, and yet so distinct in its earnestness, made the heart thrill, and the ear tingle. No preacher's eloquence could have had such power to stir the wild, impulsive student. As his ears drank in every word that fell from her lips, as his eyes watched her countenance which more than spoke—for it seemed a glow with an inspiration sent direct from heaven—he felt as if his spirit were entranced—as if he beheld the realms of woe mirrored in the black features of the butcher—as if he recognised, visibly emanating from the form of the Christian girl, an atmosphere, ethereal, penetrating, transporting, like that in whose midst angels walk. How she pleaded with her father for the poor boy, whose famishing soul he was cruelly robbing of healthful food, while, instead, he proposed to feed him on poison—that helpless being, entrusted to him to be taught a useful and an honest calling, but whom he threatened to instruct in the mystery of sin and wretchedness, so that he might leave his forming hands at the end endowed with the gift of an eternal curse! In words of fire she described what a thing it is to abandon one's own self to destruction; but (she added) wantonly to stretch forth the hand, and drag down into the gulf a wretched fellow-creature, what language could describe *that?* Carried away by the fervor of her spirit, she knelt before him, and implored him to show himself merciful, as he would hope to receive mercy.

"The boy shall go!—the boy shall go! I'm not such a villain as all that! To be sure, I need

Daunt's help amazingly, of Sunday's, in the slaughter-house; for the nigger, too, has his notions of keeping the good day, so I am left alone. Still, I shan't hinder the boy, not I! He shall go to meeting—Sunday-school—everywhere you please!"

Henry Fulham withdrew from his post, walked down the steps softly, and then returned, making a studiously loud noise with his feet. His knock was this time answered by Mordaunt, who ushered him into the room. "How do you do, Mr. Ishmael?" said the visitor, when he had bestowed a bow and an earnest glance upon Ellen.

The butcher gave him a queer look, but replied, with surly courtesy, that he was well enough.

After a few further remarks had been exchanged, Henry again addressed him as "*Mr. Ishmael.*"

"My name's not Ishmael, but John Pennygoes."

Henry, quite abashed, stammered some words to the effect that he had been informed that his name was Ishmael.

"Yes; everybody about here calls me so—everybody, behind my back, and some to my face. They give me the nickname, I believe, because I'm something of an Arab—every man's hand's agin me, and they say—maybe it's true, too—my hand's agin every man. After all, what odds is the difference? I don't know but Ishmael's as good a sound as Pennygoes: it has the advantage, too, of bein' a Scriptur' name."

Henry (who had obtained temporary employment as a draughtsman under his name of Brooke) continued for several months to visit Ellen Pennygoes, and with an increasing interest. He found her, despite the contaminating coarseness of the scene in which she existed, endowed with a rare delicacy of character. By no means his own equal in literary attainments, she had so improved a good mind with the few books which had fallen in her way, that she was very far above the rude ignorance of her father. Going through daily, as she did, an amount of labour greater than that which is so often sufficient to reduce the poor creatures who perform the lower sorts of menial drudgery into a state of semi-brutality, she retained all the pure loveliness of woman. She was able to do so because, though walking through a slough, she never came in contact with the surrounding mire. She lived in a different world—a world of pure thoughts and high imaginings. What perhaps was most remarkable about her, was, that notwithstanding this solitary and spiritual existence, she had all the cheerfulness which belongs to social humanity.

One frosty night in December, Henry was comfortably seated by the fireside, talking with Ellen, when Pennygoes entered hurriedly.—"Ellen," he said, "I've got a great lot of beef to pack to-night. I must have some help. Wash and Daunt are busy killing, so we'll have to try for once what you can do."

"What, carry Ellen down to that hole?"

"*Hole*, indeed! I tell you, Brooke, I never want my daughter to be in a more respectable place. *Hole!* I have made some honest shillings there, I can tell you. But if it was the filthiest den that ever was, I must have help there to-night; the ship sails for Barbadoes to-morrow, and I have an order to make up the cargo."

Ellen was quietly putting on her shawl and bonnet, when Henry, unable to bear the sight, declared he would go in her stead. "Come on, then," said the butcher, shortly; and down they walked. The night was bitter cold, and Henry, forced by the nature of the employment to dispense with his cloak, suffered acutely. Very soon his fingers were as rigid as the frozen meat he was handling; next, his toes ached intolerably; for tight, thin-soled boots, are not the best protection against the damp floor of a slaughter-house; finally, every limb and every fibre trembled from the intensity of the cold. "You look chilly, Brooke," said Pennygoes; "better let Ellen spell you awhile."

"No, no!" exclaimed Henry, and kept on heroically. After awhile the butcher looked at him again. "You can't work any longer this way, that's certain; you are getting too cold for my good, as well as your's. Tell you what, go and help Wash—that will be warmer; and Daunt can come here."

"Set the boy at this? Why he would freeze!"

"Daunt freeze! Not he! He's used to it."

The exchange was made. If before, Henry was cold, he was now, in addition, disgusted and sickened. Washington, a great muscular negro, expressed much wonder at his being so much affected. Not long after, the remark was made that it was time to blow the hide off.

"How! You don't use powder, do you?"

"*Powder*, bless me, what a child in simpleness!"

But when the old black noticed how he was suffering, both from the cold and the shock that the whole scene gave to a sensitiveness which had been kept tender by delicate nurture, he scanned him pityingly from head to foot, and said—"Well, now, Ishmael *is* a hard customer, ain't he?"

Henry heartily assented.

Then Washington, having peeped through a convenient chink in the wall, to see that his "boss" was out of hearing, rejoined—"He's a 'tickler specimen, and no mistake. I've seed heaps of bad people, but I never seed one that hadn't some good c'racter 'sides him. Ishmael's got no feeling whatsomever. I tell you, young master, you takes a sight too much pains with him—he ain't worth it." The operation of getting in another ox interrupted the colloquy. The negro offered the knife to his young companion. Henry recoiled with undisguised horror, and in his sympathy for the stricken beast, forgot even the agony of his frost-bitten feet. The jet of blood took a direction he did not expect, and some drops fell upon his person. This incident completed his discomfort.

As Pennygoes and he walked towards the dwelling, the former remarked, "You have suffered some to-night?" Henry admitted the fact. "And you have done it to spare Ellen?" This also the young man acknowledged.

"Now, sir," resumed the butcher, "I want to

know what's your mind respecting the girl. Are you thinking to take a wife out of the shambles?"

Henry, born of a family that for several generations had been affluent, had inherited, none of its wealth indeed, but a full share of its pride and fastidious refinement. At college he was called the proudest fellow in his class. Yet he had now to make his resolve: even to the shambles would he go, as Pennygoes had sneeringly said, to secure such a companion as Ellen; and so he signified to the questioner.

"I have no objection to make," replied the father; "I have given you a little sort of a trial. You are mighty tender just at present, but there's that in you which will grow out into ruggedness. You'll be able to scratch out a living, which the man should be who takes Ellen off my hands, for he gets nothing with her—not a cent of money—not a wedding frock even. It is true, I've scraped together a dollar or two, and may get more—but none goes to Ellen, though she's the only kin I have—not a dollar, either at this present or after I'm dead and gone. Perhaps I'm saving my money to found a hospital for crippled and unthrifty cattle that can't be made beef of, or for some other laudable institution for perpetuating my glory. Yes, young man, I *am* labouring for an object—for an object which, in the sight of these honest and clean-handed people around here, would seem too small and ridiculous to justify a man in sacrificing body and soul to its attainment. But this is my business; what concerns you is, to know that Ellen is as poor as a beggar's daughter. Are you willing to take her?"

The day for the wedding approached. Henry did not choose to marry under a false name. So he broke the true state of the matter to his intended father-in-law.

"*Fulham*? Fulham?"

"Yes, sir, son of Melancthon Fulham;" and he proceeded eagerly to explain how it was that boyish pride and no crime had induced the concealment.

Pennygoes cut him short. "Never mind your story. You are too young, I judge, to have a wife already, and as for anything else there may be wrong about you, Ellen must take her chance."

They were married, and went immediately to New York, where Henry got into business as under clerk, at a small salary, in a wholesale house. The young husband experienced then the fulfilment of the prophecy, uttered by "Ishmael" at parting, that he would learn before long that life had hardships besides those endured in the slaughterhouse-pen. Poverty—poverty! what *married* man ever sung thy praises?

Five years had elapsed, when Henry received a letter from Pennygoes, in which he was requested to meet the writer at a certain hotel in Baltimore—day and hour were designated. Wondering not a little as to the reason of the summons, he obeyed it. He put up at the hotel named—a third-rate one; and as he was seated in the reading-room, near the time appointed for the meeting, behold, Matthew Fulham, his father's brother, entered—the gentleman whose sentiments as a guardian had so little coincided with his own.

"Are you here, too, to meet Pennygoes?" said the uncle.

"Yes; and do *you* know him?"

"I have reason to—it was he who ruined your father, and nearly ruined me."

"He?—Pennygoes?—I thought the name was Cantoch."

"Yes; Cantoch and Co. was the name of the firm, but this man was in fact nearly the sole owner. For this reason, when I heard you had married his daughter—it was too late then for advice—I was not anxious to keep up such an intimacy as would bring me into connection with so hateful a set."

Presently Pennygoes appeared, and took them to a private apartment. "Gentlemen," said he with gravity, and even impressiveness, "you both, it is likely, have had hard thoughts of me. To my door you lay the loss of a good deal of money; justly, in one sense, though I didn't secure a copper to myself. The crash fell on my head as well as yours'; and if it had been otherwise, the law gave you no hold on me. Therefore you had every reason to give up the case as desperate. What if I am ready now to pay you a part of that money."

Mr. Matthew Fulham's eyes sparkled.

"But, gentlemen, I don't mean any such thing:—I mean to pay the whole—every single cent of it."

Pennygoes, after uttering this, strode about the room with arms akimbo, head thrown back, and proudly, as if he were disposed to present his face to the inspection of the whole world. Finally he stopped in front of the elder Fulham. "What I owed you was fifteen thousand dollars." Then turning to Henry, he said: "My debt to *you*, or what's the same thing, to your father, was eighty-five thousand dollars—yes, altogether, a round one hundred thousand dollars, not a cent more or less. How them figures have stood up day and night before my eyes, as if they were chalked out in fire! One hundred thousand! one hundred thousand! was always a ding-donging in my ears. One hundred thousand—not a cent more nor less!"

Again he paced the room, as if lost in old contemplations.

"I've worked some, these fifteen years. Yes, gentlemen!" he continued, with animation, "and though it is I that say it—if to my industry there had been jined the learnin' and education that some has and wastes in unprofitableness, I needn't have been all of fifteen years making a hundred thousand dollars. But there's business on hand; here, Mr. Matthew Fulham, are certificates of deposit for fifteen thousand; and here, Henry B. Fulham, is another set for you, to the tune of eighty-five thousand. So the job's done—clean off my hands, and off my mind."

Pennygoes received the acknowledgments of the gratified creditors with great complacency. "I have been passing," said he, after an interval, "with the good people for a reprobate; but haven't I paid up the last penny? *I have been strictly just.* Where's the man can say more than that?"

"It is true, sir," observed Mr. Matthew Fulham, "that you have acted in a splendid manner; but in posting up accounts strictly, it is usual to take in consideration the—the—in short, the *interest*."

"The interest!" repeated Pennygoes vacantly, "the interest!—sure enough! *It is the fact—it is the fact*—the interest! None but the devil could have invented interest! Where have been my thoughts this long time? I, a man in business all my life—never to have called to mind this! For fifteen years! Why, 'tis the greatest wonder ever was telled about!"

The poor man laughed wildly—"Ha! ha! if I ain't a curiosity! Look here! You, Matthew Fulham, and you, youngster!—will you believe it! from the day of the smash down to this hour, the thought never once entered my brain; and heaven knows, now it has come, it sets me crazy!"

Mr. Fulham, senior, cast a side-glance at Henry, signifying his decided impression that the speaker must have been quite out of his wits this long time.

"Never mind, though, I'll pay it yet! Let's see how much it comes to. At six per cent., that's six thousand; fifteen times six is how much? Whe-ew!—*whe-ew!* Bless my life, and I was thinking the whole time of nothing but that fine round hundred thousand! But don't be uneasy, I'm rugged—I'll last a good while yet—there'll be time before I die. But then it will be increasing—ugh! that interest! every minute. Goodness alive! it's enough to make a man jump through his skin!"

Henry hastened, and, to do him justice, so did his uncle, to beg the scrupulous debtor to dismiss all care, assuring him they considered every obligation cancelled.

Pennygoes would listen to no representations. In order to relieve his mind of at least a part of its burden, Henry said that he himself would pay whatever was due his uncle.

"Will you, inded! that would be great."

"I will, this very day; and so, as I am your son-in-law, and have Ellen, who is worth more than all the gold in Baltimore, you will consider yourself entirely discharged."

"Not I!" he replied curtly. "The payment of my debts is *my* business—not Ellen's. Square off your uncle though, and I'll then owe the whole to one person, which will save bother in calculating. Good-bye to you. I'm off from here—I'm tired of butchering, and I'm tired of Baltimore. That place is for me where money's to be made fastest."

As he opened the door to pass out, they heard him mutter: "This want of book-learning is a great misery! What an *unrighteous* fool though, to have supposed that a debt, like an onion, would stop growing, if you only laid it by on a shelf for safe-keeping."

In days when wonders were common on the earth, a man was known to exist around whom walls of crystal reared themselves, till at length they closed in an arch over his head. This glassy dwelling was of quite another sort from that which fairy kindness erected for the benefit of the great-nosed prince; though it did not exclude the perception of external objects, the rays of light in their passages were stripped of all color; Nature was made arid, desolate, and dreary. At the same time, the lenses composing the walls concentrated the sun's heat—that flood which bore life and joy to all the rest of the world—and poured it in fierce and blasting intensity upon the solitary prisoner. And though he remained stoically impassive, visible effects were producing upon him. Even his outward form withered; but the nature of this fire is to pierce within, and feed on what it finds there; already was the man's heart scorched and wilted, and there was little doubt that it would, ere long, be consumed to ashes. But lo! a mighty mass is falling from above, and threatens to shatter the glittering edifice to fragments. The man, unconscious of his former evil plight, looks up in horror. Not so feels his guardian angel in heaven; not so feels one faithful friend who stands on the earth; these hail the impending stroke with joy. They see in the fall of the crystal house,—though it may, for a moment, beat down the in-dweller himself to the dust,—the signal of deliverance, of salvation from an unutterable woe.

The man was Henry Fulham. He had become a merchant and an adventurous one. Up to a certain point his enterprise had been as prosperous as his heart could desire; and nothing but insufficiency of capital could stand in the way of complete success. His means were well chosen, provided only he had strength enough to give them effect. To be devoted to the acquisition of wealth is dangerous for any man; it is thrice dangerous to one of a temperament and character like his. Mammon, a pitiless god, relinquishes no suitably-prepared victim. If a man enter that service under the impulse of an imperious pride and a passionate ambition, it had been better for him to have been thrown into the embrace of the grim image which of old used to glow amidst the flames of Gehenna.

Ellen recognised all the perils of his situation. Her only hope was of what the world calls *ruin*. The day came at last; he had stretched out his arm too far—he had coped with millionaires, and sank down now in despairing consciousness that, in this arena, neither physical force nor energy of mind may save a man from the fate of nerveless impotence.

"Oh, Ellen!" he exclaimed one morning, after a night of feverish stupor, "had I but an untouched hundred thousand dollars, I could wrestle with the strongest in New York!"

In her heart, Ellen blessed God that he had it not.

A few minutes later his messenger brought him the mail; for he had not gone to his counting-room, being determined that the stroke which was destined to smite him that day should not find him out in the dismal den which he himself now regarded with disgust, but by his own fireside, within the sacred family circle.

As he read one letter, his countenance changed. "——— & Co., *have a hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars to my credit!*"

He seized his hat and rushed out. Ellen sought her chamber and wept bitter tears.

The one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars which came so opportunely (or disastrously) had been sent from California. To explain the matter, the bankers communicated to Fulham a letter from one of their correspondents, apologising at the time for the somewhat free language in which it was couched. The writer, who had left the Atlantic coast "a wild, harum-scarum fellow," had displayed "business talent in California, and was not at bottom a bad-hearted person."

An extract only from the letter follows, the laws of space compelling the omission of much that is curious.

"Our country here has the fullest kind of an assortment of queer folks, but this old codger, Pennygoes, tops the lot. When the doctor told him it was certain death if he stayed longer, he only answered, 'Interest at six per cent. never stops, and I won't.' So on he kept amidst cholera, fever, and everything else. Since being driven to his bed, he, in the first place, proceeds to get my brains all up in a snarl, by making me calculate interest in every sort of way, till, at length, he became satisfied that one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars covered his debt to H. B. Fulham. After that, instead of dying in peace, he must needs be anxious to have a clear five thousand dollars left, to be applied in building a church at the mines, by some parson or other, whom he had bluffed off a few weeks before, and who, it appears, had in return given his sins a most faithful dressing. Allowing for our commissions, the doctor's fees, &c., it was found he would not have the amount he wanted, unless he could be buried for fifty dollars. What do you think? With as much alacrity as if he were entering upon life, instead of fixing himself to go out, he calls for an undertaker, and not only that, but makes the fellow fetch a whole lot of coffins, so that he may choose among them. The chaffering that followed you never knew the like of. One by one the coffins were lifted up on his bed, and he inspected each most critically. Very 'cute the old man showed himself at driving a bargain; —but that undertaker!—I tell you what: to see the ghastly manner in which his lantern-jaws worked; to hear him expatiate on the merits of his wares, inform us how good this one would be to keep out the water, and how that would last long enough to receive a second tenant, fairly made my flesh creep. After all, they could not agree. The undertaker's lowest, even for the most rickety pine-box he had, was one hundred and fifty dollars. Pennygoes sent him off, declaring doggedly that he would wait till a cargo of coffins arrived and brought down the market. He at once paid the preacher the five thousand, and seems contented to run his chance of getting buried. He has not talked much since then; yet every once in a while we can hear him mutter: 'Pay up—pay up! Principal and (his voice always rises here into spasmodic emphasis) and *interest!*'"

The crisis was past. To the astonishment and chagrin of many veterans of the Exchange, the firm of Fulham survived, and stood forth in overshadowing stateliness.

One night Henry Fulham sat in his parlor, absorbed in meditation. He was alone, for his wife had gone out—he had not cared to learn whither—but it was to meet other like-minded members of her sex, on a business of mercy. A coach stopped at the door, and presently a visitor was ushered in—a man of bent form, and features haggard, gaunt, and cadaverously pale. His staff, and the left hand thrown out uncertainly to clutch the table's edge or the back of a chair, scarcely saved him from falling, till he tottered to a seat.

"I would have died in California," said the figure, "if I had been sure that I could have come after death to pay you a visit. Henry Fulham! I have been right up to the dividing line—have looked over into eternity; I have drawn myself back to give you a notion of something I saw. Look at me then as at a ghost—indeed I *am* little more."

The young merchant obeyed the direction by looking most intently.

"Ever since I have been capable of observation, I have noticed in the world a wonderful deal of rascality. I early made up my mind that, not to aim at perfect righteousness, I could be, by long odds, better than the generality, if I only took one virtue, and stuck to it. I chose justice. I did not start to ask favors of other people—I did not calculate to do favors myself. It would be enough, I thought, if I paid all I owed; and this I determined I would do. The plan was not so bad, yet a miserable fool I showed myself in the performance. You know about the interest—but that was not the greatest piece of forgetfulness; I forgot one of my creditors—the principal one. If I seemed crazy to make the other mistake, surely the madness of Nebuchadnezzar, when he eat the grass, isn't a parallel to this. Now, Fulham, I have some doubts about *you*. Don't talk of your greater sense, and all that, for I saw in you long ago that sort of spunk which the devil very well knows how to make a handle of when he wants to hoist a man into crookedness and folly. Besides, even in my trying to do right towards you, I've put temptation in your way. Remember, all this money is not your's—it is borrowed capital, and the interest runs on at a greater rate than six per cent., or seven either. Think the sum over—figure out the answer if you can. What are you worth at this present time—a couple of hundred thousand?"

"Probably five time that."

"So much the worse; it makes the ciphering harder. How many widows and orphans could be fed on that? Go to work now, and see how your account will stand, when the balance is struck at the day of judgment. You be calculating your sum, and I'll calculate mine."

He ceased speaking, and the two sat in silence for a long time. What thoughts were passing through the mind of each, none but himself could know.

Finally, Pennygoes, turning his glassy eyes upon the merchant, said, "I am in a maze—I am bewildered—confounded—the answer's too large. Don't wait for *my* ciphering—I can't stay to finish it. Look out for yourself. Pay your debts—pay your debts! every one of them, but espe-

cially the great debt—I don't mean Nature's—that settles itself—but His—*His!*"

Henry Fulham was induced to withdraw from a pursuit which, to him, was crowded with danger. If this decision has deprived trade of one of its columns, who that knows anything of the unostentatious and effective beneficence it has occasioned, can call it blameworthy?—who that has recognised what serene happiness attends the doer of those good deeds will call it unwise? Be this as it may, the change of life was an important event to Fulham, if not to mankind; and yet, so far as human eye can discover, it depended on so small a thing as a debtor's honest ignorance of the truth that every principal carries with it an interest.

As for "Ishmael" himself, there are not a few persons who are ready to depose in Chancery—if occasion were—that he was unquestionably *non compos*. Perhaps they are right; yet it may be suggested for consideration whether a man ought to pronounce upon his neighbour's sanity, unless he is sure of his own.

NEW YORK, JUST NOW.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE season of the year that would be delicate to allude to, if the year felt as mankind do about growing old—the brief summer, that would fain seem like a continuation of the summer that was past—is nearly over. The trees are shedding their flowing locks; the branches look thin, and unwilling to be seen; the days get tired of being pleasant, by twelve o'clock; and all, except the sky above, looks cold and uninviting. In time of life, and time of year, this is alike "the *Fall*."

Never was Broadway so crowded, apparently. If it were suddenly brought to a stand-still and petrified, you might walk from Grace Church to the Battery, either on the tops of omnibuses or the heads of the people. The private equipages of the known have hardly yet made their appearance, but the great number of new turn-outs with gay liveries, whose unknowns are yet to be identified by Mr. Brown, show that fortunes have been made since spring, and that the ranks of fashion are to be recruited. Cigar shops multiply. Every corner of a street is being let for a bar-room. Ladies are beginning to walk without dodging the puffs of the smoking promenaders. Bananas and pomegranates look quite at home in the windows of the fruit shops. Broadway is more and more paved, and very good houses are more and more pulled down to obstruct the sidewalk.

Society is not yet astir, except by droppings-in. As far as can be gathered from the little talk over the coming campaign, there is a probability of evening receptions for both sexes—the morning "At-Homes" (of course for ladies only) being generally pronounced tiresome. There is great speculation—so many of our up-towners have been abroad—as to the Parisianisms that will be introduced into society this winter. An effort will doubtless be made to bring out the married men, and try the novelty of a circle that is not strictly adolescent. Balls and routs, more expensive than ever, of course there will be—but unpretentious soirées are much discussed and hoped for (like some of the most exclusive ones in London), where tea is served to you, as you enter, by the housekeeper in the cloak-room, and, of any further hunger or thirst, there is neither supposition nor supply. This last fashion would enable persons of delicate health, or of moderate means, to gather about them what might be considered the choicest society of the time.

But the city's breath is quite taken away at the present moment with the expectation of the coming wonders. What is to be done with Kossuth? To reply, at all sufficiently, to the speeches that will be made to him, he would need to be a Webster or an Everett—even if English were his native tongue. How will he respond to the oratory of mayors and committees? How will so modest and sensible a hero stand all the procession-izing and receiving, shouting and hand-shaking? How will one man's heart beat back a response to the hearts of six hundred thousand people in this city, longing to put their arms around his neck? He is a mortal man, and in delicate health. We sincerely think, that, among other municipal arrangements for his reception, there should be a physician appointed to accompany him, from morning till night, and withdraw him from the crowd at the first symptom of brain fever.

Then Sontag—the Countess Rossi—has agreed to open her ennobled throat to us, for half a million of dollars and a third of all profits over and above! The bond for this is signed and sealed, it is authentically stated. She will arrive in dumbfoundered New York, some time between this and Christmas. From the year 1827, when she made her first appearance, to the year 1851, is a good while for a throat to stay enchanting—but so it does, or every critic of London and Paris has written a fib. That she retains her good looks—or, at least that she was palely plump, and that her blue eyes looked undimmed between two heaps of profuse flaxen ringlets, four or five years ago—we can ourself certify, having seen her in her opera-box at Berlin, from the nearest point in the pit. (Her husband, perhaps the reader knows, was ambassador at the court of Prussia, and the Countess was, for the same period, its reigning belle.) She dresses enchantingly, and with her court history as a background to her beauty, will be attractive to see, at least—whatever may be thought of the money's-worth she gives the ear. She will offer one advantage, by the way, that will not be "down in the bills"

—it will be instructive, in this country of early-giving-up, to see how a woman of forty-five can look as young as at twenty.

Pischek and Thalberg are coming with Sontag—both great lions in their way. Pischek was singing with Jenny Lind, when we first heard her in Germany, and we do not remember being very much delighted with him then, though, of course, from the association, he is an artist of the first class. Thalberg is a glorious composer, and, to see him at the piano, will be like seeing a dramatist perform in his own play—the reality in what is usually but the shadow.

Fruit and strangers all the year round, at New York, are among the pleasant results of faster paddles and locomotives. This used to be the time of year when the hotels began to shorten their tables, and visitors from a distance started to make their journies home while the weather was comfortable to travel. Now, you may see a western man with his hat on the back of his head, a southerner with his indolent walk, or a Canadian with his thick boots and tight-bottomed trousers, at any time of the year—as you may find bananas and pomegranates when you please, and plums and peaches long before the old fashioned season. This is a cessation of tax-paying to cold and heat, and a release from the tyranny of King Latitude, which would doubtless have been preceded by a very smart declaration of independence, if it had not come about so gradually.

The next most numerous things to omnibuses, at present, in the middle of the streets, are large bands of music, with small military companies behind them.* A census of the drums in active employment, on any one day, in New York, would astonish Europe. With no war in very imminent prospect, it is curious how all the spare time of the youthful population of the city seems devoted to "training," and it is a question whether this perpetual martial music, in the ears of our citizens, will not "raise a blister," which it will require a war to puncture, at some early day.

We sat down to write of several matters which we have not yet mentioned, but we are encroaching upon other articles, and must reserve them.

October 28, 1851.

* The difference of amount in the two commodities—music and soldiers—should perhaps be explained. *First*, the immigration of Germans is at present very large, and, as there is no German, high or low, who cannot play some musical instrument, bands are easily formed, and the competition makes military music cheap and plenty. *Second*, the natural disposition of Americans being to command, the military companies are composed principally of officers, and the privates are so few and unwilling as to be frequently outnumbered by the band.

THE LAST LEAF.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground,
With his cane.

They say, that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn,
As he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornerod hat,
And the breeches, and all that—
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

A WAIF.

BY MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break;

Then oh! be the magic lay mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all other's above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with "I love! I love!"
It begins with and ends with "I love."

THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HARK! a rap at my door. Welcome anybody, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down the chimney astride of the rain-drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking, black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and endorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mahometans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. "Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half-naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left-hand sentinel: "his paper, purchased from one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar credentials at the low price of one dollar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues, I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd, old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! *Si, Senor;* that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neck-cloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation, in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the "marcury doctors" had "pisened" and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-east unfortunate, who had been out to the "Genesee country," and got the "fevernager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises—Stephen Leathers of Barrington—him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"

"O, well I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do, and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this 'ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who couldn't make himself understood any more than a wild-goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his Gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may be not amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pisen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond, and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their grey wretchedness with a look

of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the Temperance Society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage; and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad, melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "Dear, good children!" Not unfrequently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection, which would have done honor to the revellers at Poosie-Nansies,—immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of the monomania, haunted and hunted by some dark thought—possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent, impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One—(I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door)—used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and used to counterfeit lameness; yet when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles, and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "Man with the pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity—the father of all packs—never laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

Often, in the grey of the morning, we used to see one or more of these "gaberlunzie men," pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other outbuildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only re-assured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbours in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror, by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size worthy of such a rider—colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me; and, after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as "Dr. Brown, the great Indian doctor," he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, he led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanations and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night; but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly

refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbour, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzo—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper table; and when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up, and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular "old stragglers" regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching," as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish-looking bird, who, when in the humour for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say, he could "do nothin' at exhortin' without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gipsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

"The proper study of mankind is man;" and, according to my view, no phase of our common humanity is altogether unworthy of investigation. Acting upon this belief, two or three summers ago, when making, in company with my sister, a little excursion into the hill country of New Hampshire, I turned my horse's head towards Barrington, for the purpose of seeing these semi-civilized strollers in their own home, and returning, once for all, their numerous visits. Taking leave of our hospitable cousins in Old Lee, with about as much solemnity as we may suppose Major Laing parted with his friends when he set out in search of desert-girdled Timbuctoo, we drove several miles over a rough road, passed the "Devil's Den" unmolested, crossed a fretful little streamlet, noisily working its way into a valley, where it turned a lonely, half-ruinous mill, and climbing a steep hill beyond, saw before us a wide, sandy level, skirted on the west and north by low, scraggy hills, and dotted here and there with dwarf pitch pines. In the centre of this desolate region were some twenty or thirty small dwellings, grouped together as irregularly as a Hottentot kraal. Unfenced, unguarded, open to all comers and goers, stood that city of the beggars—no wall or paling between the ragged cabins, to remind one of the jealous distinctions of property. The great idea of its founders seemed visible in its unappropriated freedom. Was not the whole round world their own, and should they haggle about boundaries and title-deeds? For them, on distant plains, ripened golden harvests; for them, in far-off work-shops, busy hands were toiling; for them, if they had but the grace to note it, the broad earth put on her garniture of beauty, and over them hung the silent mystery of heaven and its stars. That comfortable philosophy which modern Transcendentalism has but dimly shadowed forth—that poetic Agrarianism, which gives all to each, and each to all—is the real life of this city of Unwork. To each of its dingy dwellers might be not unaptly applied the language of one, who I trust, will pardon me for quoting her beautiful poem in this connection:—

> "Other hands may grasp the field or forest,
> Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
> Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!"

But, look! the clouds are breaking. "Fair weather cometh out of the north." The wind has blown away the mists; on the gilded spire of John-street glimmers a beam of sunshine. And there is the sky again, hard, blue, and cold in its eternal purity, not a whit the worse for the storm. In the beautiful Present, the Past is no longer heeded. Reverently and gratefully let its volume be laid aside; and when again the shadows of the outward world fall upon the spirit, may I not lack a good angel to remind me of its solace, even if he comes in the shape of a Barrington beggar.

A CHAPTER OF NAUTICAL NONSENSE.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

We often hear people boast of having been at sea, and sit and chat by the hour of the pleasant times they had on what they are pleased to call the "laughing waves;" but for our part, we must confess that we never thought tumbling about the damp decks of an old vessel much of a laughing matter.

Dear reader, in the course of your natural existence have you ever ventured out of sight of land? Perhaps you have run over from Dover to the marine city of Boulogne, and had a toss on that frightful of all waters, the British Channel; or it may be that you have luxuriated at Ramsgate, and gazed with an eye of curiosity at the obelisk erected to commemorate the landing of George the Fourth, or smiled as you thought of the pleasant fiction connected with the architectural wonder, called "Jacob's Ladder." Or now we think again, it may be that once upon a time, during the season at Brighton, you took it into your head to steam it over to Dieppe—that ugly old fishing town on the coast of France—which the author of the "*Mémories Chronologiques*" would have us believe was founded by Charlemagne, and pointedly honoured at various periods by the visits of the Emperor Napoleon. How do we know that you have not been to each of the Cinque ports, for the matter of that, by way of a pleasure trip, just long enough to feel a slight *mal de mer*? All quite probable, to be sure. For our own part, we have been to sea several times, and are fully cognizant of the dreary sensations it produces. The Bay of Biscay tries one dreadfully—the English Channel is voted unanimously atrocious—and the Atlantic Ocean, at certain periods, may with safety be called unpleasant, to employ the mildest term that this moment occurs to us.

The nauseous prostration of sea-sickness no pen can "well" describe. Imagine a torch-light procession of political celebrators in the *cerebellum*, with an Irish wake in the *cerebrum*, and the entire possession of your abdominal precincts by an intermittent and deathly languor, and perhaps we convey a "faint" idea of the feeling. But we do not design to give our friends the dumps by relating the miseries of this illness, but rather to communicate a few little adventures we experienced on our first voyage across the Atlantic some year or two ago.

We left New York on a bright beautiful day in September, in a first-class liner, bound for Liverpool, and our heart beat at the glorious prospect of "going to sea!" The idea was new to us then, for we knew nothing of its plagues and perils. There was something so romantic in the mere consideration, that we did not "think ahead," as the skipper expressed it; nor did we care to nip in the bud the pretty posies of imagination that our vivid fancy had created. When we had been out a day or two, however, these flowers began to fade very fast. We saw nothing but sky and water,

> "The blue above and the blue below,"

and every thing began to appear sort of upside-downy. The day of embarkation our memory was haunted by innumerable fragments of maritime poetry. We stood upon the deck, and looking out on the waters, with our arms folded, and a dramatic curve of the lip, thought

> "What a noble sight is the calm blue sea,
> When the monarch of day goes down."

Then we would stroll around the cabin, and peep into the state-rooms, or chat with the man at the wheel, and presently more poetry would occur to us. The great expanse of waters was sublime without question:

> "Without a mark, without a bound,
> It runneth the earth's wide regions round."

O! yes, the very thought was prodigious. By-and-bye we would grow confidentially vocal, and

> "A home on the rolling deep,"

was suggested by this "Life on the ocean wave."

The second day it was dull and dreary—not a beam of sunlight fell upon the dark mass of waters, and somehow or the other, our poetical feelings had all vanished. After breakfast, we felt heavy and sullen, and, coming on deck, we like to have broke our nose by bumping against the capstan, and still further discomfited the equilibrium of our nerves by tumbling successively over three coils of filthy wet rope. Not a shadow of a stanza obtruded itself on our disturbed mentals, sentiment had given way to sickness, and long before it was time to dress for dinner, we were reluctantly compelled to seek the confines of our state-room, and undergo a dismal perturbation of bile that almost inevitably falls to the lot of inexperienced landsmen.

Some people love lingo, and such may go to sea. We got sick of nautical phrases, and vainly endeavoured to escape the torture of the first mate, who was perpetually commanding the sailors to "let go the main-topgallant haulyards," or "double-reef the mizen-topsail," or "luff half-a-point" (pint, he pronounced it). Then the second mate, during his watch, appeared to think of nothing on earth but some outrageous expression in which to indulge his authority. His favourites appeared to be—"Clue up the main-royal," "Set the fore-topmast studding-sail" (pronounced "stensil." How the sailors clip their words). "Brace by the yard;" and there was no end to one expression that we have heard so frequently in nautical pieces on the stage, always shouted by the sailor of the play—a bluff honest fellow, very tall, who chews pig-tail, and talks a great deal to a lot of dirty-

looking men, whom he is sure to call "lubbers." We mean that elegant sentence, "belay, there!" If a sailor touched a rope, the odious term was sure to ring from one side of the vessel to the other, so that we grew weary of hearing it. There was a great deal more said about "spanker-sheets," "weather-braces," and once in a great while, one of the tars would request our "timbers to be shivered," which request we are happy to record nobody took the slightest notice of, or possibly we might have gone to the bottom.

There was one grand relief to the tedium of our passage in the shape, or more properly "shapes" of several decided characters among the passengers. We confess a love of waggery, and although we will not "lose our friend to have our jest," yet we will go a long distance, and over a very jagged road, to witness the caprices of "Father Fun." We had almost seventy steerage passengers on board returning to the land of their birth, and their place of abiding was anything but Elysian, the steerage being a decided cross between a stable and a respectable pig-stye. There was one corpulent old man among these, a faithful portrait of "Bacchus," as he is represented in our pictorial mythology. Everything was complete—the white beard, jolly red nose, vacant leer, and so on; and to carry out the resemblance, as it were, he constantly sat astride a cask of water on the main deck, selecting it probably in preference to the softest plank he could pick out for his comfort. Another curiosity, an eccentric queer-looking Dutchman, who lisped, arrested our attention. He spoke English murderously broken, and despite his infirmity, was brusquely loquacious. The effect of his jargon was truly laughable, and his dress alone would have excited a corresponding feeling. His long, old fashioned blue coat ungracefully swept the ground, and his cap—a sort of parody on a Parisian smokers' *bonnet Grêc*—set jauntily on his head, imparted to him a ludicrous aspect. But it was the cabin that afforded the fun. One of the passengers, a very tall, slim, sour-tempered personage, who wore spectacles and a speckled cravat, had taken the journey with the view of improving his health, and in the course of a casual conversation with him, we discovered that he had a whimsical desire to grow fat. Although he was a distant, ill-grained man in his manners, we found that this feeling amounted to little short of a monomania. We met him generally after dinner on deck, and one day proffered him a cigar.

"Thank you, no," said he, declinedingly. "I fear smoking produces emaciation."

"There seems to be a diversity of opinion on that subject," we remarked. "The proselytes of Walter Raleigh say nay, while some of Graham's madmen run out against the 'weed' fearfully."

He attempted a smile.

"Come, you'd better try one. It's a luxuriant Havanna,—an unexceptionable brand," pressed we.

"No, thank you," he concluded, after a moment's hesitation. "I fear the results, and already I am ghastly slender."

Our captain at dinner one day remarked, that soup produced flesh. The lean man heard him; his eye sparkled for a moment, and for weeks after he eat little but broth. Frequently would we hear him suborn the steward to make him soup in the evening, and as often observed that worthy functionary of the vessel slyly conveying to the state-room of the patient a huge bowl of some wishy-washy preparation, reeking with pepper, and sending up its curls of transparent smoke among the beam bits.

There was a great scarcity of books on board, and nobody appeared to be supplied but our meagre friend, who had a small library of entertaining novels, which he bluntly and uncourteously refused to lend under any circumstances. Everybody run out of reading matter, having consumed their stock of books, newspapers, advertisements, and every thing printed; and, to make it more provoking, this man would sit about the cabin with a pile of tempting, delicious-looking tomes by his side, upon the covers of which we were "bound" only to gratify our latent curiosity, feeding on their contents only in imagination. (It is an astonishing fact that one always feels most disposed to read when books are scarce.) These books finally got to be a positive eyesore, when one of the passengers, a young gentleman, laid a wager with us, that we would not be able to borrow "Macauley's England" from him, and he would give us three days to do it in. We accepted the wager—a bottle of "London Dock"—and set about our task. All at once we were the constant companion of the lean man, and every day we raked up all the anecdotes we remember ever to have heard wherewith to amuse him. Sometimes we extracted a laugh, sometimes only a smile; but it was certain that we were getting into what folks would call his good graces. Finally, we said to him one day, as if it were by the purest accident, "Gracious me! how you're picking up in flesh."

"Do you think so?" he returned. "Well, I'm not able to see it myself."

"I'm sure you are; and I would not be surprised if this voyage were to make you absolutely fat."

This was a clincher. The slim man from that moment was our friend. He entirely altered the tone of his manner towards us, becoming in a degree confidential and communicative beyond conception.

The next day, in the course of conversation, we again referred to the improved state of his body; and, by way of conclusion, thought that if he went on improving so rapidly he would acquire a plumpness as surprising as even Daniel Lambert himself.

He laughed, actually gave vent to a series of self-satisfied chuckles, and before we parted he interrogated us on the state of our literary stock.

"Well," said we, carelessly, "the fact is books are rather scarce, and if you can spare it, I should like to borrow 'Macaulay's England.'"

"Spare it! with pleasure; anything else I have is at your service:" and immediately he produced what we desired. We hurried to our friend with whom we had the wager. He

gazed upon the volume with an eye of distrust, thinking we had possibly, by some power of hocus-pocus, possessed ourself of a duplicate copy of the same work. But no, we had won, and fairly, and the "London Dock" was drunk to the "man acquiring plumpness like Daniel Lambert," in a series of libations standing, much to the enjoyment of the passengers; as all of those who were fond of reading took the hint, and immediately discovered with us, that the lean man had got suddenly fleshy. The consequence was, in less than a week his books were pretty thoroughly distributed, and we all had as much as we could do in the way of wading through light literature.

There was an old lady-dowager on board—one who fancied that she belonged to the *crême de la crême* of society, as Mrs. Trollope would say—nervous, talkative, and distressingly officious. Nothing was afloat but she had a finger in the pastry. You could not breathe but she knew it; and a young man, her nephew, who accompanied her, was an edition, in "boots and beaver," of his garrulous relative. They had been "rambling over America in search of novelty, to dispel *ennui*," to use the language of the dowager herself. The nephew was one of the "nice young men" species, between that and a man-milliner, with a little *essence de Patchouly* to make him odoriferous. He wore his hair combed sleekly down on his cheeks, and his nose seemed obstinately determined to crook at the end, something like a parrot's beak, or the head of a shepherd's staff. His complexion seemed to us a dingy pink, about the colour of what ballet-girls call "fleshings," which are worn so much in fairy spectacles, when the wearer appears as a nymph, or a naiad, or some other gauze-petticoated immortal. But for all this, the youth thought himself "handsome," and his aunt called him "purty"—what an abominable word—when speaking of him behind his back, at least a score of times a day. Once per diem he would contrive to fancy himself ill; which, happening just about ten minutes before dinner, was sure to call forth a world of maudlin sympathy from the old dowager. If there is anything provoking it is talking of constitutional infirmities over plates. Dinner is no time to discuss physics. Light repartee, or witticism, are far better concomitants of the meal. Heliogabulus, and that other old epicure—what is his name—Apicius—who it is said committed suicide because his fortune was reduced to five hundred thousand dollars, fearing that sum would not purchase him a choice of luxuries during the remainder of his life—either of those old fellows would have choked that old dowager, as certain as fate, she was so full of the delicacy of her nephew's health at meal-times.

Among the lady passengers was a very pretty, plump, French-looking little blonde, named Marie. Her grace and winning manners charmed everybody, and most especially this delicate youth, who was eternally after her when he heard the rustle of her robe in the cabin. It was very plain to be seen—no ghost having any "earthly" reason to resume vitality to tell us—that Marie did not care a pin about her adorer (for such he called himself, we believe), but rather tolerated his blandishments and amative advances for her own amusement. Some time after his presentation to Marie, we observed the young man every day laying on his back in the sun in a very conspicuous place. We said nothing, but could not divine what possessed the fellow to lay so much on his back, the sun being hot enough to peel the skin off his face. Still he did it, and still our wonder grew. It came out in the end that little Marie, having told him playfully, and of course in sheer irony, that he had a handsome profile, the conceited lout was eternally on his back to show it to the best advantage. One of our companions chancing to be a tolerable sketcher, he drew endless views of side-faces, of all kinds and patterns, on every piece of baggage we could find that belonged to the ninny. The discovery of these chalk portraits cured him of his folly, and he never laid on his back again that voyage to show his facial outlines.

Before we dismiss this gentleman, we have another incident to tell our readers, just by the way. Off the banks of Newfoundland, which we knew by the misty vapour that constantly overhangs them like a white pall, we had a dead calm. We lay like a huge bird motionless on the waters, and everybody was in arms to fish. Some sought for hooks, others for lines, and a few hunted up the bait in the shape of chunks of pale-looking pork. Everybody felt piscatorial, even "Young Profile," for he consented to leave pursuing Marie to indulge "on his own hook" in another quarter. After considerable ado, he purchased a tackle from one of the steerage-passengers, and prepared to hook the finny fellows that gambol in the sea. Such a time as he made of it to be sure. First, he was so alarmed lest a drop of salt water should get on his hands, and he was on the point, he said, of hiring one of the sailors to pull up his line when the dolphins nibbled. We told him that was unpardonable, and, after considerable expostulation, he made up his mind to "go into things about right;" that is, use his hands like other white men, and not be as particular of those useful appendages to the body as if they were rose leaves or the wings of butterflies. Soon he rid himself of his coat, stripped up his sleeves, and throwing out his line for deep-water fishing, placidly awaited the signal from the bonetas, skipjacks, or albicores—the fish of these parts—just as they should honour him with their attachment. Seeing him so comfortably seated, one of the young men and ourself could not resist the chance of having a joke. He had then been fishing for an hour and-a-half without the slightest success, and of course felt a little vexed at the luck. We drew him aside from his line, which he made fast to the taffrail of the vessel, and on some pretence detained him in the cabin for a few moments while our companion drew in his cord, and, sticking the tail of a huge codfish on his hook, threw it back again into the water. When he got back to his line, a young lady, who was in the secret, and who was fishing just beside him, told him that she was sure she had seen his cord move in his absence.

"Do you think I've got a bite at last?" said

he, gaily, as he toyed with the line. "It feels heavy, and resists the current. I must be in luck."

We all drew near, and hand-over-hand, and up came the cord dripping like a drowned serpent. It was no small task, and "Profile," as he groaned under the resistance of the wet line, appeared willing to bet there was a prize, an agreeable sur"prize" at 'tother end. A few more groans, and up came the hook, the codfish tail faithfully dangling on it. As he knew no more about the appearance of fish than a hippopotamus does of the use of the quadrant, he burst out in extacies. Everybody kept a straight face, and looked with eager eyes.

"Bless me!" shouted he, "no wonder he pulled so hard; see, I've got nothing but his tail! He is partly gone, but half a loaf is better than none!" And his pulling the line so hard as to sever the body of a fish from the tail was his great boast. His old aunt petted him like a child for the exploit, and both never knew any better, but were firmly under the impression that the fish broke in half from the effect of his pulling so hard.

We have said before that our old dowager travelling companion was annoyingly officious. She *was* indeed, and a laughable illustration of her ruling propensity happened off the "Banks." The lean man, or fat-fancier, just as the reader may choose to call him, had been industriously engaged in fishing for four weary hours without the slightest success. Wearing a narrow-brimmed hat, his hatchet-face was burned as red as a vitalized "cake" of vermillion; but still he fished on with commendable perseverance, watching his line with admirable steadiness. At length he was favoured, and caught a beautiful young dolphin, which capered about the deck, and, finally, quieted itself with becoming forbearance to die a cruel, and we might say, if we wished to make a pun, in"deck"orous death. The lean man was delighted, and immediately turned again towards the water to ascertain whether there was "any more left of the same sort," to use the words of an American itinerant. The fish had not been out of water more than a moment or so, before long bustled the dowager to see what was going on, when her sharp old optics fell upon the scaly captive. Stooping down, she picked it up, and patting its plump sides for an instant, and caressing its bleeding gills, said, "Poor little thing! it's a shame it should die such a wicked death, I'll return it to its native element." And, behold, she threw it over into the water, and then toddled down to her state-room with the internal conviction that she had performed a high act of Christian charity. Nothing was said, and presently the angler caught another. He had fished quite six hours, and his pair of dolphins would make him an excellent fry. His mouth became a "Niagara Falls" at the idea. Judge of his surprise and mortification, when he learned the fate of his first fish! He almost shed tears. To think he should have sat nearly a half a day in the broiling sun, and then the result of all his patient industry to be ignominiously snatched from him by a meddling old woman. It *was* provoking, without doubt. As a consequence, he was cut out of his "fry" by getting into a dreadful "stew," and dolphin No. 2 was surreptitiously "hooked" in the end by one of the urchins of the steerage to cut up for bait. Our lean friend never again attempted to fish that journey; and, we verily believe, he used to haunt the dowager in her dreams, for she related at the breakfast-table, one morning, that she had seen in her sleep a man with a dolphin's head standing by her bedside all night, with a savage-looking knife in his hand, which he protested he was about to bury to the hilt in her matronly old heart. When she awoke, and found it was all the "baseless fabric of a vision," her joy, she declared, knew no bounds; for she felt then she was still a happy widow, "live and kicking," with a jointure of £400 per annum.

* * * * *

We were five days tempest-tossed. Such a time then among the ladies, and the Lesbian nephew, we never saw before. The dowager was frightened out of her wits; and every plunge the vessel made would excite her to the utterance of something intensely pathetic. Our captain was a hale old fellow, bluff and brave, good-natured in the main, but at times austere; who snapped his fingers at a storm, and turned up his nose at a hurricane; even a white squall would not move him, we don't care how sudden it made its appearance; and, beside all this, he had somehow or the other fallen into, perhaps what might be called a very brusque habit, of saying just exactly what he thought. The second day of the storm the sea ran fearfully high, and a strong nor'wester seemed to impart vitality to every object in the cabins and state-rooms. All at once tables took it into their "heads" to perform sundry queer antics; and chairs, trunks, and other moveables, behaved very disreputably indeed, reeling and pitching about as if they were diametrically opposed to every thing in the temperance way, and had all made up their minds to have a jolly spree, regardless of what was right or proper. What heightened the effect of this illusion was, all the furniture of the cabin was painted *blue*, and there stood in the middle of the cabin a large rocking chair, a sober venerable-looking specimen too, which was tied fast to the floor. It appeared to gaze sturdily on the scene of confusion without a single move, seeming a very "Father Matthew" of furniture among the dizzy revellers.

The second day of the storm the wind increased in strength, and the waves lashed the vessel, worse than ever truant urchin caught it from "iron dominie." People that had boasted of escaping the sea-nausea were now pouring out their libations to Neptune over the bulwarks, and making any quantity of wry faces at the bitterness of their bile. It was raining dreadfully, and the young man, whom we shall ever call "Profile," if we live a thousand years and never turn grey, insisted upon it, that he would feel better if he were on deck. The dowager thought otherwise, feeling that if he went he was sure to be be washed overboard; but no, go he would, she vainly endeavouring to detain him by pulling his coat-tails, and protesting

between her gaspings, that if he lost his life she never would leave him a penny of her property. Muffled up in a large travelling *châle*, tied firmly around under his nose, with a very elegant Florentine straw hat on, he staggered up to the deck above, where he found it difficult to maintain his equilibrium. The wind whistled through the lattice of rope and spar, and all at once the elegant and expensive hat that adorned the head of the aforesaid youth was whipped from its lodgement, and the next minute tossed a speck on the wild waves, one instant just seen, and the next far, far down a vale of white foam.

"Captain, captain!" roared the fellow, gazing sorrowfully over the taffrail, "I've lost my hat—a beautiful Florence straw hat. It cost me forty florins in Naples! Dear, O! dear, O!"

The captain just at the moment was giving orders to the man at the helm, and did not distinctly comprehend the lamentation.

"Captain," again shouted he, "I've lost my hat overboard; indeed, indeed I have—see, there it goes!"

"D—n your hat, sir," bluffly replied the captain. "What of it? It's gone, and that's the last of it—a toy for the fishes."

"Oh, don't say that captain, for aunt will get frightfully nervous if I lose it; only think, it cost forty florins. Do man the life boat and see if you can't recover it; do, there's a dear good captain."

The idea of lowering a life boat from her tackles in a tempest to save a straw hat from a watery—what shall we say, not *grave*, certainly, but that will convey the idea—was so stupidly droll to the captain's pristine mind, that, notwithstanding the serious aspect of the weather, he broke into a series of rough guttural cachinnations, which were only ended by the youth's suddenly disappearing from the quarter-deck in consequence of a sharp gust having unceremoniously precipitated him side by side with sundry coils of stout rope.

Another day, when it was raining in torrents, and the wind still fierce, the young gentleman diverted himself by looking at the porpoises skip in the briny hillocks at the prow, and being absent rather long from his aunt's cap-strings, the old lady grew anxious, and determined on hunting the truant. Arraying herself in a peach-colored silk skirt (silk on shipboard is good), with a coiffure of rich Pomona green lace, she ascended to the deck and then *hoisted an umbrella* as a means of protection, which was no sooner spread than it turned inside out, with an ease and grace that would have made old Neptune crack his sides if he had been anywhere about and seen it. The best of it was, that notwithstanding its alteration of form, she continued to hold on to it with a firm grasp, until it pulled her to the side of the vessel, and then over it went, having as travelling companions, her fine lace coiffure, false curls, and "fixins," which dancing about in the stiff air at a great rate, finally settled on the summit of a large mass of black waters, and disappeared in an abyss of spray.

As we have intimated, our captain was not over and above polished in his manners, although a fine-hearted and brave man. The second or third day out, at dinner—during which he presided as grand carver, and consequently sat at the head of the table—he enquired of the dowager what he should send her in the way of meat, addressing her as plain Mrs. Grace, which was her name.

"*Lady* Grace, if you please, captain," correctively suggested her nephew, "Profile."

"Lady Blue-fire-and-blazes, sir!" roared the captain; "I never depart from ship etiquette at any risk, Shall I help you to some meat, madam?"

No sooner had he uttered this somewhat uncivil speech, than my Lady Grace, as her nephew insisted upon having it, arose from the table in a high tantrum, and retired to her state-room. At tea her place was vacant; the captain glanced at it several times, and at length the steward brought him a card, on which was written—

"*Lady Grace will feel favored if Captain —— will send her meals to her room the remainder of the voyage.*"

He read it aloud, and simply turning the card on the other side, wrote with a pencil that he borrowed from his right-hand neighbor—

"*When Lady Grace thinks proper to come to the table there's oceans of grub at her service. We think too much of her society to be deprived of it in this way, although if ill, we'll give her anything the ship's stores afford.*"

She pleaded indisposition for a few days, and had her meals in her room. Finally, as time wore on, she mustered courage to once more appear at the board, which she did with any amount of well-gotten up hauteur and dignity. Her nephew pronounced the captain "a nasty man," "an unpolished brute," and various other as enviable cognominations, but these were all thrown away on him, for he was as hard as steel, and heeded the wrath of the youth about as much, possibly, as a lion would the buzzing of a tiny but respectable house-fly. We fancy the voyage did 'Mr. Profile" good in many respects, and cured him of several mental diseases that he did not dream salt air would benefit.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. STEVENS.

THINK ye to fetter love with gold?
Ah no, no!
With brow of care, and features old?
With pulseless veins and bosom cold?
Ah no, no!

Enchain the star, that gleams afar,
Withhold the breezes from the tree;
Forbid the heart
To act its part—
Then hope with gold to fetter me.

CLERKS AND EMPLOYERS.

BY DANIEL N. HASKELL.

THE relations sustained by clerks to their employers are a source of many troubles, and occasion unpleasant thoughts, and oftentimes result in mutual and reciprocal hatred. In many departments of business, the compensation allowed to clerks is so small, that the sons of wealthy men have a monopoly of the places, which operates unfavorably, two ways: it drives away a large and meritorious class of young men, while it introduces another, who, from the very nature of the case, cannot take so active an interest as those whom want and necessity urge forward. The influence of these rich clerks, in situations where little or no compensation is allowed, is very pernicious, in inducing habits of extravagance, inattention to business, and of substituting the swell manners and flash appearance of the *roué*, for the gentlemanly bearing and manly dignity of the good citizen.

In branches of trade where a compensation is allowed, it is generally too small for the interests of both parties. Enlightened selfishness would seem to dictate a reform in this matter. We are proverbial for our thrift, and have a character for knowing what investments will produce the best dividends; and I submit, whether an investment, in the shape of increased salaries, would not exhibit as large returns as any stock known to the board of brokers.

Let any merchant reflect how large a portion of the details of his business is in the hands of clerks, how powerful an agency they exert in his affairs, how often he is the victim of their negligence, incompetency, or dishonesty, and he will perceive the great necessity for care in the selection; and may we not hope a careful investigation of the subject will lead him most cheerfully to pay ample remuneration for services rendered. Two poorly paid, dispirited clerks are not so valuable as one who takes an active interest in his employer's affairs, and goes to his business in earnest.

A boy whose existence is an experiment, showing the lowest point at which body and soul can be prevented from dissolving their painful connection, is as far from being the living intelligence he was created for, and is as much below the level of his race, as are the jaded and broken-spirited animals we see carted about in caravan cages, below their brethren of the boundless forest.

The best help, like the dearest law, is the cheapest; and it will always be found the truest policy to practise the inspired precept, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

There is a strange want of confidence exhibited in the intercourse between merchants and their clerks. Too frequently their conversation resembles what may be termed *cross*-examination. Confidence begets confidence. No man has so much talent and power as to be above learning many important points of intelligence, respecting both men and business, from his young men. Each of the parties moves in a different circle; and the clerk, from the nature of his young companions, has many opportunities of obtaining valuable information equal to that which his master enjoys.

What would be said of a military commander, and what would be his success and fate, did he not avail himself of all the talent and diversity of character in his subordinate officers? A mechanic is careful to attend to the suggestions of his workmen. A shipmaster should have the most perfect confidence in his mates and crew. And should a merchant lose all the advantages to be obtained from an active exercise of all the talents and means of information his clerks possess?

Another evil, attendant upon this intercourse, is the want of interest manifested by employers respecting their young men, during the time they are away from their places of business. In a very large majority of cases, employers do not trouble themselves about this matter; and yet who does not see that upon this point depends, in a great degree, the value of the services rendered while the clerk is on duty.

I ask clerks, How many of you receive any indications that your services are appreciated? How many of you have ever been invited to meet your employers at a house of worship, even in cases where they are professedly Christian? I ask, again, how many of you are requested, even once a year, to visit your employers at their dwellings for one evening of social intercourse?

I am well aware that the above suggestions will, by many, be regarded as unworthy serious consideration. One wise saying will, in their estimation, explode the whole train of thought, and they will not be induced to make trial of any new plan, fearing lest "familiarity should breed contempt."

But, until brothers and sisters cease to be bound by the warmest ties; till intimacies are not cherished, and love is extinguished; until friendship is unknown, and children repay their fathers' kindness and their mothers' love and affection with contempt;—then, and not *till* then, will it be admitted that the frank and friendly intercourse between master and clerk, employers and employed, at proper times and under judicious restrictions, will end in anything but increased interest, mutual respect, and manly confidence.

Another evil, which is more prevalent than formerly, is the false hopes often held out to young men to induce a sacrifice of present good upon the promise of future advancement,—an advancement which is always future and ideal. What greater crime can be committed against society than to coolly calculate how far one can speculate upon the rising hopes of a young man, by basely holding before him a delusion, which,

when exposed, will send him forth to the world a disappointed man, the victim of generous confidence, of human cupidity, and the foulest wrongs.

What punishment is due the niggard, who sunders or weakens the bonds which bind man to his fellow-man in ties stronger than aught save love and affection! What is life worth when honour is gone? And who shall repair the ruin to that mind, cheated of its fondest prospects, and allured to sacrifice its time in vainly chasing a bubble, which bursts ere the hand could grasp its emptiness?

Let no young man for one moment imagine, however, that because his manhood is not acknowledged, and his better nature and nobler impulses are not thus appealed to, there is, on his part, any relaxation of the highest moral obligation to do everything in his power to advance the interest of his employer.

No neglect or remissness of the employer can obliterate his claims to all the ability and force of character possessed by the young man. His duty is none the less plain because his life and enjoyments form no portion of the thoughts, and engage not the attention, of the man who claims his time and talents.

Two wrongs will not make *one* right. And the boy, whose daily actions and every movement are regulated by any such narrow and grovelling standard, fails alike in the duty he owes to another and to himself.

Should negligence and heedlessness become a habit, the injury to the employer is transient and temporary; while the evils, of which they are the prolific parents, will follow their unfortunate victim through life, and prove a curse, from whose withering influence he will never be disenthralled.

The lessons of the past, and the united voices of reason and revelation, urge the young man forward to his duty in every relation of life. By the constant exercise of fidelity he will rise superior to the obstacles which seem to arrest his progress, and, by serving others, he will confer lasting benefit upon himself. Enlightened self-interest will press him onward in the path which duty and obligation mark out; and he will show the world,—and experience himself,—the wisdom which dictated to a son the wise counsel,—

> "To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

A Sketch Done in Charcoal.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

A YIELDING temper, when not carefully watched and curbed, is one of the most dangerous of faults. Like unregulated generosity, it is apt to carry its owner into a thousand difficulties, and, too frequently, to hurry him into vices, if not into crimes. But as it is of advantage to others while inflicting injury upon its possessor, it has, by the common consent of mankind, received a fine name, which covers its follies and promotes its growth. This easiness of disposition, which is a compound of indolence, vanity, and irresolution, is known and applauded as "good-nature;" and to have reached the superlative degree, so as to be called the "best-natured fellow in the world—almost too good-natured for his own good," is regarded as a lofty merit. When applied to the proper person, though the recipient says nothing, it may be seen that it thrills him with delight; the color heightens on his cheek; and the humid brilliance of his eye speaks him ready to weep with joy over his own fancied perfections, and to outdo all his former outdoings. He is warmed through by the phrase, as if he had been feasting upon preserved ginger, and he luxuriates upon the sensation, without counting the cost, and without calculating the future sacrifices which it requires. He seldom sees why he is thus praised. He is content that it is so, without inquiring into the process by which it was brought about. It is enough for him that he is the best-natured fellow in the world, and the conclusion generally shows that, in phrase pugilistic, it is "enough." There are few kinds of extravagance more ruinous than that of indulging a desire for being excessively good-natured, as the good-natured pussy learnt when the monkey used her paw to draw chestnuts from the fire. A man of circumscribed means may, with comparative safety, keep horses and dogs, drink champagne and Burgundy, bet upon races and upon cock-fights; he may even gratify a taste for being very genteel—for these things may subside into moderation; but being very good-natured, in the popular acceptation of the phrase, is like the juvenile amusement of sliding down Market-street hill on a sled. The farther one goes, the greater is the velocity; and, if the momentum be not skilfully checked, we are likely to *land* in the water.

The "best-natured fellow in the world" is merely a convenience; very useful to others, but worse than useless to himself. He is the bridge across the brook, and men walk over him. He is the wandering pony of the Pampas, seeking his own provender, yet ridden by those who contribute not to his support. He giveth up all the sunshine, and hath nothing but chilling shade for himself. He waiteth at the table of the world, serveth the guests, who clear the board, and, for food and pay, give him fine words, which culinary research hath long since ascertained cannot be used with profit, even in the buttering of parsnips. He is, in fact, an appendage, not an individuality; and when worn out, as he soon must be, is thrown aside to make room for another, if another can be had. Such is the result of excessive compliance and obsequious good-nature. It plundereth a man

of his spine, and converteth him into a flexile willow, to be bent and twisted as his companions choose, and, should it please them, to be wreathed into a fish-basket.

Are there any who doubt of this? Let them inquire for one Leniter Salix, and ask his opinion. Leniter may be ragged, but his philosophy has not so many holes in it as might be inferred from the state of his wardrobe. Nay, it is the more perfect on that account; a knowledge of the world penetrates the more easily when, from defective apparel, we approach the nearer to our original selves. Leniter's hat is crownless, and the clear light of knowledge streams without impediment upon his brain. He is not bound up in the strait jacket of prejudice, for he long since pawned his solitary vest, and his coat, made for a Goliath, hangs about him as loosely as a politician's principles, or as the purser's shirt in the poetical comparison. Salix has so long bumped his head against a stone wall, that he has knocked a hole in it, and like Cooke, the tragedian, sees through his error. He has speculated as extensively in experience as if it were town lots. The quantity of that article he has purchased, could it be made tangible, would freight a seventy-four—were it convertible into cash, Crœsus, King of Lydia, son of Halyattes, would be a Chelsea pensioner to Salix. But unluckily for him, there are stages in life when experience itself is more ornamental than useful. When, to use a forcible expression—when a man is "done,"—it matters not whether he has as much experience as Samson had hair, or as Bergami had whisker—he can do no more. Salix has been in his time so much pestered with *duns*, "hateful to gods and men," that he is *done* himself.

"The sun was rushing down the west," as Banim has it, attending to his own business, and, by that means, shedding benefit upon the world, when Leniter Salix was seen in front of a little grocery, the *locale* of which shall be nameless, sitting dejectedly upon a keg of mackerel, Number 2. He had been "the best-natured fellow in the world," but, as the geologists say, he was in a state of transition, and was rapidly becoming up to *trap*. At all events, he had his nose to the grindstone, an operation which should make men keen. He was houseless, homeless, penniless, and the grocery man had asked him to keep an eye upon the dog, for fear of the midsummer catastrophe which awaits such animals when their snouts are not in a bird-cage. This service was to be recompensed with a cracker, and a glass of what the shopman was pleased to call *racky mirackilis*, a fluid sometimes termed "railroad," from the rapidity with which it hurries men to the end of their journey. Like many of the best-natured fellows in the world, Salix, by way of being a capital companion, and of not being different from others, had acquired rather a partiality for riding on this "railroad," and he agreed to keep his trigger-eye on the dog.

"That's right, Salix. I always knowed you were the best-natured fellow in the world."

"H-u-m-p-s-e!" sighed Salix, in a prolonged, plaintive, uncertain manner, as if he admitted the fact, but doubted the honour; "h-u-m-p-s-e! but, if it wasn't for the railroad, which is good for my complaint, because I take it internally to drive out the perspiration, I've a sort of a notion Carlo might take care of himself. There's the dog playing about without his muzzle, just because I'm good-natured; there's Timpkins at work making money inside, instead of watching his own whelp, just because I'm good-natured; and I'm to sit here doing nothing instead of going to get a little job a man promised me down town, just because I'm good-natured. I can't see exactly what's the use of it to me. It's pretty much like having a bed of your own, and letting other people sleep in it, soft, while you sleep on the bare floor, hard. It would'nt be so bad if you could have half, or quarter of the bed; but no—these good friends of mine, as I may say, turn in, take it all, roll themselves up in the kivering, and won't let us have a bit of sheet to mollify the white pine sacking bottom, the which is pleasant to whittle with a sharp knife—quite soft enough for that purpose—but the which is not the pink of feather beds. I don't like it—I'm getting tired."

The brow of Salix began to blacken—therein having decidedly the advantage of his boots, which could neither blacken themselves, nor prevail on their master to do it—when Mrs. Timpkins, the shopman's wife, popped out with a child in her arms, and three more trapesing after her.

"Law, Salix, how-dee-doo? I'm so glad—I know you're the best-natured creature in the world. Just hold little Biddy awhile, and keep an eye on t'other young 'uns—you're such a nurse—he! he! he!—so busy—ain't got no girl—so busy washing—most tea time—he! he! he! Salix."

Mrs. Timpkins disappeared, Biddy remained in the arms of Salix, and "t'other young 'uns" raced about with the dog. The trigger eye was compelled to invoke the aid of its coadjutor.

"Whew!" whistled Salix; "the quantity of pork they give in this part of the town for a shilling is amazin'—I'm so good natured! That railroad will be well earnt, anyhow. I'm beginning to think it's queer there ain't more good-natured people about besides me—I'm a sort of mayor and corporation all myself in this business. It's a monopoly where the profit's all loss. Now, for instance, these Timpkinses won't ask me to tea, because I'm ragged; but they ar'n't a bit too proud to ask me to play child's nurse and dog's uncle—they won't lend me any money, because I can't pay, and they're persimmony and sour about cash concerns—and they won't let me have time to earn any money, and get good clothes—that's because I'm so good-natured. I've a good mind to strike, and be sassy."

"Hallo! Salix, my good fellow!" said a man, on a horse, as he rode up; "you're the very chap I'm looking for. As I says to my old woman, says I, Leniter Salix is the wholesoul'dest chap I ever did see. There's nothing he won't do for a friend, and I'll never forget him, if I was to live as old as Methuselah."

Salix smiled—Hannibal softened rocks with

vinegar, but the stranger melted the ice of our hero's resolution with praise. Salix walked towards him, holding the child with one hand as he extended the other for a friendly shake.

"You're the best-natured fellow in the world, Salix," ejaculated the stranger, as he leaped from the saddle, and hung the reins upon Salix's extended fingers, instead of shaking hands with him; "you're the best-natured fellow in the world. Just hold my horse a minute. I'll be back in a jiffey, Salix; in less than half an hour," said the dismounted rider, as he shot round the corner.

"If that ain't cutting it fat, I'll be darned!" growled Salix, as soon as he had recovered from his breathless amazement, and gazed from dog to babe—from horse to children.

"Mr. Salix," screamed Miss Tabitha Gadabout from the next house, "I'm just running over to Timpson's place. Keep an eye on my street door—back in a minute."

She flew across the street, and as she went, the words "best-natured soul alive" were heard upon the breeze.

"That's considerable fatter—it's as fat as show beef," said Salix. "How many eyes has a good-natured fellow got, anyhow? Three of mine's in use a'ready. The good-natureder you are, the more eyes you have, I s'pose. That job up town's jobbed without me, and where I'm to sleep, or to eat my supper, it's not the easiest thing in the world to tell. Ain't paid my board this six months, I'm so good-natured; and the old woman's so good-natured, she said I needn't come back. These Timpkinses and all of 'em are ready enough at asking me to do things, but when I ask them—— There, that dog's off, and the ketchers are coming—Carlo! Carlo!"

The baby began squalling, and the horse grew restive, the dog scampered into the very teeth of danger; and the three little Timpkinses, who could locomote, went scrambling, in different directions, into all sorts of mischief, until finally one of them pitched head foremost into a cellar.

Salix grew furious. "Whoa, pony!—hush, you infernal brat!—here, Carlo!—Thunder and crockery!—there's a young Timpkins smashed and spoilt!—knocked into a cocked hat!"

"Mr. Salix!" shouted a boy, from the other side of the way, "when you're done that 'ere, mammy says if you won't go a little narrand for her, you're so good-nater'd?"

There are moments when calamity nerves us; when wild frenzy congeals into calm resolve; as one may see by penning a cat in a corner. It is then that the coward fights; that the oppressed strikes at the life of the oppressor. That moment had come to Salix. He stood bolt upright, as cold and as straight as an icicle. His good-nature might be seen to drop from him in two pieces, like Cinderella's kitchen garments in the opera. He laid Biddy Timpkins on the top of the barrel, released the horse, giving him a vigorous kick, which sent him flying down the street, and strode indignantly away, leaving Carlo, Miss Gadabout's house, and all other matters in his charge, to the guardianship of chance.

* * * * *

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to relieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and dejectedly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquised he; "pardenership between me and good-nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please to settle with the undersigned, who alone is authorised. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your pardener has sold all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice?—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good-natured; then comes another set of chaps, who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good-natured; and more asked me to go security. These fellows were always particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs', and couldn't get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I, somehow or other, was at the wrong end of it, for it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring substraction, and division, and alligation, when our folks allegated against me that I wouldn't come to no good. All the cypherin' I could ever do made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, I had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good-natured, I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and busting; and for the same reason, I was appinted treasurer to make the distribution when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, pony up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.'—Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *Venditioni exponas*, at the State House—old *Fiery fash 'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding-house; and now" (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell-fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But, it was always so—when I was a little boy, they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go first into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapings they used to be. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat-kind of people and mouse-kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is what's to become of me. I've spent all I had in getting my eddication. Learnin', they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if anybody would swap some house and land with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most people do when they've nothing to do."

* * * * *

What become of Leniter Salix immediately, is immaterial; what will become of him eventually, is clear enough. His story is one acting every day, and, though grotesquely sketched, is an evidence of the danger of an accommodating disposition when not regulated by prudence. The softness of "the best-natured fellow in the world" requires a large admixture of hardening alloy to give it the proper temper.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MR. FENIMORE COOPER.

Communicated in a Letter to Mr. Griswold.

BY JOHN M. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D.

New York, Oct. 1, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I readily comply with your wish that I should furnish you with such reminiscences of the late Mr. Cooper as occur to me, although the pressure of professional engagements absolutely forbids such details as I would gladly record. For nearly thirty years I have been the occasional medical adviser, and always the ardent personal friend of the illustrious deceased; but our intercourse has been so fragmentary, owing to the distance we have lived apart, and the busy lives we have both led, that the impressions which now throng upon and impress me are desultory and varied, though endearing. I first knew Mr. Cooper in 1823. He at that time was recognised as the author of "Precaution," of "The Spy," and of "The Pioneers." The two last-named works had attracted especial notice by their widely extended circulation, and the novelty of their character in American literature. He was often to be seen at that period in conversation at the City Hotel in Broadway, near Old Trinity, where many of our most renowned naval and military men convened. He was the original projector of a literary and social association called "The Bread and Cheese Club," whose place of rendezvous was at Washington Hall. They met weekly, in the evening, and furnished the occasion of much intellectual gratification and genial pleasure. That most adhesive friend, the poet Halleck, Chancellor Kent, G. C. Verplanck, Wiley, the publisher of Mr. Cooper's works, Dekay, the naturalist, C. A. Davis (Jack Downing), Charles King, now President of Columbia College, J. Depeyster Ogden, J. W. Jarvis, the painter, John and William Duer, and many others, were of the confederacy. Washington Irving, at the period of the formation of this circle of friends, was in England, occupied with his inimitable "Sketch Book." I had the honor of an early admittance to the club. In balloting for membership the bread declared an affirmative; and two ballots of cheese against an individual proclaimed non-admittance.

From the meetings of this society Mr. Cooper was rarely absent. When presiding officer of the evening, he attracted especial consideration from the richness of his anecdotes, his wide American knowledge, and his courteous behaviour. These meetings were often signally characterised by the number of invited guests of high reputation who gathered thither for recreative purposes, both of mind and body; jurists of acknowledged eminence, governors of different States, senators, members of the House of Representatives, literary men of foreign distinction, and authors of repute in our own land. It was gratifying to observe the dexterity with which Mr. Cooper with some eastern friend who contributed to our delight with a "Boston notion," or with Trelawny, the associate of Byron, descanting on Greece and the "Younger Son," or with any guests of the Club, however dissimilar their habits or character; accommodating his conversation and manners with the most marvellous facility. The New York attachments of Mr. Cooper, were ever dominant. I witnessed a demonstration of the early enthusiasm and patriotic activity of our late friend in his efforts, with many of our leading citizens, in getting up the Grand Castle Garden Ball, given in honor of Lafayette. The arrival of the "Nation's Guest" at New York, in 1824, was the occasion of the most joyful demonstrations, and the celebration was a splendid spectacle; it brought together celebrities from many remote parts of the Union. Mr. Cooper must have undergone extraordinary fatigue during the day and following night; but nearly as he was exhausted, he exhibited, when the public festivals were brought to a close, that astonishing readiness and skill in literary execution for which he was always so remarkable. Adjourning, near daybreak, to the office of his friend, Mr. Charles King, he wrote out more quickly than any other hand could copy, the very long and masterly report which next day appeared in Mr. King's paper—a report which conveyed, to tens of thousands who had not been present, no inconsiderable portion of the enjoyment they had felt who were the immediate participants in this famous festival. The manly bearing, keen intelligence, and thoroughly honorable instincts of Mr. Cooper, united, as they were, with this gift of writing—soon most effectively exhibited in his literary labors, now constantly increasing—excited my highest expectations of his career as an author, and my sincere esteem for the man. There was a fresh promise, a vigorous impulse, and especially an American enthusiasm about him, that seemed to indicate not only individual fame, but

national honor. Since that period I have followed his brilliant course with no less admiration than delight.

It was to me a cause of deep regret that soon after his return from Europe, crowned with a distinct and noble reputation, he became involved in a series of law-suits, growing out of libels, and originating partly in his own imprudence, and partly in the reckless severity of the press. But these are but temporary considerations in the retrospect of his achievements; and if I mistake not, in these difficulties he, in every instance, succeeded in gaining the verdict of the jury. It was a task insurmountable to overcome, a *fact* as stated by Mr. Cooper. Associated as he was, in my own mind, with the earliest triumphs of American letters, I think of him as the creator of the genuine nautical and forest romances of "Long Tom Coffin" and "Leatherstocking;" as the illustrator of our country's scenes and characters to the Europeans; and not as the critic of our republican inconsistencies, or as a litigant with caustic editors.

It is well known, that for a long period, Mr. Cooper, at occasional times only, visited New York city. His residence, for many years, was an elegant and quiet mansion on the southern borders of Otsego Lake. Here, in his beautiful retreat, embellished by the substantial fruits of his labors, and displaying everywhere his exquisite taste, his mind, ever intent on congenial tasks, which, alas! are left unfinished, surrounded by a devoted and highly cultivated family, and maintaining the same clearness of perception, serene firmness, and integrity of tone, which distinguished him in the meridian of his life, were his mental employments prosecuted. He lived chiefly in rural seclusion, and with habits of methodical industry. When visiting the city he mingled cordially with his old friends; and it was on the last occasion of this kind, at the beginning of April, that he consulted me, with some earnestness, in regard to his health. He complained of the impaired tone of the digestive organs, great torpor of the liver, weakness of muscular activity, and feebleness in walking. Such suggestions were offered for his relief as the indications of disease warranted. He left the city for his country residence, and I was gratified shortly after to learn from him of his better condition.

During July and August I maintained a correspondence with him on the subject of his increasing physical infirmities, and frankly expressed to him the necessity of such remedial measures as seemed clearly necessary. Though occasionally relieved of my anxieties by the kind communications of his excellent friend and attending physician, Dr. Johnson, I was not without solicitude, both from his own statements as well as those of Dr. Johnson himself, that his disorder was on the increase; certain symptoms were indeed mitigated, but the radical features of his illness had not been removed. A letter which I soon received induced me forthwith to repair to Cooperstown, and on the 27th of August I saw Mr. Cooper at his own dwelling. My reception was cordial. With his family about him he related, with great clearness, the particulars of his sufferings, and the means of relief to which he was subjected. Dr. Johnson was in consultation. I at once was struck with the heroic firmness of the sufferer, under an accumulation of depressing symptoms. His physical aspect was much altered from that noble freshness he was wont to bear; his complexion was pallid; his inferior extremities greatly enlarged by serous effusion; his debility so extreme as to require an assistant for change of position in bed; his pulse sixty-four. There could be no doubt that the long continued hepatic obstruction had led to confirmed dropsy, which, indeed, betrayed itself in several other parts of the body. Yet was he patient and collected. That powerful intellect still held empire with commanding force, clearness, and vigor. I explained to him the nature of his malady; its natural termination when uncontrolled; dwelt upon the favorable condition and yet regular action of the heart, and other vital functions, and the urgent necessity of endeavouring still more to fulfil certain indications, in order to overcome the force of particular tendencies in the disorder. I frankly assured him that within the limits of a week a change in the complaint was indispensable to lessen our forebodings of its ungovernable nature.

He listened with fixed attention; and now and then threw out suggestions of cure such as are not unfrequent with cultivated minds.

The great characteristics of his intellect were now even more conspicuous than before. Not a murmur escaped his lips; conviction of his extreme illness wrought no alteration of features; he gave no expression of despondency; his tone and his manner were equally dignified, cordial, and natural. It was his happiness to be blessed with a family around him whose greatest gratification was to supply his every want, and a daughter for a companion in his pursuits, who was his intelligent amanuensis and correspondent as well as indefatigable nurse.*

I forbear enlarging on matters too professional for present detail. During the night after my arrival he sustained an attack of severe fainting, which convinced me still further of his great personal weakness. An ennobling philosophy, however, gave him support, and in the morning he had again been refreshed by a sleep of some few hours' duration. I renewed to him and to his family the hopes and the discouragements in his case. Never was information of so grave a cast received by any individual in a calmer spirit. He said little as to his prospects of recovery. Upon my taking leave of him, however, shortly after, in the morning, I am convinced from his manner that he shared my apprehensions of a fatal termination of his disorder. Nature, however strong in her gifted child, had now her healthful rights largely invaded. His constitutional buoyancy and determination, by leading him to slight that distant and thorough attention demanded by primary symptoms, doubtless contributed to their subsequent aggravation.

I shall say but few words more on this agonising topic. The letters which I received, after

* The accomplished authoress of "Rural Hours."

my return home, communicated, at times, some cheering facts of renovation, but on the whole, discouraging demonstrations of augmenting illness, and lessened hope, were their prominent characteristics. A letter to me from his son-in-law, of the 14th of September, announced: "Mr. Cooper died, apparently without much pain, to-day at half-past one, P.M., leaving his family, although prepared by his gradual failure, in deep affliction. He would have been sixty-two years old to-morrow."

A life of such uniform and unparalleled excellence and service—a career so brilliant and honorable, closed in a befitting manner, and was crowned by a death of quiet resignation. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, his intelligence seemed to glow with increased fulness as his prostrated frame yielded, by degrees, to the last summons. It is familiarly known to his most intimate friends, that for some considerable period prior to his fatal illness, he appropriated liberal portions of his time to the investigation of Scriptural truths, and that his convictions were ripe in Christian doctrines. With assurances of happiness in the future, he graciously yielded up his spirit to the disposal of its Creator. His death, which must thus have been the beginning of a serene and more blessed life to him, is universally regarded as a national loss.

Will you allow me to add a few words to this letter, already perhaps of undue extent. It has been my gratification, during a life of some duration, to have become personally acquainted with many eminent characters in the different walks of professional and literary avocation. I never knew an individual more thoroughly imbued with higher principles of action than Mr. Cooper; he acted upon principles, and fully comprehended the principles upon which he acted. Casual observers could scarcely, at times, understand and appreciate his motives or conduct. An independence of character worthy of the highest respect, and a natural boldness of temper which led him to a frank, emphatic, and intrepid utterance of his thoughts and sentiments, were uncongenial to that large class of people, who, from the want of moral courage, or a feeble physical temperament, habitually conform to public opinion, and endeavour to conciliate the world. Mr. Cooper was one of the most genuine Americans in his tone of mind, in manly self-reliance, in sympathy with the scenery, the history, and the constitution of his country, which it has ever been my lot to know. His genius was American, fresh, vigorous, independent, and devoted to native subjects. The opposition he met with on his return from Europe, in consequence of his patriotic, though, perhaps, injudicious attempts to point out the faults and duties of his countrymen, threw him reluctantly on the defensive, and sometimes gave an antagonistic manner to his intercourse; but, whoever, recognising his intellectual superiority, and respecting his integrity of purpose, met him candidly, in an open, cordial, and generous spirit, soon found in Mr. Cooper an honest man, and a thorough patriot.

How strongly is impressed upon my memory his personal appearance, so often witnessed during his rambles in Broadway, and amidst the haunts of this busy population. His phrenological development might challenge comparison with that of the most favored of mortals. His manly figure, high, prominent brow, clear and fine grey eye, and royal bearing, revealed the man of will and intelligence. His intellectual hardihood was remarkable. He worked upon a novel with the patient industry of a man of business, and set down every fact of costume, action, expression, local feature, and detail of maritime operations or woodland experience, with a kind of consciousness and precision that produced a Flemish exactitude of detail, while in portraying action, he seemed to catch, by virtue of an eagle glance and an heroic temperament, the very spirit of his occasion, and convey it to his reader's nerves and heart, as well as to his understanding. Herein Mr. Cooper was a man of unquestionable originality. As to his literary services, some idea may be formed of the consideration in which they are held by the almost countless editions of many of his works in his own country, and their circulation abroad, by translations into almost every living tongue.

I may add a word or two on the extent of his sympathies with humanity. What a love he cherished for superior talents in every ennobling pursuit in life—how deep an interest he felt in the fortunes of his scientific and literary friends—what gratification he enjoyed in the physical inquiries of Dekay and Le Conte, the muse of Halleck and of Bryant, the painting of Cole, the sculpture of Greenough! Dunlap, were he speaking, might tell you of his gratuities to the unfortunate playwright and the dramatic performer. With the mere accumulators of money—those golden calves whose hearts are as devoid of emotion as their brains of the faculty of cogitation—he held no congenial communion at any time; they could not participate in the fruition of his pastime; and he felt in himself an innate superiority in the gifts with which nature had endowed him. He was ever vigilant, a keen observer of men and things; and in conversation frank and emphatic. It was a gratifying spectacle to encounter him with old Colonel Trumbull, the historical painter, descanting on the many excellencies of Cole's pencil, in the delineation of American forest scenery—a theme the richest in the world for Mr. Cooper's contemplation. A Shylock with his money-bags never gloated over his possessions with a happier feeling than did these two eminent individuals—the venerable Colonel with his patrician dignity, and Cooper with his somewhat aristocractic bearing, yet democratic sentiment; the one fruitful with the glories of the past, the other big with the stirring events of his country's progress, in the refinement of arts, and national power. Trumbull was one of the many old men I knew who delighted in Cooper's writings, and who, in conversation, dwelt upon his captivating genius.

To his future biographer Mr. Cooper has left the pleasing duty rightly to estimate the breadth and depth of his powerful intellect—psychologically to investigate the development and functions of that cerebral organ, which, for so many years, with such rapid succession and variety,

poured out the creations of poetic thought and descriptive illustration—to determine the value of his capacious mind by the influence which, in the dawn of American literature, it has exercised, in rearing the intellectual fabric of his country's greatness—and to unfold the secret springs of those disinterested acts of charity to the poor and needy, which signalised his conduct as a professor of religious truth, and a true exemplar of the Christian graces. He has unquestionably done more to make known to the Transatlantic world his country, her scenery, her characteristics, her aboriginal inhabitants, her history, than all preceding writers. His death may well be pronounced a national calamity. By common consent he long occupied an enviable place—the highest rank in American literature. To adopt the quaint phraseology of old Thomas Fuller, the felling of so mighty an oak must needs cause the increase of much underwood. Who will fill the void occasioned by his too early departure from among us, time alone must determine.

PUBLIC HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF MR. COOPER.

A meeting of literary men, and others, was held at the City Hall, in New York, on the 25th of September, for the purpose of taking the necessary measures for rendering fit honors to the memory of the deceased author. Rufus W. Griswold, calling the meeting to order, said it had been convened to do justice to the memory of the most illustrious American who had died in the present century. Since the design of such a meeting had first been formed, a consultation among Mr. Cooper's friends had been held, and it had been determined that the present should be only a preparatory meeting for the making of such arrangements as should be thought necessary for a more suitable demonstration of respect for that eminent person, whose name, more completely than that of any of his cotemporaries and countrymen, had filled the world.

On motion of Judge Deur, Washington Irving was elected President of the meeting. On motion of Joseph Blunt, Fitz Greene Halleck and Rufus W. Griswold were appointed Secretaries.

Mr. Blunt said, that as it had been thought proper to consider this occasion as merely preliminary, and for the purpose of making arrangements to do honor to the distinguished author who has left us, he would move that a committee of five be appointed by the chair, to report what measures should be adopted, by the literary gentlemen of this city and of the country, so far as they may see fit to join them, for the purpose of rendering appropriate honors to the memory of the late J. Fenimore Cooper.

The motion was adopted, and the chair appointed the following gentlemen members of the committee: Judge Duer, Richard B. Kimball, Dr. Francis, Fitz Greene Halleck, and George Bancroft; to whom Washington Irving and Rufus W. Griswold were subsequently added. The meeting then adjourned.

This committee afterwards met and appointed as a general committee to carry out the designs of the meeting: Washington Irving, James K. Paulding, John W. Francis, Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Richard B. Kimball, Rufus W. Griswold, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, Francis L. Hawks, John A. Dix, George Bancroft, Fitz Greene Halleck, John Duer, William C. Bryant, George P. Morris, Charles Anthon, Samuel Osgood, J. M. Wainright, and William W. Campbell.

R. W. Griswold, Donald G. Mitchell, Parke Godwin, C. F. Briggs, and Starbuck Mayo were appointed a committee of correspondence.

Besides letters from many of the gentlemen present, others had been received from some twenty of the most eminent literary men of the United States, all expressing the warmest sympathy in the proposal to do every possible honor to the memory of Mr. Cooper. We copy from these the following:

From Washington Irving.

SUNNYSIDE, Thursday, Sept. 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—The death of Fenimore Cooper, though anticipated, is an event of deep and public concern, and calls for the highest expression of public sensibility. To me it comes with something of a shock; for it seems but the other day that I saw him at our common literary resort at Putnan's, in full vigor of mind and body, a very "castle of a man," and apparently destined to outlive me, who am several years his senior. He has left a space in our literature which will not easily be supplied. * * * * *

I shall not fail to attend the proposed meeting on Wednesday next. Very respectfully your friend and servant,

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. WASHINGTON IRVING.

From William C. Bryant.

ROCHESTER, Friday, Sept. 19, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sorry that the arrangements for my journey to the West are such that I cannot be present at the meeting which is about to be held to do honor to the memory of Mr. Cooper, on losing whom, not only the country, but the civilized world and the age in which we live, have lost one of their most illustrious ornaments. It is melancholy to think that it is only until such men are in their graves that full justice is done to their merit. I shall be most happy to concur in any step which may be taken to express, in a public manner, our respect for the character of one to whom we were too sparing of public distinctions in his lifetime, and beg that I may be included in the proceedings of the occasion as if I were present. I am, very respectfully yours,

Rev. R. W. GRISWOLD. WM. C. BRYANT.

From Mr. Bancroft.

NEWPORT, R. I., Thursday, Sept. 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—I heartily sympathize with the design of a public tribute to the genius, manly character, and great career of the illustrious man whose loss we deplore. Others have combined very high merit as authors, with professional pursuits. Mr. Cooper was, of those who have gone from among us, the first to devote himself exclusively to letters. We must admire the noble courage with which he entered on a course which none before him had tried; the glory which he justly won was reflected on his country, of whose literary independence he was the pioneer, and deserves the grateful recognition of all who survive him.

By the time proposed for the meeting, I fear I shall not be able to return to New York; but you may use my name in any manner that shall strongly express my delight in the writings of our departed friend, my thorough respect for his many virtues, and my sense of that surpassing ability which has made his own name and the names of the creations of his fancy household words throughout the civilised world. I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

Rev. R. W. GRISWOLD. GEORGE BANCROFT.

From Mr. G. P. R. James.

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 23, 1851.

DEAR DOCTOR GRISWOLD:—I regret extremely that it will not be in my power to be present at the meeting to testify respect for the memory of Mr. Cooper. I grieve sincerely that so eminent a man is lost to the country and the world; and though unacquainted with him personally, I need hardly tell you how highly his abilities, as an author, and his character were appreciated by yours faithfully, G. P. R. JAMES.

From Mr. Everett.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 23, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—I received this afternoon your favor of the 17th, inviting me to attend and participate in the meeting to be held in your City Hall, for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the late Mr. Fenimore Cooper.

I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you. The state of the weather puts it out of my power to make the journey. The object of the meeting has my entire sympathy. The works of Mr. Cooper have adorned and elevated our literature. There is nothing more purely American, in the highest sense of the word, than several of them. In his department he is *facile princeps*. He wrote too much to write every thing equally well; but his abundance flowed out of a full, original mind, and his rapidity and variety bespoke a resolute and manly consciousness of power. If among his works there were some which, had he been longer spared to us, he would himself, on reconsideration, have desired to recal, there are many more which the latest posterity "will not willingly let die."

With much about him that was intensely national, we have but one other writer (Mr. Irving) as widely known abroad. Many of Cooper's novels were not only read at every fireside in England, but were translated into every language of the European continent.

He owed a part of his inspiration to the magnificent nature which surrounded him; to the lakes, and forests, and Indian traditions, and border-life of your great State. It would have been as difficult to create Leatherstocking anywhere out of New York, or some State closely resembling it, as to create Don Quixote out of Spain. To have trained and possessed Fenimore Cooper will be—is already—with justice, one of your greatest boasts. But we cannot let you monopolize the care of his memory. We have all rejoiced in his genius; we have all felt the fascination of his pen; we all deplore his loss. You must allow us all to join you in doing honor to the name of our great American novelist. I remain, dear sir, with great respect, very truly yours, EDWARD EVERETT.

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

At the meeting of the New York Historical Society, on the evening of Tuesday, the 7th of October, after the transaction of the regular business, the following resolutions were moved by Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, and seconded by Mr. George Bancroft:—

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life our illustrious associate and countryman, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, while his fame was in its fulness, and his intelligence was still unclouded by age or any infirmity, therefore:

Resolved, That this society has heard of the death of James Fenimore Cooper with profound regret:

That it recognises in him an eminent subject and a masterly illustrator of our history:

That, in his contributions to our literature, he displayed eminent genius and a truly national spirit:

That, in his personal character, he was honorable, brave, sincere, and generous, as respectable for unaffected virtue as he was distinguished for great capacities:

That this society, appreciating the loss which, however heavily it has fallen upon this country and the literary world, has fallen most heavily upon his family, instructs its officers to convey to his family, assurances of respectful sympathy and condolence.

Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS addressed the society in a very interesting speech, in support of these resolutions. Among the great men of letters, he said, whom our country has produced, there were none greater than Mr. Cooper. I knew him for a period of thirty years, and during all that time I never knew anything of his character that was not in the highest degree praiseworthy. He was a man of great decision of character, and a fair expositor of his own thoughts on every occasion—a thorough American, for I never knew a man who was more entirely so in heart and principle. He was able, with his vast knowledge, and a powerful physical structure, to complete whatever he attempted. He had studied the history of this country with a large philosophy, and understood our people and their character better than any other writer of the age. He was not only perfectly acquainted with our general history, but was thoroughly conversant with that of every state, county, village, lake, and river. And with his vast knowledge he was no less remarkable for ability as a historian than for his intrepidity of personal character. I could not, said Dr. Francis, allow this opportunity to pass without paying my tribute to the merits of this truly great man.

Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT next addressed the society. My friend, he said, has spoken of the illustrious deceased as an American—I say that he was an embodiment of the American feeling, and truly illustrated American greatness. We were endeavouring to hold up our heads before the world, and to claim a character and an intellect of our own, when Cooper appeared with his powerful genius to support our pretensions. He came forth imbued with American life, and feeling, and sentiment. Another like Cooper cannot appear, for he was peculiarly suited to his time, which was that of an invading civilization. The fame and honor which he gained, were not obtained by obsequious deference to public opinion, but simply by his great ability and manly character. Great as he was in the department of romantic fiction, he was not less deserving of praise in that of history. In Lionel Lincoln he has described the battle of Bunker Hill better than it is described in any other work. In his naval history of the United States he has left us the most masterly composition of, which any nation could boast on a similar subject. Mr. Bancroft proceeded in a masterly analysis of some of Mr. Cooper's characters, and ended with an impressive assertion of the purity of his contributions to our literature, the eminence of his genius, and the dignity of his personal character.

Dr. HAWKS spoke with his customary eloquence of the personal character of Mr. Cooper, his indefectible integrity, his devotion to the best interests of his country, and his religious spirit. He approved the resolutions which had been offered to the society.

The Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD said:—It must seem presumptuous in me, Mr. President, to try to add anything to the tribute which has been paid to the memory of Cooper, by gentlemen so peculiarly

qualified from their experience and position to speak of the man and his services. But all professions have their own point of view, and I may be allowed to say a few words upon the relation of our great novelist to the historical associations and moral standards of our nation. I cannot claim more than a passing acquaintance with the deceased, and it belongs to friends more favored to interpret the asperities and illustrate the amenities which are likely to mark the character of a man so decided in his make and habit. With his position as an interpreter of American history and a delineator of American character, we are in this society most closely concerned. None in this presence, I am sure, will rebuke me for speaking of the novelist as among the most important agents of popular education, powerful either for good or ill. Is it not true, sir, that the romance is the prose epic of modern society, and that we now look to its pages for the most graphic portraitures of men, manners, and events? Social and political life is too complex now for the stately march of the heroic poem, and this age of print needs not the carefully measured verse to make sentences musical to the ear, or to save them from being mutilated by circulation. The romance is now the chosen form of imaginative literature, and its gifted masters are educators of the popular ideal. What epic poem of our times begins to compare in influence over the common mind with the stories of Scott and Cooper? Our novelist loved most to treat of scenes and characters distinctly national, and his name stands indelibly written on our fairest lakes and rivers, our grandest seas and mountains, our annals of early sacrifice and daring. With some of his criticisms on society, and some of his views of political and historical questions, I have personally little sympathy. But, when it is asked, in the impartial standard of critical justice, what influence has he exerted over the moral tone of American literature, or to what aim has he wielded the fascinating pen of romance, there can be but one reply. With him, fancy has always walked hand in hand with purity, and the ideal of true manhood, which is everywhere most prominent in his works, is one of which we may well be proud as a nation, and as men. The element of will, perhaps more strongly than intellectual analysis, or exquisite sensibility, or high imagination, is the distinguished characteristic of his heroes, and in this his portraitures are good types of what is strongest in the practical American mind. His model man, whether forester, sailor, servant, or gentleman, is always bent on bringing some especial thing to pass, and the progress from the plan to the achievement is described with military or naval exactness. Yet he never overlooks any of the essential traits of a noble manhood, and loves to show how much of enterprise, courage, compassion, and reverence, it combines with practical judgment and religious principle. It has seemed to me that his stories of the seas and the forests are fitted to act more than ever upon the strong hearts in training for the new spheres of triumph which are now so wonderfully opening upon our people. Who does not wish that his noted hero of the backwoods might be known in every loghouse along our extending frontier, and teach the rough pioneer always to temper daring by humanity? Who can ever forget that favorite character, as dear to the reader as to the author—that paladin of the forest, that lion-heart of the wilderness, Leather-stocking,—fearless towards man—gentle towards woman—a rough-cast gentleman of as true a heart as ever beat under the red cross of the crusader. The very qualities needed in those old times of frontier strife are now needed for new emergencies in our more peaceful border life, and our future depends vastly upon the characters that give edge to the advancing mass of our population now crowding towards the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. It is well that this story-teller of the forest has been so true to the best traits of our nature, and in so many points is a moralist too. As a romancer of the sea, Cooper's genius may be but beginning to show its influence, as a new age of commercial greatness is opening upon our nation. Mr. Cooper did not shrink from battle scenes and had no dread of gunpowder, yet his best laurels upon the ocean have been won in describing feats of seamanship and traits of manhood that need no bloody conflict for their display, and may be exemplified in fleets as peaceful and beneficent as ever spread their sails to the breezes to bear kindly products to friendly nations. As we sit here this evening under the influence of the hour, the images of many a famous exploit on the water seems to come out from his well-remembered pages and mingle themselves with recent scenes of marine achievement. Has not the "Water Witch" herself reappeared of late in our own bay, and laden, not with contraband goods, but a freight of stout-hearted gentlemen, borne the palm as "Skimmer of the Seas," from all competitors in presence of the royalty and nobility of England? And the old "Ironsides," has not she come back again, more iron-ribbed than ever—not to fight over the old battles which our naval chronicler was so fond of rehearsing, but under the name of the Baltic or (better omen) the Pacific, to win a victory more honorable and encouraging than ever was carried by the thundering broadsides of the noble old "Constitution!" The commanders and pilots so celebrated by the novelist, have they not successors indomitable as they? and just now our ship-news brings good tidings of their achievements, as they tell us of the "Flying Cloud" that has made light of the storms of the fearful southern cape, and of the return of the adventurous fleet that has stood so well the hug of the Polar icebergs, and shown how nobly a crew may hunt for men on the seas with a "Red Rover's" daring and a Christian's mercy. It is well that the most gifted romancer of the sea is an American, and that he is helping us to enact the romance of history so soon to be fact. The empire of the waters, which in turn has belonged to Tyre, Venice, and England, seems waiting to come to America, and no part of the world now so justly claims its possession as that State in which Cooper had his home. Who does not welcome the promise of the new age of powerful commerce and mental blessing? Who does not feel grateful to any man who gives any good word or work to the emancipation of the sailor

from his worst enemies, and to the freedom of the seas from all the violence that stains its benignant waters? While proud of our fleet ships, let us not forget elements in their equipment more important than oak and iron. In this age of merchandise, let us adorn peace with something of the old manhood that took from warfare some of its horrors. Did time allow, I might try to illustrate the power of an attractive literature in keeping alive national associations and moulding national character, but I am content to leave these few fragmentary words with the society, as my poor tribute to a writer who charmed many hours of my boyhood, and who has won regard anew as the entertaining and instructive beguiler of some recent days of rural recreation. May we not sincerely say that he has so used the treasures of our national scenery and history as to elevate the true ideal of true manhood, and quicken the nation's memory in many respects auspiciously for the nation's hopes?

It is understood that a public discourse on the life and genius of Mr. Cooper will be delivered by one of the most eminent of his cotemporaries, at Tripler Hall, early in December, and that measures will be adopted to secure the erection of a suitable monument to his memory, in one of the public squares or parks of the city. On this subject Mr. Washington Irving has written the following letter:—

SUNNYSIDE, October, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—My occupations in the country prevent my attendance in town at the meetings of the committee, but I am anxious to know what is doing. I signified at our first meeting what I thought the best monument to the memory of Mr. Cooper—a statue. It is the simplest, purest, and most satisfactory—perpetuating the likeness of the person. I understand there is an excellent bust of Mr. Cooper extant, made when he was in Italy. He was there in his prime; and it might furnish the model for a noble statue. Judge Duer suggested that his monument should be placed at Washington, perhaps in the Smithsonian Institute. I was rather for New York, as he belonged to this State, and the scenes of several of his best works were laid in it. Besides, the seat of government may be changed, and then Washington would lose its importance; whereas New York must always be a great and growing metropolis—the place of arrival and departure for this part of the world—the great resort of strangers from abroad, and of our own people from all parts of the Union. One of our beautiful squares would be a fine situation for a statue. However, I am perhaps a little too local in my notions on this matter. Cooper emphatically belongs to the nation, and his monument should be placed where it would be most in public view. Judge Duer's idea, therefore, may be the best. There will be a question of what material the statue (if a statue is determined on) should be made. White marble is the most beautiful, but how would it stand our climate in the open air? Bronze stands all weathers and all climates, but does not give so clearly the expression of the countenance, when regarded from a little distance.

These are all suggestions scrawled in haste, which I should have made if able to attend the meeting of the committee. I wish you would drop me a line to let me know what is done or doing. Yours very truly, WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Rev. RUFUS GRISWOLD.

The plan thus recommended by Mr. Irving will undoubtedly be approved of by the committee and the public, and there is little doubt that it will soon be carried into execution.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure,"
Thus prayed the old divine,
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he—
"This ship is so crank and wolty
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel,
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:—
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon;

When steadily steering landward
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining top-masts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people, who saw this marvel,
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That to quiet their troubled spirits
He had sent this Ship of Air.

AMERICA *versus* ENGLAND.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

In this remarkable era of progress, when the lustre of "divine rights" has faded out, and we recognise no castes but those of humanity, I deem it not presumptuous to institute comparisons between the Anglo-Saxon and his sire—between the Northmen of the New and the Old World. While I have been astonished at the statistical immensity of London and England, I did not forget the ages of their growth, and turning my eyes westward to the republican land of promise, was proud to believe that America—by which I mean the United States—is destined to outstrip the "master empire" of the Old World. For the son to rise up and transcend his father by honorable effort and pursuit, ought to reflect credit upon both. Claiming much for ourselves, we detract nothing from the race out of whose loins we sprang. Common origin should knit and bond, and make the sundered family identical; no matter how widely the members dwell apart. Much of the discredit heaped upon the Anglo-Saxon has been the result of an ignorance of his true condition and character; albeit that there are many haughty Saxons, with a tincture of bastard Norman blood in their veins, who, being limited in the knowledge of history and geography, imagine our country to be a wilderness somewhere across the ocean, they know not exactly where; and our people a race of mixed Europeans and savages, in which medley the savage is uppermost. It is not altogether an exaggeration, the anecdote of the Englishman asking an American "what tribe he belonged to," for similar questions, or remarks that are questions indirect, have been repeatedly uttered in my hearing. The stories about our high mountains, long rivers, great lakes, terrible cataracts, and immense thunder and lightning, when told considerably short of the *truth*, are received with incredulity; and as most Europeans have had caricature speeches of our orators to mould an estimate of our truthfulness upon, they set the stories and speeches down together, and call the whole bombast. You may tell them, what is a fact, that the State of New York is larger than England, and that the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania will, when fully developed, swallow all the mineral wealth of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and they will laugh at you as a fool or a madman. The river Thames, so contemptible when compared with the Hudson, Ohio, and Mississippi, is to the Londoner's eye the Amazon of the world. For her space, and the influence that goes out from what is crowded into that space, England unquestionably is the first and most powerful of nations. But when you come to look at her comparatively, measuring her sphere by the ages that have drawn the circle, she dwindles beneath the shadow of the republic. We are, after about seventy years of national existence possessed, of a population of twenty millions; Britain proper can boast of only thirty millions at most, and she had eight hundred years since the Norman conquest, with some twelve hundred years before that, since the Roman invasion, to produce them, and make her what she now is. The mass of Europeans seem never to take into account our youth, the beggarship that was our heritage, or in fact worse than beggarship: for after being forced out of doors, we had no resort but the wilderness and our faith in God. Nor do they credit us with the continuous obstacles that have opposed themselves to our growth; which though opposing, were never able to pluck us up by the roots. They think, because they find themselves, after centuries of rubbing, polished and perfect, that we, too, like another Minerva from the head of Jove, should spring in complete panoply. Let them go back to the time of Richard the First only, when Gurth, with his collar on his neck, was the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, and Cedric himself but a slave to the Norman, and then contrast themselves with us. Nay, but they need not go back at all. I conceive that we can afford them half a dozen centuries, and then measure ourselves by them without disadvantage or cause of shame. We are, as a people, unquestionably crooked, knotty, and rude; but remember our birth was on the mountain side, where, like a young oak, we have grown against the fury of the wind, the rush of the storm, and all the asperities of nature; and though a little jagged about the trunk and gnarled at the root, our sap is full of vigor, and our branches and leaves fresh as the mountain air. Our birth, for ourselves and the world, was fortunate instead of calamitous; but the Old World has no thanks for that, and there is none the less reason why she should not allow for what *might* have been the results under such circumstances as ours, when she is judging of us. I said our heritage of beggarship—I meant not that; beggarship was rather our condition; but we had a heritage of determination, faith and freedom, in the very spirit that led us into the wilderness, rather than bow down any longer in the land of our fathers. I never think of the word pilgrim without feeling a thrill all over my nerves. There are heroes, prophets, and martyrs for all nations; they could hardly be nations without such; but I am so selfish as to believe that we can boast the grandest of all these. What does not the world owe to those inimitable spirits who dared the autumn perils of the ocean and the wintry wilderness, to plant a seed whose fruit promises to choke the tyrants and tyrannies of the earth; who lifted up their hands on the barren rock, and sent their psalm of thanksgiving, through the frosted air, to the Great Father, and, without halting or turning, laid the base of a new empire, whose spirit and genius are found equal to their task. The Pilgrims, especially and essentially, were the founders of the Republic. Bands of adventurers to other and more golden points had preceded them—their vision filled with ingots, and their hearts with schemes of plunder; men who aimed at the subjection rather than the settling of the countries

they overran, and who paused only where glittering gold allured them. But the Pilgrims came not on such a quest to the New World. They saw danger, suffering, and death before them, but rather than stoop to their bonds at home, or tarry to be hunted to death whenever conscience dared to speak out, they resolved to seek even the extremest rigors of nature, where, perchance, their spirit might take root and flourish, and have abundant fruit. God blessed their faith, and, amid all their trials, suffered no enemy to disperse them, until, from Plymouth they have spread over a continent, and with their spirit compassed the world. We can console ourselves, and bear with all the shafts of ignorance or malice; can afford to be dwindled in the geographical comprehension of Europe, while our example is shaking the most venerable thrones, and sifting oppressions to the wind. While the Republic is groaning and crackling with its huge, stormy growth, like a young giant, whose limbs refuse to be fully garmented in their rapid stretch, we can abide the charge of abortion and imbecility. "New lairds make new laws," and new empires, in ages that forego all precedents of the past, can scarcely be comprehended by the genius of their rise, which, from time to time, halts to gratify its own ecstasy and astonishment, ere it provides for their fullest want. Our states, institutions, and habits of action and thought, can be governed by no old established rules. We present a phase without parallel; like elements, sufficient for a world, rolled up in hurry and confusion; and we need time to set bounds to the waters, the firm earth, and the sky, and to say to *our* universe, "Let there be light." Indeed, where are the bounds of our waters and firm earth—where the horizon of a sky we have spread out to canopy the nations? No Gulf of Mexico, no Rocky Mountains, nor sea-surf lashing its coast, can girdle the genius of the Republic. She may not plant her stars and stripes beyond those natural empire limits, but their light and cheer will irradiate like the sun, far beyond her empire-bound, and she will demand change of provision with change of condition, until there comes a period of wane. Europe boasts of settled policies of government, because she has her growth as she conceives, and determining in her courts to stand conservative by her oppressions, she may present a picture of calm and order, such as we know nothing of. But her calm is the precursor of decay, the period to that vitality which in the healthy and growing life of nations permits no established quiet. We have no axiom but circumstances; and having commenced by experiment, must go on experimenting until the science of democracy is fixed and complete, which can only be when human progress ceases. From savage to enlightened conditions, nations have passed their transition eras in apparent tumult and disorder, just as the mingling chemicals in the cauldron glow, hiss and fuse before the pure elixir comes forth. Calm and order can necessarily form but little of our appearance for an age to come. Even with our actual advance, so far as the common good of mankind is concerned—beyond all other people, we are still in chrysalis; our shell of to-day answers not for to-morrow; our partial laws, framed under the direction of partial light, must shift, expand, and, at times, altogether change, and yet be just and true for the days and years and conditions of society that formed them. Mankind is a problem to be solved by nothing but exigencies. There can be invented no ready-reckoner, no sliding-scale to meet the wants of a nation like ours, in such an age as this. The judgment of the philosophers of the Old World upon our movements and motives, is formed from a point of view that shuts out most of the real causes of our action, and misapprehends the genius of our spirit. We form our estimate of government, institutions, and society, from an entirely different theory of ideas. We move in the light of another era than theirs, and are often intellectually and physiologically at antipodes with them. *They* stand upon their fancied basis of enjoyment; *we* are in the earnest, toiling progress, afflicted, and likely to be for ages, with the external conditions to which we owe our peculiarities. Not *afflicted*, perhaps, though some might deem the work of transforming the wilderness, cementing the extremes of society, and harmonizing varieties of habits and wants, an affliction. I look upon all this as the lever and propelling power of our destiny. This has made us bold, hardy, generous, and charitable, and taught us, as we sprang from an oppression, not to be over-fast in oppressing ourselves. It has given us faith in nature, God, and humanity.

LOVE-SONG TO THE WIFE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

I am close beside thee, dearest!
Round me are thy white arms thrown,
'Tis my beating heart thou hearest,
Dearest, beating with thy own.
Yet, ah! me, a cloud is dimming
Thy bright soul with shadowy fears,
And thy dark eyes now are swimming,
Brimming with thy gushing tears.

Tell, me, dear one, why thou mournest—
Canst thou doubt my love for thee?
Can I doubt that thou returnest
Earnest, trusting love to me?

'Tis no dream of poet's musing
That our mingled hearts we teach—
For our lives we are transfusing,
Each one's soul in each.

In the well-depths of our feeling—
In the home of endless truth—
We have hushed our love's revealing,
Sealing its eternal youth.
Twine thy arms, my love, around me,—
Lay thy bosom close to mine;
I thank God that thou hast bound me,
Wound me in this love of thine.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY J. H. COLTON.

THE United States, now comprising 31 States and several territorial appendages, occupies by far the most valuable and temperate portion of North America. Confined, originally, to the shores of the Atlantic ocean, this great confederacy of republics has extended its empire over the whole region spreading westward to the Pacific, and from the great lakes on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south. In breadth it measures 2,800 miles, and in depth 1,700 miles, with an area of 3,260,000 square miles. The frontier line is estimated at 10,000 miles,—5,120 miles of which are sea coast, and about 1,400 miles lake coast.

The colonies planted by England at Jamestown in 1607, and in New England a few years later, formed the nucleus of these States. The French, Dutch, Swedes, &c., also planted colonies, but these were at an early period relinquished to the British, and, at the period of the Revolution the whole country east of the Mississippi river, and as far south as Florida and Louisiana, belonged to that nation. The oppressions of the mother-country now produced a resistance, and ultimately resulted in the formation of the United States, and the acknowledgment of their independence. At this period the United States consisted only of *thirteen* constituents. Louisiana, including all the territory between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, Florida, Oregon, Texas, New Mexico, and California are acquisitions of the present century.

The political constituents of the present United States are as follows:

I. *New England States.*—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut 6

II. *Middle States.*—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland (and the *District* of Columbia) 5

III. *Southern Atlantic States.* — Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida 5

IV. *South-western States.*—Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas (and the Indian *Territory*) 6

V. *North-western States.*—Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin (and the *territories* of Minesota, Missouri, and Nebraska) 8

VI. *Pacific States.*—California (and the *territories* of New Mexico, Utah, and Oregon). 1

Each of these States has distinct limits and a separate independent government, with a constitution and laws of its own. The territories belong to the United States, and until admitted as States into the Union, are under the direct surveillance of the federal authorities. These will be described separately.

The government of the United States is based on the constitution of 1787, and has only such powers as have been surrendered by the States, individually, for the benefit of the whole. Its formation was a political necessity—necessary for the protection and welfare of each and all the constituent States. Its authority, however, does not interfere with the internal affairs of individual States, nor has one State any power or right of supremacy over another. The powers of government are divided into executive, legislative, and judicial. The chief of the executive department is styled the President of the United States, whose duty it is to supervise the execution of the laws, &c. The legislative department is styled the Congress of the United States, and consists of a Senate and a House of Representatives. The President is so far a component of the Legislature as having a qualified *veto* on all the acts of Congress. The Senate is composed of two members from each State, chosen by the Legislatures thereof; and the House of Representatives consists of members elected by the people of each State in number according to population, and of one delegate from each organized territory. The present number of members is 233. The judiciary consists of a Supreme Court, with a Chief Justice and eight associate justices, which meets at the seat of government annually, in December; of Circuit Courts, held twice a-year in each judicial district, by a judge of the Supreme Court and a district judge; and of District Courts. The judges are appointed by the President for life, and are perfectly independent of the other departments of government. The powers of the United States' Courts extend to all questions arising under the constitution, to international causes, cases in Admiralty, &c. All white male citizens of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, are eligible to vote at elections for President and for members of the House of Representatives, and to hold any office by appointment or election; but none except native born citizens are eligible to hold the offices of President and Vice-President.

The population of the United States in 1790 was 3,924,829; in 1800, 5,305,891—increase 35·2 per centum; in 1810, 7,265,579—increase 36·8 per centum; in 1820, 9,643,191—increase 32·7 per centum; in 1830, 12,861,242—increase 33·3 per centum; in 1840, 17,052,566—increase 32·6 per centum; and in 1850, 23,200,000—increase 34·7 per centum.

A PEEP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

When not better engaged in the drudgery of literary duties, we love to stroll through the various avenues and windings of the Industrial Exposition on the shilling days. One would naturally suppose that home-spun is only to be encountered, but not so; there is a world of fashion and high breeding here. For example, that lady with the blue-embroidered parasol, and such a love of a bonnet, is a titled creature; and her plump, good-natured looking friend, who is chatting and laughing so communicatively, to the exposure of two rows of little white teeth, is a German countess, on a visit to some friends in England from the neighbourhood of Baden-Baden. Yonder goes a lord, and a dignified, fine-looking fellow he is, with not even a glimpse of a moustache, nor even so much as an impertinent, inquisitive glass reared to his eye. That plain-looking old gentleman, with grey hair and a white cravat, is a duke. He is strolling leisurely along by himself, diligently examining the articles as marked in the catalogue. The dashing young man, just in the centre of the transept, near the crystal fountain, is the son of an earl. Unlike the members of his circle generally, he is somewhat on the flashy order, being encompassed in garments constructed on a *broad* principle of architecture—that is, his pantaloons are daubed with figures resembling miniature Mandarins, in crouching positions, taking breath under difficulties. His neck-tie suggests the idea that the tail of a tumbler pigeon has, somehow or the other, got under his chin; while his vest, at a glance, might be mistaken for an overcoat. His little switch cane, of hollow bamboo, is ornamented with the head of a "pwppy dog," and his coral-linked chatelaine presents a flashing medley of well-rounded legs with enamelled toes, Cerito's head in a Turkish scarf, a little gilt boot, such as Carlotta Grisi wears in "Vivandière," and a number of young gridirons, dogs, and sporting emblems.

Here are lights and shadows. We have home-spun in bundles, and smock-frocks by the score. What a medley of tradesmen, costermongers, soldiers, younkers, and policemen! In what numbers the ladies appear—young and old, stout and slender, large and small. Some are accompanied by gentlemen; others, unattended, wander about in couples from 'Russia' into 'England,' thence into 'Turkey,' crossing for a rest into the 'United States,' and finally making their exit from the building by way of 'Switzerland.' It is a strange sight to throw the eye over the vast edifice. Far, far in the back ground a confused mass of people throw a shade on the vision, while in the foreground groups are enjoying themselves in various manners. There is a cluster examining that case of funny French fans, beautifully wrought of ivory and pearl, and looking so temptingly pretty, that we should think the air would feel a pleasure in coming in contact with them. Immediately at our feet at least a hundred anxious hearts are beating to get near the Koh-i-noor diamond, which with its municipal attendants, are ever very *bright* particular stars in their sphere. Just to the right of the statue of Virginius—another beautiful work of art, done in fine Italian marble—a number of automaton figures from Austria excite considerable admiration, especially from the young ladies and gentlemen. These figures display the very perfection of mechanical ingenuity, and the odd manner with which a dapper young virgin, made of coloured plaster-of-Paris and Indian-rubber, kicks her heels about, seems little short of miraculous. Her motions would surely dumb-found the pet of the ballet.

Now we glance to the left, and a charmingly arranged case, filled with a tableau of designs worked in hair, seem to claim much attention. Here *are* some pretty specimens of Parisian neatness; for we have looked at them ourselves with pleasure. Branches of flowers, flower-baskets, ciphers, love-knots, wreaths, and ringlets' all executed in the softest and most delicate-shaded hair conceivable, evidently cut from the head of a multitude of French beauties. But the *crowning* piece of all represents Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, with every lineament perfect in its nicest minutiæ. The shading and tints are most exquisitely blended, and it is a *recognizable* portrait, even if divested of the crown and marks of royalty. It is said Her Majesty was much pleased with it on a recent visit, and the Prince intends that it shall grace his *studio* at the close of the Exhibition. A waggish friend at our elbow, says, he has only one objection to this little work of art, thinking it a shame for the dear, dumpy little Queen to be represented with a *hair* lip. We were about to add that a *lock* on her mouth was surely out of place, but what would it signify.

Most of the visitors to the Exhibition usually arrive before noon, and as they anticipate roaming all day, bring little baskets of lunch with them. It is a curious spectacle to see the parties scattered about in the various divisions, eating with as much gusto as if at home, with the comfort of a damask table-cloth and soft-cushioned chairs. As to the locality of luncheon, it makes little matter where they hit upon.

"Let us go to Russia and eat," says a young lady, one of three pretty sisters, who are walking slightly in advance of a matronly old lady in black satin, evidently their mamma.

"No, let's go to China; we can sit in the midst of pagodas and gongs, handscreens and lanterns."

"Think how nice it will be to eat up the mutton, and fancy we are in China," says another of the aforesaid young damsels, who seems quite picturesque in her notions.

"Fiddle-de-dee on Russia and China," exclaims the third of these ladies, "I've got my eye on a place where we will be comfortable. It's not far from here. Let me see—we are at present in

Holland—its about five minutes' walk to New Zealand—what do you say, girls?"

"Yes, we'll go there, if it's not crowded," remarks the old lady; "China is crammed with a lot of vulgar, stuck-up Lancashire witches, who are up in town. Didn't you notice them, as we passed? And as for Russia, there's always such a jam about that green-marbled furniture of Prince What-you-call-him, that it's foolish to think of going there. No, let's do as Kate proposes—New Zealand is quiet, and not much frequented."

"Pshaw!" remarks the advocate of China, with a shrug of her little white shoulders.

"Pooh! just like her," whispers the friend of Russia, with a fidget.

And with a little exhibition of simpering and saucy irritation, well got up, the group slowly wandered over towards New Zealand, where they will partake of sandwiches and mixed pickles, among the chip baskets of their neighbours of the South Seas.

If an abbreviated costume could be applied with any marked warrantry of good, surely this is the place. It is natural to suppose that where tens of thousands of feet are moving about, considerable dirt and dust must collect, and it is absolutely painful to behold the skirts of ladies dragging the deposits with the faithfulness of a street-sweeper. If the ladies object to the American "Bloomer," we beg leave to suggest that they get up an "Exhibition dress" somewhat on the same principle of "applying the higher law to the petticoats," as we recently saw it called in a transatlantic paper. This Exhibition dress would be a new idea in England, and one which would most decidedly have its advantages.

In all great Exhibitions like the present, there are always certain objects around which public admiration seems to hoveringly pause. One of these attractive objects is Power's statue, the "Greek Slave," which is constantly besieged by battalions of ladies. These same remarks will also apply to the bronze group, "The Amazon" by Kiss, in the Austrian department, and a state bedstead in the Zollverein, which resembles a huge castle more than it does a couch on which to sleep. The machinery departments are constantly thronged with sturdy mechanics, who, with a vast deal of blunt wonder, pry into the movements of the various artistic contrivances. The "fine arts," and especially the rooms set apart for the light pieces of statuary, are of course thronged with those whose taste or admiration may lead them to the classic company of Jupiters, Apollos, Hebes, and Amphitrites. Every visitor has his or her hobby, and there is ample scope here to have the most uncommon whim gratified.—*Boston Waverley, Oct.* 10.

KOSSUTH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is always gratifying to find our efforts seconded by the opinions of men whose judgments are valued. Since the commencement of our enterprise, we have had various flattering testimonials of encouragement and approval, from very high sources, not the least of which is one from the illustrious Kossuth, in which it will be seen from the subjoined correspondence, that he thinks well of a wide diffusion of American literature. So do many others in England and America, with the strong conviction that this current exchange of sentiment excites mutual respect and esteem. We are sure that it so does, and we labor with the hope of contributing our mite towards an international brotherhood.

American Magazine Office,
Nov. 2, 1851.

To His Excellency L. Kossuth.

I feel sincere pleasure at being able to send you a copy of my National Work, which is the first effort to establish, in England, a medium for the more direct promulgation of American sentiments and literature. I feel confident that to a great reformer in the cause of freedom and justice, like yourself, such a work will be especially acceptable, not less for the liberal sentiments of progress it designs to advocate, but also for the literary merit it presents from the ablest pens of the New World.

I am prompted to send you this American Work, because the wide sympathies of my countrymen are with you; because the pulse of my towering and beloved nation is beating at this moment in the pleasurable anticipation of giving you a whole-souled and fraternal welcome. I know that you esteem America, and therefore presume to feel that you will receive my token as a patriotic offering from one of her sons, whose proudest wish is to be the humble instrument of showing to the people of Great Britain the genius and ability that exists in the United States.

Permit me here to enroll my name among your most devoted admirers. The elements of integrity, patriotism, faith, and unflinching valor form your career, which shines out like a bright star amid that gloom of faction and contest into which your ill-fated country has been plunged by despotism and treachery.

May you live to accomplish the dearest and best wishes of your heart. May all of your noble designs of justice and equality be fulfilled, and praying most devoutly, "God speed to these ends,"

Permit me, illustrious Sir, to subscribe myself,
Yours faithfully,
HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

KOSSUTH'S REPLY.

Eaton Place, Wednesday, Nov. 6.

Dear Sir,

I beg leave to acknowledge gratefully the receipt of your "American Magazine," to which I wish every success, as a most laudable enterprise, to show to the Old World the rising literary greatness of your glorious nation. An American Work is always acceptable to my taste and feelings, for from the history of your favoured country have I drawn confidence and the balm of consolation in the severest hours of trial and oppression.

I thank you for the sentiments you express towards me. Ere many days pass by, I hope to be in the midst of your countrymen, and believe me that I look forward to my visit to the shores of America with feelings of the deepest emotion.

Again thanking you for your warm expressions of sympathy and kindness,

I have the honor to be,
Dear Sir,
Yours very obediently,
KOSSUTH.

Henry Howard Paul, Esq.

THE SUPREME POWER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

It has been as beautifully as truly said, "that the undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might, with equal force and justice, be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the enquirer, step by step, into the immediate presence of that tremendous Power which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, as the proofs are graven in eternal characters on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface; and which are also, day by day and hour by hour, at work to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beam seems to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation; and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees, opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its clouded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed; and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor, frail man, sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense.

But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the sense seems, as it were, led up into the laboratory of Divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington: He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size and form and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which was hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of the convulsions of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks that oozes quietly at his feet; encasing the surface of the mountain, as it cools, with a most black and stygian crust; or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose, a few years since, in the neighbourhood of Malta, spouting flames from the depth of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which has led us to this train of remark—a mineral fountain, of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least, for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius, or a divinity, by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank of their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible hand of an everywhere present and benignant Power.

BOSTON, AND BUNKER HILL.

From the East.

(See Engraving.)

Boston, from this point of view, is very picturesque. The town rises gradually from the water's edge to the height surmounted by the State House, whose lofty cupola brings to a point all the ascending lines of the picture; Dorchester Heights rise gracefully on the left limit of the Bay, and Bunker Hill, famous in American story, breaks the horizon on the right. In the centre lie the forest of shipping, and the fine ranges of commercial buildings on the water's side; and, turning from this view, the harbour, with its many small islands, stretches away behind to the sea, tracked by steamers, and sprinkled by craft of every size and nation. Like every other bay in the world, that of Boston has been compared to Naples; but it has neither its violet sky, nor its volcano, yet it may be mentioned in the same day.

Close under the eye of the spectator here, lies that part of the town formerly the fashionable quarter, but now very much what Red Lion Square and its precincts are to London. There is still existing (or there was some years since,) the house of Governor Hutchinson, of which the mouldings were brought from London, and in which the drawing-room panels were portraits of his family, in their youth. This is still a very roomy and well-built, and must once have been a rather luxurious house. We are apt to fancy that our strait-laced ancestors from England lived parsimoniously, and denied themselves the elegancies of modern luxury; but antiquarian researches exhibit a different state of things. "In the principal houses," says the discourse of a learned gentleman on this subject, "there was a great hall, ornamented with pictures and a great lantern, and a velvet cushion in the window-seat, which looked into the garden. On either side was a great parlour, a little parlour, or study. These were furnished with great looking-glasses, Turkey carpets, window curtains and valance, pictures, and a map, a brass clock, red leather-back chairs, and a great pair of brass andirons. The chambers were well supplied with feather beds, warming-pans, and every other article that would now be thought necessary for comfort or display. The pantry was well filled with substantial fare and dainties—prunes, marmalade, and Madeira wine. Silver tankards, wine-cups, and other articles of plate, were not uncommon; and the kitchen was completely stocked with pewter, iron, and copper utensils. Very many families employed servants, and in one we see a Scotch boy valued among the property, and invoiced at 14*l.*"

A REVERIE ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Dream of splendour, bright and gay,
Disenchanted all too soon,
Dimly fading fast away
Like a half-remembered tune;
Lo! my spirit's-harp is sad
For the end of earthly things,
And refuses to be glad
While I touch these trembling strings.

Fountains gushing silver light;
Sculptures, soft, and warm, and fair;
Gems, that blind the dazzled sight;
Silken trophies rich and rare;
Wondrous works of cunning skill,
Precious miracles of art;—
How your crowding memories fill,
Mournfully, my musing heart!

Fairy-giant! choicest birth
Of the Beautiful-Sublime,
Seeming like the Toy of earth
Given to the dotard Time,—
Glacier-diamond,—Alp of glass,
Sinbad's cave,—Aladdin's hall,—
Must it then be crush'd—alas!
Must the Crystal Palace fall?

Yes! as autumn's chequered hues
Thus are tinted with decay,
As the morn's prismatic dews,
Glittering, exhale away;
So with thee, in beauty's pride,
All thy brightness must depart—
Nature's fair consumptive bride,
Fragile paragon of Art!

But, not all of thee shall die—
O, not all shall perish thus!
Thy sweet spirit, ever nigh,
Will remain to gladden us;
Thy sweet spirit—*Brotherhood!*
This was in thee like a soul—
Every part to gild with good,
And to glorify the whole!

Albury, Guildford. Marcus F. Tupper.

FLEE AWAY.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM, BY J. K. MITCHELL, M.D.

Oh! fly to the prairies, sweet maiden, with me,
'Tis as green, and as wide, and as wild as the sea;
O'er its soft, silken bosom the summer winds glide,
And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride;
The fawns in the meadow fields fearlessly play,—
Flee away to the chase, lovely maiden, away.
Bound! bound to thy courser, the bison is near—
And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

CHIT CHAT.

THE FAMILY HERALD of London has fallen into a very disgraceful habit of filching American stories, altering their titles, and removing the name of the author, in order, we presume, to give them an air of originality. It is bad enough to appropriate these works, in all conscience, without thus summarily stripping the poor author of his laurels. The recently started "Family Companion," we see, has commenced its career by publishing the very garbage of American literature; but more just than its cousin, Herald, it retains the name of the author, and states at the head that it *alters* to meet its own views and purpose. Strange world, this!

BOHN'S SHILLING SERIES of popular works embrace many of the writings of distinguished American Authors, including Washington Irving, Emerson, Willis, Dr. Mayo, and others of high reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. This series is in a most pleasant form, printed in clear, bold type, and just calculated for the rail and the fireside. We endorse them with our most unequivocal expressions of approval. Mr. Bohn enjoys the reputation of being one of the most liberal and high-minded of London publishers, and has done much to cultivate the taste for American literature in Great Britain.

MAYALL, in the Strand, is a most exquisite daguerreotypist. He seems to be the only man in London who makes the art a study of science and research, if we are to judge by the improvements that he is constantly introducing. His shading, coloring, and general effect, triumph over all the other efforts we have seen on this side of the channel. We are mistaken if Mayall's pictures do not become a proverb. His gallery of "Illustrious Folks" embraces some of the most distinguished people of the present era, and it is quite a treat to be able to walk about and gaze on the "counterfeit presentment" of those who have now our love or admiration.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE, whilome the Strand Theatre, is a snug, cosy little place to while away an evening when one feels inclined for amusement in the dramatic way. Mr. Copeland, the spirited and enterprising lessee, keeps up a constant fire of novelties, and with such a practised and able aid-de-camp as Mr. E. Stirling, his stage-manager, it would be strange, indeed, if novelty did not often show its grotesque phis here. Among the *corps dramatique* are several delightfully capable people, among whom we may especially instance Mr. Rogers, (he would make his fortune in Yankee-land), Tilbury, and Miss Marshall, whose piquancy and madcap sprightliness, joined with a grace of person, render her one of the most popular of the "staff" of the playhouse.

HAVANA CIGARS, among other articles in the great Glass Palace of All Nations, took a premium, which was awarded to Cohen and Ott, of 41, St. James's Street. The smokers all say to a man, that their cigars are worth puffing in preference to any others that come to the great metropolis, and, having a house in Havana, they are enabled to import direct, which gives them a decided advantage over others in the trade. Their cigars need only one trial to prove the *dolce far niente* of a comfortable after-dinner lounge.

MR. SELBBY'S success at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, continues without abatement. He has played Jonathan Ploughboy over sixty nights, and still the attraction of the *Forest Rose* does not seem to fade in the smallest particular.

CLARA MORETON'S delightful story, "The Estranged Hearts," which appeared in No. I., has been very generally admired. We have received a number of letters full of admiration of its great merits.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA, at the Egyptian Hall, is nightly thronged with the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. It is a most interesting and faithful picture, and it should be visited by everybody. Mr. W. H. Paul, the original proprietor, has exhibited much tact and ability in his management of panoramas. He was for a long time Mr. Banvard's "right-hand man," and, therefore, is entitled to a sort of priority in this profession, in Europe.

J. WILLIAMS, Publisher, Cheapside, has sent us the following compositions, all of which are graceful, and if not so already, will assurodly become popular:—

"Oh, charming May," by G. Herbert Rodwell.
"Little Kathleen," by Nelson.
"Spirit of Good," by Alexander Lee.
"Merry Hours will fleet," by Joseph Philip Knight.

THE MORNING ADVERTISER calls our hasty sketch of "Hobbs the Artisan," a "bunkism." We would be willing to wager a jack-knife that the Editor of the *Advertiser* doesn't know the meaning of the word that he *intended* to employ. "Some civet, good apothecary!"

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—A large number of the articles in this month's magazine were written expressly for us. A few of the gems, in honor of our country's literature, we have re-set, and we trust their light will engender respect for our fugitive literature.

MR. HACKETT, the eminent American comedian, has returned to London. We believe he is to appear, during the coming season, at the Haymarket.

THE LIVERPOOL TIMES will accept our earnest thanks for a most kindly and good-natured compliment for our last number.

A PRACTICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND FORMATION OF PULMONARY TUBERCLE, AND SUCCESSFUL MODE OF TREAMENT, BY D. CRONIN, M.D.

THIS work strikes out several new theories in the great science of Physics, and treats on them in a masterly manner The phenomena of Tubercle has long attracted the attention of anatomists and pathologists in every quarter of the civilized world, yet much remains vague and undefined, notwithstanding all the learning and research brought to bear upon these examinations. We confess, a nervous critic has not much taste for reviewing works, where slices of lungs, amorphous granules, and similar matters are familiarly treated; yet this book is so pleasantly and lucidly written, that these "repugnances harrow not." The ingenious author says in his preface—

"Notwithstanding so many have turned their attention to the nature and theory of Tubercle, and given us their views upon this important subject, we hardly find any two agree in the opinions handed down to us. Some, with Dr. Carswell at the head, declare that the elements of tubercle exist in the blood; and although the microscope fails to detect the tuberculous matter in the *circulating* blood, yet that when at rest the tubercles may be seen gradually separating from the other principles and forming into tubercular masses.

"Others, again, look upon tubercle as the result of inflammatory action, or of coagulation of the minute bronchial glands. Were such and similar theories true, consumption would be more under the control of art. We should be able in some instances, at least, to restore the blood to its healthy state, or to relieve or subdue inflammation or congestion.

"A very long and extensive practice for several years has afforded me ample opportunities of experience in the nature and treatment of pulmonary diseases; and, indeed, innumerable opportunities have occured to me of carefully watching and observing the progress and development of tubercle in the lungs. The cultivation of these opportunities has been sufficient to convince me that tubercle is the result of unnatural pressure."

WHAT THE PRESS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM SAY OF US!

OLD prejudices and opinions are passing away like so many dense clouds from the horizon of the public mind, and the clear, bright sunshine of a liberal sentiment is shedding its benignant rays on the taste and feelings of the growing generation. We have recently had many evidences of this fact, and not among the least, is demonstrated in the kindly spirit of fraternity with which our new national enterprise has been received by the Press of the United Kingdom. We say a national enterprise, because we desire, not only to present to the British public specimens of the rising genius of our country, but to cement still closer, if possible, those increasing sympathies and good feelings which are daily becoming more apparent between the two great nations. We speak the same language and are guided by the same motives. Our national and govermental policies are both liberal; we enjoy unlimited freedom of the Press, and, to sum it up, are directly related to each other by the very strongest ties of blood and brotherhood. What grounds can be found, then, in these enlightened times, for the existence of prejudice? Certainly none, and other than fools or bigots would shrink from the unkindly expression of national aspersion, now that we so thoroughly understand each other. The standard of English taste ranks high, and when we consider this wide acknowledgment, certainly we cannot feel otherwise than gratified by the subjoined opinions of the critics of various parts of the United Kingdom. We made an appeal as a stranger in a foreign land, and our voice has been heard. We entertain a deep sense of gratitude for these kindly expressions, and shall endeavour to justify, by our future progress, the many kind things that have been said of us. Whether we shall succeed in establishing this work beyond a certain fixed period, depends, of course, upon the caprice of public patronage, but certainly, for the time being, we can offer a reply to the query of the *Edinburgh Review*, which, some time ago, desired to know, with an unusual display of gravity, "Who reads an *American* book?"

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—We have received the first number of this new and *novel* candidate for British patronage, and have perused its contents with an interest and a pleasure which many periodicals with far greater pretensions very frequently fail to inspire. The opening number abounds with unmistakeable indications of that superior style of writing for which the best American writers are remarkable, and which, we think, are fair warranties of the success of *The American Magazine*. The "Estranged Hearts," an American prize tale, of domestic life, by Clara Moreton, is exquisitely told, and contains a beautiful moral. "The Fourth of July in the United States," by Henry Howard Paul, is a graphic and humorous descriptive paper. "The Literature of Mirth," by Edwin P. Whittle, is a clever review of our comic writers. "Nature," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, a poem in prose. "The Boulevards of Paris," a faithful and interesting sketch of Parisian life and manners. "Loana," by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, a highly moral and reflective article on those blessings and enjoyments of life which are "lent, not given." There are several other papers quite up to the mark, and numerous poetical pieces of sterling merit, a specimen of which will be found in our columns. In addition, we have some amusing "Chit Chat," and some of the drollest American anecdotes, under the title of "Merry-Graphs," which we remember to have seen from Yankee land. A beautiful and highly-finished engraving of the Capitol of Washington, gives an artistic value to the periodical, which is further embellished by a wood-cut of the yacht *America*, and an illuminated cover, on which is emblazoned "the star-spangled banner" of the United States. The object of the editor of the very original idea of publishing an American periodical in the metropolis of England is said, in an introductory paper, to be "to introduce to the English public the best and varied fugitive literary efforts of the oldest and *most promising* of the young American authors. The specimens of the genius and talent discoverable among the novelists and poets of America, are carefully and well selected in the domestic tales, poems, and papers which make up the present number, and though we have no rivalry to fear for our own magazines, in the particular class of literature to which the *American* is devoted, yet we have no hesitation in recording our belief that if future numbers have an equal interest with the first, this magazine will secure no limited degree of favor and popularity.—*Wolverhampton Herald, October* 8.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Here we have the first of a new American publication, a somewhat strange production, but one which we heartily welcome. We look upon it as a messenger—or rather a specimen of the current literature of the New Country, showing us here, in the Old, how the giant offspring is getting on with its letters, and reporting most favorably of its intellectual progress. In truth, we should look most kindly and encouragingly upon such a production. Nor would we assume a patronising air. Our literature is their's, and their's is their own. What our forefathers wrote their forefathers wrote—so far as the old masters go—and as we have but one language between us, and authors in general do not write for any particular country or age, what is valued—nay, what is good in one is good in another, as thousands of translations prove. Here, however, and happily too, translation is unnecessary. We come at once to the original. In this magazine we find that many of the leading American writers have written expressly for their cousins over here, and most choice are their contributions. Among the contributors may be mentioned Daniel Webster, W. C. Bryant, Henry Longfellow, Emerson, and other names celebrated in America. This number is remarkable for its poetry—pieces of composition which strikingly remind us of our best masters. By the way, there is a "scrap" from one Holmes, quite the Thomsonian, and exquisite in its way. Edgar Poe writes like Tennyson—indeed, the first number is full of excellence, and should be prized for its own sake, independently of peculiar claims. "Chit Chat" has some smart morsels in it, and the *American Magazine* promises to become a very desirable publication.—*London Examiner.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—English readers, unacquainted with America and the Americans, will, in this new periodical, have an opportunity of studying the characteristics of that country and people, or they will, at least, have an opportunity of familiarising themselves with the literature of our Yankee brethren in the departments of fancy, humour, and satire, and on such important subjects as morals, social economy, and political philosophy; for this new periodical has been established for the purpose of introducing to the British public specimens of American literature in every department, and the articles are promised to be from the pens of the first American writers. That promise is kept in the number before us. We have specimens of the writings of Webster, Longfellow, Bryant, Prescott, Emerson, Willis, Poe, Mrs. Sigourney, and other American celebrities. With such writers the magazine has no lack of force; and though a selection here and there appears to us a little stale, it may, notwithstanding, come with freshness upon the generality of our readers. A marked improvement in magazine editing is observable—there are no continuations, each article is complete in itself; and we are made to understand this principle will be adhered to. Every number is also to contain a steel engraving of some prominent view in the United States. In this number there is a finished steel engraving of the Capitol at Washington, and a superior wood engraving of the yacht *America*. The magazine ought to be perused and circulated by all who take an interest—and who does not?—in the excellent, but not widely-known literature of our Transatlantic brethren.—*London Weekly Times, October* 1.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This publication, we presume, is one of the literary results of the "brotherhood of nations," created, or supposed to have been, by the Great Exhibition. The first number, which lies before us, contains a series of papers which will place it in the front rank of periodicals of this country; they are contributed by American writers, and they create a feeling of high respect for Transatlantic talents. If Brother Jonathan is thus able to reach, *per saltum*, the first rank amongst serials, may he not be expected to "go a-head," if spurred by public support and experience? We sincerely trust that this experiment of a foreign magazine published in London may succeed, not only for the sake of the talent which it displays, but because it will, probably, revive the spirit of some of our own magazines, which, to speak the truth, have fallen into a very dozy way of late years. "Brother Jonathan's" story-telling powers are proverbial; his magazine, while it exemplifies it, also contains sterling stuff, which ought to live beyond the hour, and which is worth remembering in the business of life The magazine, we should add, is to be illustrated with engravings—very finely, if we may judge from the view of the Capitol of Washington which forms the frontispiece of the first number.—*Bath Chronicle, Oct.* 16.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This periodical, the first number of which has just been issued, is a very neat and elegant work. The letter-press and paper are of the best kind, and much care seems to have been expended in the general arrangement. The cover is emblematic of the American flag, and is well designed and printed in colors. Two illustrations are given; one, in line-engraving, an excellent view of the principal front of the Capitol, Washington; the other, a wood-cut, a picture of the yacht *America*. The contributions include many of the best American writers, and the poem of "The Raven," by Edgar Poe, would alone repay the purchase of the magazine.—*London Musical World, September* 28.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—An American yacht has carried off a prize, and why should not an American magazine? John Bull was found sadly wanting in a boat-race the other day, and Brother Jonathan, emboldened by success, would now try a literary fall with him. These are eminently the days of friendly international strife; and if America did not make herself very conspicuous in the mighty Exhibition of the World's Industry, upon which the curtain has hardly fallen, she managed to save her credit, after the fashion of the taciturn guest at the convivial party—saying one good thing, and thus stamping herself in the general estimation. The victory at Cowes covered a multitude of little defeats in Hyde Park. Part I. (October) of the *American Magazine*, by Brother Jonathan, is more modest in its contents than in its title-page. An illuminated national flag of "stars and stripes" spreads itself over the whole of the outer cover of the magazine, the stars being imbedded in the square patches of blue, and the stripes looking ominously red; while Fame is doubly occupied with what seems to be a rude apology for a sherry cobbler, and in trumpeting forth the praises of the flag, or the magazine, we cannot say which. As it is not likely, however, that Fame was made acquainted with the contents of the first number, and nothing can be famous by anticipation, she is most probably directing the attention of the British public (and of that of France, too, for we perceive that the magazine is also to be procured at Messrs. Galignani's) to the flag. But if there is something ostentatious in the title-page, the contents cannot be said to be open to the same charge. On the contrary, we hail the magazine as an accession to our periodical literature—as a praiseworthy attempt to place, in a cheap form, the current writings of literary men and women in America before the reading public of England. The diligent searcher in American periodicals will have seen some of the articles and a little of the poetry here collected; but the general reader has but fitful opportunities of perusing the more fugitive description of American literature. Our Transatlantic brethren have greatly the advantage of us in this respect; for, in the United States, there is published six periodicals devoted exclusively to the literature of Great Britain. These publications have a very extensive circulation throughout the United States, and they thus familiarise a large mass of American readers with the current literature of England. If the Americans, on the other hand, are ambitious of letting the Old World know what advances they are making in the republic of letters, they have no channel open to them. "The American Editor" of the magazine before us deplores the want of such a medium of communication, and he also puts in a fair plea in extenuation of the character and slow-growth of American literature. There is one distinguishing merit in the magazine. All the articles are complete in themselves. To use the language of the editorial notification, there are "no continuations," an arrangement, wise in itself, and rather remarkable at the present moment, as conveying an oblique censure upon a certain contemplated revolution in the female dress!—*Abridged from a critique of three columns, in the London Atlas, October* 18.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This is a new candidate for popular support, and, judging from the first number, we have no doubt it will soon become a favorite with the reading public. The object of this magazine is one, not only highly laudable, but one which will be greeted with delight by all who desire to hold communion, through their writings, with the gifted spirits who adorn the American literary world. The introduction says—"We design it to be the medium of introducing to the English public the best and fugitive literary efforts of the oldest and *most promising* of the young American authors;" and accordingly we are presented with specimens of the freshness of imagination and elevated grandeur of Bryant, the graceful beauty of Longfellow, the spirited and glowing portrayals of Willis, the philosophic thoughtfulness of Emerson, and others of equal and minor importance in American literature. The first number is well "got-up" in a typographical point of view, and we can only hope it will receive that meed of popular favor which it undoubtedly merits.—*Wakefield Journal, October* 10.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—A new aspirant for public approbation, and one that does not aspire presumptuously, claims the courteay of precedence at our hands. "Brother Jonathan" will not edit this journal for trunkmakers. A formidable rival to a host of competitors we can safely declare him to be, at least, if future numbers are as good as the starting one. It will immensely "astonish the natives" to find in a single shilling number of a monthly miscellany, articles, poems or paragraphs from the pens of no fewer than four-and-twenty of the most popular American writers. Webster, Bryant, Emerson, Whipple, Willis, Longfellow, amongst the males, and Sigourney, Moreton, Greenwood, and Neal amongst the females! All this in one number, to say nothing of a most beautifully executed steel engraving of the Capitol at Washington, which is well worth sixpence for a scrap-book. Every number is to have a steel engraving of equal beauty. The speculation of the publishers is a bold one, but "fortune favors the brave," and we shall hope to see the next number radiant with the smiles occasioned by the success of this.—*Bradford Observer, October* 9.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Any one who had entered into or passed by the window of a bookseller's shop within the commencement of the present month, could not fail to have noticed a quarto, decorated with numerous stars and gaudy stripes, interspersed with which the eye discerned the above title in ornamental letters. There it stood amid the numerous serials which appear monthly as candidates for public favor and patronage, and which have professedly as their aim and purpose, the instruction and elevation of society, as another aspirant to the throne of universal regard and unbounded fame. Not satisfied with surveying its attractive exterior, an irresistable desire was felt to penetrate and explore its interior, in order to ascertain if its subjects were as bright, its fancy as lively, and its wit as brilliant as its outer man seemed to indicate, or if one would be compelled by looking over its contents, to lay it down again, disappointed and unsatisfied with the result of the examination. But instead of such a result, the slight glance cast at its pages soon deepened into a look of the liveliest interest; and as page after page was scanned with intense gratification, and the various literary beauties with which they were interspersed shone bright and dazzling as peerless gems in the midst of the ocean,—you felt convinced that the writers of the beauteous tales which you so eagerly devoured, were persons of no ordinary ability; that they had dug deep into the treasury of mind, and brought from its unsearchable depths, pearls of intellectual riches, whose sparkling lustre won your admiration and called forth your praise. The magazine will be embellished with plates of the principal views of America, executed in the highest style of the art, and gives us to understand that its pages will consist principally of tales and articles from well-known American writers, such as Longfellow, Mrs. Sigourney, Emerson, &c., &c., and bring before its readers incidents in history, pearls from the ocean, legends of the land, light from the sciences, and aid from the arts. The first part is amply illustrative of this, and we are sure that it will meet with an extensive circulation commensurate with its merits.—*Extract from the Lynn Advertiser, October* 11.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Part I. of a new journal, entirely devoted to American literature, has been forwarded to us It contains an excellent selection of papers from the works of the most distinguished Transatlantic authors; is excellently printed, and is embellished by a finished steel engraving of the principal front of the Capitol at Washington. The editor, in reference to the current opinion, that America has no national literature, exclaims—"Already we can show names that shed a glory on the bright phalanx of mind. History has found gifted chroniclers in the records of Prescott and Bancroft; Irving is a 'household word' in several languages; while the graphic and vivid descriptions of Cooper, the refreshing beauty of Cullen Bryant, the graceful imagination of Longfellow, and the tender sweetness of Mrs. Sigourney, have long enlisted the admiration of the intelligent readers of both continents. Other constellations have also formed in our literary skies. We may mention the names of Dana, Emerson, Halleck, Paulding, Kennedy, and Poe, as having 'glowed in the belt of Orion,' and charmed by their peculiar influence. The efforts of these minds have already shown that the past period of our national existence must not be ranked among the dark ages of literature." We trust that this work may be the means of diffusing a more familiar and accurate knowledge of the novelists, poets, and thinkers of America, among the readers of the mother country.—*Tallis's London Drawing-Room Table Book.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—We hail this, the first Part of our Transatlantic brethren of the quill's Magazine with uncommon pleasure. Although we have certainly no dearth of magazines and periodicals from the "thousand-and-one" literary pens of our own country, we give a hearty welcome to this contribution from the writers of the "New World." We cannot particularise, so many and so clever are the articles which stud the Part before us. Taking them as a whole they are very good indeed, and do great credit to the hands which gave them. "The Fatal Secret," by no less illustrious an individual than Daniel Webster, is quite a gem. The present number of this spirited and very attractively got-up magazine contains a rich steel engraving of the principal front of the Capitol at Washington, and a good wood-cut of the celebrated American yacht *America*.—*Nottingham Guardian, October* 16.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This is the first number of a magazine devoted to the illustration of American literature, which is yearly taking a prouder position in the republic of intellect—as such we give it fraternal welcome, and heartily wish its success. The opening paper is "An American Prize Tale," by Clara Moreton, full of romantic interest; this is followed by other contributions from American writers, presenting a rich variety of attraction. The poetry is abundant, and some of a very high quality. The pictorial illustrations consist of a finely executed steel engraving of the principal front of the Capitol, Washington, a noble building, worthy in appearance to be the senate house of the Great Republic of the West; and a wood-cut of the celebrated yacht, the *America*. This American magazine promises well, and the Americans are generally better even than their promise.—*Kent Herald, October* 16.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—We hail the advent of this new serial with considerable pleasure; there is a freshness and originality about it which gives a zest to this class of literature. To a numerous class of our countrymen, and women too, the literature of America is almost a sealed book, an unworked mine, possessing, however, many a vein of genuine ore that will repay for the labour of exploring. If we except the novels of Cooper and the quaint facetiæ in which Brother Jonathan loves to indulge, we believe the people of England know really less of the literature of their Transatlantic cousins, speaking their own language, than they do that of France or Germany. An opinion too generally prevails that the literature of America is borrowed and reflected from our own, and therefore not worth importing. We think, therefore, that this impression will soon be removed, on a better acquaintance with some of those bright intelligences who have already claimed for America a high position in the universe of letters. The names of Bancroft, Irving, Longfellow, Cullen Bryant, Dana, Emerson, Sigourney, and Channing, form a galaxy of talent, of which America may well feel proud; and in the endeavour now made by Brother Jonathan to present some of the choicest flowers from this parterre of excellence to the notice of his English cousins, we heartily wish "God speed." The interchange of thought emanating from the highest and purest minds will serve to cement a friendship already consecrated by affinity of language, of religion, and by all those associations which are derived from a common origin. Periodical literature, circulating as it does throughout all the ramifications of society, offers, perhaps, the best possible medium for the diffusion of some of those fugitive literary efforts in which American writers are so prolific and so happy. "Gems of poetry, incidents in history, pearls from the ocean, legends of the land, light from the sciences, and aid from the arts," serve in turn to instruct and amuse us. In addition to the letter-press, the present number contains a finely-executed steel engraving of the Capitol of Washington, and a spirited portrait of the yacht "America."—*Devonport Telegraph, October* 11.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The month of October introduces a new candidate, in the periodical world, for public approbation. Brother Jonathan this year having honorably distinguished himself by his mechanical appliances, is determined, it appears, also to achieve a reputation in the republic of letters on this side the Atlantic. The aim of the serial before us is to snatch from the current literature of the States, and give to the English public, the writings of the most capable of the American authors, as they successively appear, a practice which has long been prevalent with respect to the literature of the mother country. America has universally been reproached for her lack of great authors, and if we except a few names of notoriety, the charge is too true; but a host of writers is now springing up,—men of original genius, who will not be content to borrow their notions from the Old World—but will create for their own country a national literature, worthy of its present greatness and its gigantic future. The productions of these rising writers are to be found scattered throughout the almost countless legion of ephemeral magazines which the vast population of America, so generally educated, reads with an increasing avidity, and which the public of Great Britain will do well to peruse. Hitherto, however, the young offspring of the American mind has not been accessible to our reading community, but the publication of the *American Magazine*, embodying in its pages the choicest *morceaux*, exclusively written by Transatlantic authors, will remedy this defect, and we wish it all the success it deserves. The number before us contains two illustrations, and a variety of fiction and poetry; it is well printed, and displays throughout considerable literary ability.—*Lincolnshire Times.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This is the first number of a new candidate for popular favor, and promises to be deservedly successful. In it we have some excellent tales and stray pieces of poetry, selected from the works of the best writers in the New World, and they certainly impress us with a higher opinion of the literary merits of Brother Jonathan than we had hitherto entertained. We do not mean this observation to imply that we were ever insensible to the commanding talent of Cooper, Washington Irving, Emerson, Mrs. Sigourney, and a few others we might name; but we were not aware that there were so many other writers in the States worthy of a place by the side of them. In addition to a large amount of letter-press, the number contains a superb steel engraving of the principal front of the Capitol at Washington, and a spirited wood-cut of the *America* yacht.—*Windsor Express, Oct.* 11.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This magazine is the embodyment of a perfectly novel idea in the world of serials; and we have rather a fancy that it may prove a hit. We are not quite sure, however, that John Bull will like to see Jonathan strutting into his drawing-room with that gaudy display of his banner of "stars and stripes" which forms the exterior of this magazine. John is proud of his son, and will give him a hearty welcome so long as he behaves himself; but the old man is crotchetty, and has a perfect hatred of coxcombs and foppery. Let Jonathan be careful, therefore, about his dress and manners when he comes to see the old gentleman; or he may find himself unceremoniously shown to the door. We are not sure that the old man will like the exterior of this new magazine; but its contents we daresay will be favorably received. This new work is intended to be a chatty, lively, brilliant school, in which will be displayed the varied powers of the most sparkling of the American writers. We like the first specimen, now before us, very much; it contains some excellent writing, both prose and poetry; and has eschewed entirely the disagreeable practice of spinning out articles through a series of publications. A high standard of excellence has been reached; which, if maintained, cannot fail, we think, to render the success of the work unquestinable.—*Penzance Gazette, October* 15.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The second number of this Transatlantic candidate for Anglican honours is now lying before us in all the brilliancy of illuminated covers, star-spangled banners, and fame-trumpeted *éclat*. But with all its external decorations, and its *taking* appearance, its highest value is to be found in its inner qualities. It is not that sort of periodical which presents a gilded and embellished cover as an apology or substitute for its inherent poverty and worthlessness; on the contrary, in the pages of this serial are to be found literary excellence, pure morality, and innocent recreation of the highest kind, and if the reader rises from its perusal without feeling his soul refreshed, his heart warmed, and his thoughts expanded and ennobled, the fault is not in the work but in his own insensibility to beauty, pathos, purity, and power. The number opens with a paper on "Hobbs, the American artizan," from the clever pen of Henry Howard Paul, Esq., the gentleman who so ably edits the American Magazine. "The Mob Cap," "Confessions of a Dreamer," "Drowne's Wooden Image," "The Age we Live in," "A chat about Tobacco," and "The Consul's Daughter," are all deserving of warm commendation; and "Jedediah Doughkins and the Bloomer" (which we had intended to publish last week, but could not possibly find room for) will make even "moping melancholy smile" at its ludicrousness and humourous Americanisms. The engraving at the commencement is clearly and beautifully executed and gives an excellent representation of the park and city hall of New York. This plate alone is worth the trifling amount paid for the magazine. As a whole, we think the present number superior to the first—the American power of original descriptive writing—of painting with lightning—vivid and intense truthfulness, the mystic and the wild, the spiritual and the weird, the natural sublime, and the sublimely natural—being so frequently discoverable in the pages of the American; and sure we are if such literature as here presents itself can be continuously supplied, of which, from the genius of Emerson, Poe, Hawthorn, Paul, Melville, and a host of others, we can have no reasonable grounds for doubt, the present magazine must find readers in every class of society, and a welcome and a place in every home.—*Staffordshire Herald, Nov.* 12.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, by Brother Jonathan.—This magazine is remarkable for being the first American magazine published in London, and is one amongst the thousand results of our Exhibition. But its merit does not end here. It is full of short, readable articles; and, if one is dull, we have only to go to the next column or page to find something better. Mr. Henry Howard Paul opens the second number with an interesting account of "Hobbs, the American Citizen;" and there are articles by Willis, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Kirkland, Edgar A. Poe, and other writers of Anglo-Saxon celebrity. Mr. Paul writes "A Yankee Absurdity" on "Jedediah Doughkins and the 'Bloomer;'" and Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, already well known to the London public by her dramas and acting, has some good verses on the "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which we would gladly extract had we sufficient space. We have seen many new magazines come and go; but there is a look of vitality about this which will give some older favorites no little uneasiness. The plan is *new*. It is a compromise between the newspaper—without news, of course—and the magazine. It retains the character of the latter, with all the brevity and entertainment of the former. It also contains a handsome illustrative engraving.—*Ladys' Paper, November* 15.

"This magazine is full of spirit and vitality. We regard it as a decided acquisition to the periodical literature of Great Britain."—*West Surrey Gazette.*

"A well-gotten up work in every particular."—*London Era.*

"We are led from this periodical to respect our Yankee brethren more than ever."—*Weekly News and Chronicle.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The second number has made its appearance, and fully justifies us in saying that it is not surpassed by any of a similar class.—*Taunton Herald.*

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This work is, in every respect, a credit to American literature.—*Waterford Mail.*

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—We have received No. 2 of this elegant serial. Its editor, Henry Howard Paul, understands the art of making a readable book.—*Isle of Wight Express.*

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This periodical ought to become a favorite.—*Watchman, November* 7.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This new venture is well stored with the writings of the best American authors. It will do much to establish respect for the genius of the young country. Its founder, Mr. Howard Paul, deserves the thanks of his countrymen.—*Glasgow Sentinel.*

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THE GUN ILLUSION OF SENECA LAKE.

BY THE LATE J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE Seneca is remarkable for its "Wandering Jew," and the "Lake Gun." The first is a tree so balanced that when its roots are clear of the bottom it floats with its broken and pointed trunk a few feet above the surface of the water, driving before the winds, or following in the course of the currents. At times, the "Wandering Jew" is seen off Jefferson, near the head of this beautiful sheet; and next it will appear anchored, as it might be, in the shallow water near the outlet. For more than half a century has this remnant of the forest floated about, from point to point, its bald head whitening with time, until its features have become familiar to all the older inhabitants of that region of country. The great depth of the Seneca prevents it from freezing; and summer and winter, spring-time and autumn, is this wanderer to be observed; occasionally battling with the ice that makes a short distance from the shore, now pursuing its quiet way before a mild southern air in June, or, again, anchored, by its roots touching the bottom, as it passes a point, or comes in contact with the flats. It has been known to remain a year or two at a time in view of the village of Geneva, until, accustomed to its sight, the people began to think that it was never to move from its berth any more; but a fresh northerly breeze changes all this; the "Jew" swings to the gale, and, like a ship unmooring, drags clear of the bottom, and goes off to the southward, with its head just high enough above water to be visible. It would seem really that his wanderings are not to cease as long as wood will float.

No white man can give the history of this "Jew." He was found laving his sides in the pure waters of the Seneca by the earliest settlers, and it may have been ages since his wanderings commenced. When they are to cease is a secret in the womb of time.

The "Lake Gun" is a mystery. It is a sound resembling the explosion of a heavy piece of artillery, that can be accounted for by none of the known laws of nature. The report is deep, hollow, distant and imposing. The lake seems to be speaking to the surrounding hills, which send back the echoes of its voice in accurate reply. No satisfactory theory has ever been broached to explain these noises. Conjectures have been hazarded about chasms, and the escape of compressed air by the sudden admission of water; but all this is talking at random, and has probably no foundation in truth. The most that can be said is, that such sounds are heard, though at long intervals, and that no one as yet has succeeded in ascertaining their cause.

It is not many lustrums since curiosity induced an idler, a traveller, and one possessed of much attainment derived from journeys in distant lands, first to inquire into all the traditions connected with these two peculiarities of the Seneca, and, having thus obtained all he could, to lead him to make the tour of the entire lake, in the hope of learning more by actual personal observation. He went up and down in the steamboat; was much gratified with his trip, but could see or hear nothing to help him in his investigation. The "Gun" had not been heard for a long time, and no one could tell him what had become of the "Wandering Jew." In vain did his eyes roam over the broad expanse of water; they could discover nothing to reward their search. There was an old man in the boat, of the name of Peter, who had passed his life on the Seneca, and to him was our traveller referred, as the person most likely to gratify his curiosity. Fuller (for so we shall call the stranger for the sake of convenience, was not slow to profit by this hint, and was soon in amicable relations with the tough, old, fresh-water mariner. A half-eagle opportunely bestowed opened all the stores of Peter's lore; and he professed himself ready to undertake a cruise, even for the especial purpose of hunting up the "Jew."

"I haven't seen that 'ere crittur now"—Peter always spoke of the tree as if it had animal life—"these three years. We think he doesn't like the steamboats. The very last time I seed the old chap he was a-goin' up afore a smart norwester, and we was a-comin' down with the wind in our teeth, when I made out the 'Jew,' about a mile, or, at most, a mile and a half ahead of us, and right in our track. I remember that I said to myself, says I, 'Old fellow, we'll get a

sight of your countenance this time.' I suppose you know, sir, that the 'Jew' has a face just like a human?"

"I did not know that; but what became of the tree?"

"Tree?" answered Peter, shaking his head, "why, can't we cut a tree down in the woods, saw it and carve it as we will, and make it last a hundred years? What become of the tree, sir; —why, as soon as the 'Jew' saw we was a-comin' so straight upon him, what does the old chap do but shift his helm, and make for the west shore. You never seed a steamer leave sich a wake, or make sich time. If he went half a knot, he went twenty!"

This little episode rather shook Fuller's faith in Peter's accuracy; but it did not prevent his making an arrangement by which he and the old man were to take a cruise in quest of the tree, after having fruitlessly endeavoured to discover in what part of the lake it was just then to be seen.

"Some folks pretend he's gone down," said Peter, in continuation of a discourse on the subject, as he flattened in the sheets of a very comfortable and rather spacious sail-boat, on quitting the wharf of Geneva, "and will never come up agin. But they may just as well tell me that the sky is coming down, and that we may set about picking up the larks. That 'Jew' will no more sink than a well-corked bottle will sink."

This was the opinion of Peter. Fuller cared but little for it, though he still fancied he might make his companion useful in hunting up the object of his search. These two strangely-assorted companions cruised up and down the Seneca for a week, vainly endeavouring to find the "Wandering Jew." Various were the accounts they gleaned from the different boatmen. One had heard he was to be met with off this point; another, in the bay: all believed he might be found, though no one had seen him lately—some said, in many years.

"He'll turn up," said Peter, positively, "or the Seneca would go down bows foremost. We shall light on the old chap when we least expect it."

It must be confessed that Peter had many sufficient reasons for entertaining these encouraging hopes. He was capitally fed, had very little more to do than to ease off, or flatten in a sheet, the boat being too large to be rowed; and cigars, and liquors of various sorts were pretty much at his command, for the obvious reason that they were under his care. In delivering his sentiments, however, Peter was reasonably honest, for he had the most implicit faith, not only in the existence of this "Jew," but in the beneficent influence of his visits. His presence was universally deemed a sign of good luck.

Fuller passed most of the nights in a comfortable bed, leaving Peter in the boat; sometimes asking for lodgings in a farm-house, and, at others, obtaining them in an inn. Wherever he might be, he inquired about the "Wandering Jew" and the "Lake Gun," bent on solving these two difficult problems, if possible, and always with the same success. Most persons had seen the former, but not lately; while about one in ten had heard the latter. It occurred to our traveller that more of the last were to be found nearer to the northern than to the southern end of the lake.

The cruise continued a fortnight in this desultory manner, with the same want of success. One morning, as Fuller was returning to the boat, after passing the night in a farm-house, he was struck by the statue-like appearance of a figure which stood on the extreme point of a low, rocky promontory, that was considerably aside from any dwelling or building. The place was just at the commencement of the hill country, and where the shores of the Seneca cease to offer those smiling pictures of successful husbandry that so much abound farther north. A sombre, or it might be better to say a sober, aspect gave dignity to the landscape, which, if not actually grand, had, at least, most of the elements that characterize the noble in nature.

But Fuller, at the moment, was less struck with the scenery, charming as that certainly was, than with the statue-like and immovable form on the little promontory. A single tree shaded the spot where the stranger stood, but it cast its shadows towards the west at that early hour, leaving the erect and chiselled form in clear sunlight. Stimulated by curiosity, and hoping to learn something that might aid him in his search from one as curious as himself, Fuller turned aside, and, instead of descending to the spot where Peter had the boat ready for his reception, he crossed a pleasant meadow, in the direction of the tree.

Several times did our traveller stop to gaze on that immovable form. A feeling of superstition came over him when he saw that not the smallest motion, nor relief of limb or attitude, was made for the ten minutes that his eye had rested on the singular and strange object. As he drew nearer, however, the outlines became more and more distinct, and he fancied that the form was actually naked. Then the truth became apparent: it was a native of the forest, in his summer garb, who had thrown aside his blanket, and stood in his leggings, naked. Phidias could not have cut in stone a more faultless form; for active, healthful youth had given to it the free and noble air of manly but modest independence.

"Sago," said Fuller, drawing near to the young Indian, who did not betray surprise or emotion of any sort, as the stranger's foot-fall came unexpectedly on his ear, using the salutation of convention, as it is so generally practised between the two races. The Indian threw forward an arm with dignity, but maintained his erect and otherwise immovable attitude.

"Oneida?" demanded Fuller, while he doubted if any young warrior of that half-subdued tribe could retain so completely the air and mien of the great forests and distant prairies.

"Seneca," was the simple answer. The word was uttered in a tone so low and melancholy that it sounded like saddened music. Nothing that Fuller had ever before heard conveyed so much meaning so simply, and in so few syllables. It illuminated the long vista of the past, and cast a gloomy shadow into that of the future, alluding to a people driven from their haunts, never to find another resting-place on earth.

That this young warrior so meant to express himself—not in an abject attempt to extort sympathy, but in the noble simplicity of a heart depressed by the fall of his race—Fuller could not doubt; and every generous feeling of his soul was enlisted in behalf of this young Indian.

"Seneca," he repeated slowly, dropping his voice to something like the soft, deep tones of the other; "then you are in your own country, here?"

"My country," answered the red man, coldly, "no; my *father's* country, yes."

His English was good, denoting more than a common education, though it had a slightly foreign or peculiar accent. The intonations of his voice were decidedly those of the Indian.

"You have come to visit the land of your fathers?"

A slight wave of the hand was the reply. All this time the young Seneca kept his eye fastened in one direction, apparently regarding some object in the lake. Fuller could see nothing to attract this nearly riveted gaze, though curiosity induced him to make the effort.

"You admire this sheet of water, by the earnest manner in which you look upon it?" observed Fuller.

"See!" exclaimed the Indian, motioning toward a point near a mile distant. "He moves! may be he will come here."

"Moves! I see nothing but land, water, and sky. What moves?"

"The Swimming Seneca. For a thousand winters he is to swim in the waters of this lake. Such is the tradition of my people. Five hundred winters are gone by since he was thrown into the lake; five hundred more must come before he will sink. The curse of the Manitou is on him. Fire will not burn him; water will not swallow him up; the fish will not go near him; even the accursed axe of the settler cannot cut him into chips! There he floats, and must float, until his time is finished!"

"You must mean the 'Wandering Jew?'"

"So the pale-faces call him; but he was never a Jew. 'Tis a chief of the Senecas, thrown into the lake by the Great Spirit, for his bad conduct. Whenever he tries to get upon the land, the Spirit speaks to him from the caves below, and he obeys."

"*That* must mean the 'Lake Gun?'"

"So the pale-faces call it. It is not strange that the names of the red man and of the pale-faces should differ."

"The races are not the same, and each has its own traditions. I wish to hear what the Senecas say about this floating tree; but first have the goodness to point it out to me."

The young Indian did as Fuller requested. Aided by the keener vision of the red man, our traveller at length got a glimpse of a distant speck on the water, which his companion assured him was the object of their mutual search. He himself had been looking for the "Jew" a week, but had asked no assistance from others, relying on the keenness of his sight and the accuracy of his traditions. That very morning he had first discovered the speck on the water, which he now pointed out to his companion.

"You think, then, that yonder object is the Wandering Jew?'" asked Fuller.

"It is the Swimming Seneca. Five hundred winters has he been obliged to keep in the chilled waters of the lake; in five hundred more the Manitou will let him rest on its bottom."

"What was the offence that has drawn down upon this chief so severe a punishment?"

"Listen to our traditions, and you shall know. When the Great Spirit created man, He gave him laws to obey, and duties to perform—"

"Excuse me, Seneca, but your language is so good that I hardly know what to make of you."

An almost imperceptible smile played about the compressed lip of the young Indian, who, at first, seemed disposed to evade an explanation; but, on reflection, he changed his purpose, and communicated to Fuller the outlines of a very simple, and, by no means, unusual history. He was a chief of the highest race in his tribe, and had been selected to receive the education of a pale-face at one of the colleges of that people. He had received a degree, and, yielding to the irrepressible longings of what might almost be termed his nature, he no sooner left the college in which he had been educated, than he resumed the blanket and leggings, under the influence of early recollections, and a mistaken appreciation of the comparative advantages between the civilized condition, and those of a life passed in the forest and on the prairies. In this respect our young Seneca resembles the white American, who, after a run of six months in Europe, returns home with the patriotic declaration in his mouth, that his native land is preferable to all other lands. Fuller soon understood the case, when both reverted to their common object in coming thither. The young Seneca thereupon resumed his explanation.

"These laws of the Great Spirit," continued the Seneca, "were not difficult to obey so long as the warrior was of a humble mind, and believed himself inferior to the Manitou, who had fashioned him with His hands, and placed him between the Seneca and the Cayuga, to hunt the deer and trap the beaver. But See-wise was one of those who practised arts that you pale-faces condemn, while you submit to them. He was a demagogue among the red men, and set up the tribe in opposition to the Manitou."

"How," exclaimed Fuller, "did the dwellers in the forest suffer by such practices?"

"Men are everywhere the same, let the color, or the tribe, or the country be what it may. It was a law of our people, one which tradition tells us came direct from the Great Spirit, that the fish should be taken only in certain seasons, and for so many moons. Some thought this law was for the health of the people; others, that it was to enable the fish to multiply for the future. All believed it wise, because it came from the Manitou, and had descended to the tribe through so many generations: all but See-wise. He said that an Indian ought to fish when and where he pleased; that a warrior was not a woman; that the spear and the hook had been given to him to be used, like the bow and arrow, and that none but cowardly Indians would scruple to take the fish when they wished. Such opinions pleased the common Indians, who love to believe

themselves greater than they are. See-wise grew bolder by success, until he dared to say in council, that the red men made the world themselves, and for themselves, and that they could do with it what they pleased. He saw no use in any night; it was inconvenient; an Indian could sleep in the light as well as in darkness; there was to be eternal day; then the hunt could go on until the deer was killed, or the bear treed. The young Indians liked such talk. They loved to be told they were the equals of the Great Spirit. They declared that See-wise should be their principal chief. See-wise opened his ears wide to this talk, and the young men listened to his words as they listened to the song of the mocking-bird. They liked each other, because they praised each other. It is sweet to be told that we are better and wiser than all around us. It is sweet to the red man; the pale-faces may have more sober minds—"

The Seneca paused an instant, and Fuller fancied that a smile of irony again struggled about his compressed lip. As the traveller made no remark, however, the youthful warrior resumed his tale.

"I hear a great deal of what demagogues are doing among your people, and of the evil they produce. They begin by flattering, and end by ruling. He carries a strong hand, who makes all near him help to uphold it. In the crowd few perceive its weight until it crushes them.

"Thus was it with See-wise. Half the young men listened to him, and followed in his trail. The aged chiefs took counsel together. They saw that all the ancient traditions were despised, and that new conduct was likely to come in with new opinions. They were too old to change. What was done has never been said, but See-wise disappeared. It was whispered that he had gone down among the fish he loved to take out of season. There is one tradition, that he speared an enormous salmon, and the fish, in its struggles, drew him out of his canoe, and that his hands could not let go of the handle of his spear. Let this be as it may, no one ever saw See-wise any more, in the form in which he had been known to his people. At length the trunk of a tree was seen floating about the Seneca, and one of the oldest of the chiefs, pointing to it, pronounced the name of 'See-wise.' He would fish out of season, and his spirit is condemned, they say, to float among the salmon, and trout, and eels, for a thousand winters. It was not long after this that the lake began to speak, in a voice loud as the thunder from the clouds. The Seneca traditions say this is the Manitou calling to See-wise, when he goes down after the fish, out of season."

"And do you, an educated man, believe in this tale?" asked Fuller.

"I cannot say. The things learned in childhood remain the longest on the memory. They make the deepest marks. I have seen the evil that a demagogue can do among the pale-faces; why should I not believe the same among my own people?"

"This is well enough, as respects the curse on the demagogue; but lakes do not usually—"

Fuller had got thus far, when the Seneca, as if in mockery, emitted the sound that has obtained the name of the "Lake Gun" among those who have lived on its banks in these later times. Perhaps it was, in part, the influence of the Seneca's legend, united to the opinions and statements of the inhabitants of that region, which conspired to make our traveller start, in awe and surprise; for, certainly, the deep-mouthed cannon never gave forth a more impressive and sudden concussion on the ear.

"It does, indeed, sound very like a gun!" said Fuller, after a long pause had enabled him to speak.

"It is the voice of the Great Spirit, forbidding See-wise to fish," answered the Seneca. "For a time the demagogue has all the talking to himself, but, sooner or later, the voice of truth is heard, which is the voice of the Manitou. But I must go nearer to the tree—ha! what has become of it?"

Fuller looked, and, sure enough, the speck on the water had vanished. This might have been by an unobserved movement in a current; or it might have been owing to a sudden variation in the light; certain it was, no tree could now be seen. Fuller then proposed to use his boat, in endeavouring to get nearer to the "Jew." The Seneca gave a very cheerful assent, and, throwing his light summer blanket, with an air of manly grace, over a shoulder, he followed to the water-side.

"Most red men," resumed the young warrior, as he took his place in the boat, "would see something marvellous in this appearance and disappearance of the Swimming Seneca, and would hesitate about going any nearer to him; but this is not my feeling—error is strengthened by neglecting to look into truth. I hope yet to go near See-wise."

Fuller hardly knew what to think of his companion's credulity. At times he appeared to defer to the marvellous and the traditions of his tribe; then, again, the lights of education would seem to gleam upon the darkness of his superstition, and leave him a man of inductive reason. As for himself, he was probably not altogether as much of the last as his pride of race would have led him to hope.

Peter had seen nothing, but he had heard the "Gun."

"'Twas a mere flash in the pan to what I have heard, when the lake is in 'arnest," said the old fellow, with the love of exaggeration so common with the vulgar. "Still, it was a gun."

"A signal that the 'Wandering Jew' is near by; so haul aft the sheets. and let us depart."

In a quarter of an hour the boat was lying, with her foresheet hauled over, and her helm down, within a hundred yards of the object of the long search of the whole party. It was deep water, and a slight ripple under what might be termed the cut-water of the tree, indicated a movement. Perhaps a lower current forced forward the roots, which, in their turn, urged the trunk ahead. As often happens in such cases, the accidental formation of the original fracture, aided by the action of the weather, had given to the end of the trunk a certain resemblance to a human countenance. Peter was the

first to point out the peculiarity, which he looked upon uneasily. Fuller soon observed it, and said the aspect was, in sooth, that of a demagogue. The forehead retreated, the face was hatchet-shaped, while the entire expression was selfish, yet undecided. As for the Seneca, he gazed on these signs with wonder, mingled with awe.

"We see here the wicked See-wise. The Great Spirit—call him Manitou, or call him God—does not forget what is wrong or what is right. The wicked may flourish for a while, but there is a law that is certain to bring him within the power of punishment. Evil spirits go up and down among us, but there is a limit they cannot pass. But Indians, like the Swimming Seneca, do much harm. They mislead the ignorant, arouse evil passions, and raise themselves into authority by their dupes. The man who tells the people their faults is a truer friend than he who harps only on their good qualities. Be that only a tree, or be it a man bound in this form, for a thousand winters, by the hand of the Great Spirit, it tells the same story. See-wise did once live. His career came to us in traditions, and we believe all our fathers told us. Accursed be the man who deceives, and who opens his mouth only to lie! Accursed, too, is the land that neglects the counsels of the fathers to follow those of the sons!"

"There is a remarkable resemblance between this little incident in the history of the Senecas and events that are passing among our pale-faced race of the present age. Men who, in their hearts, really care no more for mankind than See-wise cared for the fish, lift their voices in shouts of a spurious humanity, in order to raise themselves to power on the shoulders of an excited populace. Bloodshed, domestic violence, impracticable efforts to obtain an impossible perfection, and all the evils of a civil conflict are forgotten, or blindly attempted, in order to raise themselves to the arms of those they call the people."

"I know your present condition," answered the young Seneca, openly smiling. "The Manitou may have ordered it for your good. Trust to *Him*. There are days in which the sun is not seen—when a lurid darkness brings a second night over the earth. It matters not. The great luminary is always there. There may be clouds before his face, but the winds will blow them away. The man or the people that trust in God will find a lake for every See-wise."

NIGHT.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

HUSHED like the o'erweary child too late at play,
Who sobs to sleep upon its mother's breast,
Lies the vast city. The perturbed day,
With all its load of care and pain oppressed,
Sinks softly into slumber—down the West
Creeps the grey curtain of the peaceful night,
And hearts which break by day, in dreams are blessed—
While, with a spring of fierce and far delight,
The soul, unchained, resumes her heavenward flight.

Now, like a mother's blessing, the rich dews—
Tears of heaven's pity—kiss the gasping flower;
Now every banished star its smile renews,
And winds new fragrance shed upon the hour—
Now the tired brain regains its wonted power,
And thoughts, like beauty bright, flash on the mind,
Which, thus upborne above earth's clouds that lower,
Seeks once more communè with her lofty kind,
And spurns the grovelling things of earth far, far behind.

Once more is Nature beautiful—once more
The bitter dregs of life have passed away
From my sick soul. Oh, how Night's ministers pour
Their incense over me! How dim the day
Seems, with its dusty glare, to the soft ray
Of yon fair-smiling Goddess beaming light
And love and beauty o'er her starry way!
E'en *my* dark fortunes catch some hues of bright
And glowing radiance from the beauty-beaming night!

Now playful Fancy from her world of dreams
Looks out and smiles; and a bright host of forms,
With love and beauty sparkling like the gleams
Youth sees of glory, on my vision swarms,
And makes my heart beat as when youth was warm,
And life one dream of rapture. Each bright hope,
Crushed to a fragrant ruin 'mid the storms
Of darksome life, feels its dry petals ope,
And once more boldly dares with life's sad ills to cope.

Now, in this sweet and peaceful night, what fires
On life's forgotten altars gleam anew!
What glowing visions and what high desires,
Like unsought spectres, start upon my view!
Young life's sweet garden, where my heart-flowers grew,
Blooms freshly round me—and the busy hum
Of murmuring bees, who not in vain pursue
Life's toil, distils its music round me. Come
Back to my weary heart, dreams of my childhood's home!

My father blesses me again—and she
Whose tears like heart-gems glistened on my hair
Beneath her parting kisses, bends o'er me,
As in that hour of hushed and solemn prayer!
Mother! oh, mother! since we gathered there
Around the hearth-stone I shall see no more,
Darkness, and gloom, and anguish, and despair
Have racked my soul to torture—but they bore
No power to tear *thee* from my heart's deep core.

Oh, bitter as the Dead Sea's hollow fruit,
Which turns to ashes on the lips, has been
The cup of life to me—and cold and mute
The music dreams which sang to me between
The pauses of thy blessing. I have seen
The flowers of hope, leaf after leaf, decay,
And felt their canker worm, with poison keen,
Eat to my soul, where on its altar lay
My broken heart-strings, with their music passed away.

Yet, mother, in this bright and hallowed hour
My soul is once more with thee; and again
The spells of love have o'er me their old power.
Once more thine eyes beam into mine, as when
Thy parting glance was on me; and again
Thine arms encircle me. Oh, bless me now,
Ere yet my dream breaks up!—'Tis o'er! My pen
Blots as with tears the page which I endow
With the wild thoughts that swell beneath this aching brow.

MY FRIEND TOM'S RUFFLED SHIRT.

A Californian Adventure.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

WHILE resting in San Francisco, after the toils of an arduous overland route from Panama, over hill and mountain, covered with every variety of luxuriant growth, I was induced by a friend—an old school-mate, and as brave a fellow as ever sought fortune in a far-off country—to join him in a trip up the American river, and pay a flying visit to the mines. I had grown weary of the dullness of the California capital, and, therefore, did not require much persuasion to fly the motley metropolis, and seek new adventures among the treasure-seekers, knowing well, that if I were not too easily prostrated by the intensity of the climate and the wildness of the country, I should certainly experience changes that might in somewise administer to an innate love of novelty. We tucked what apparel we wanted in a brace of stout carpet-bags, and attiring ourselves in coarse suits of deer-skin, set off with a cavalcade, consisting of three heavily laden waggons drawn by twelve oxen, accompanied by five horsemen, and the same number of pedestrians, all of whom chanced to be going our way.

If there is one thing more than another in this singular country that may be regarded as an oddity, it is a white shirt. Not that shirts in themselves are oddities—by no means—but it is that particular colour, or no colour, as the reader may choose. An abundance of striped patterns—blue, brown, yellow, pink, orange, red, and even purple are seen, but rarely such a thing as a distinct *white*. I frequently saw a shirt that had *once been* white, but long before it reached the El Dorado, it had resigned all pretensions to its primitive purity. My friend, Tom Bruce, being a singular genius, the day of our departure, out of some eccentric whim, put on a clean white shirt. The collar was starched to the extreme of stiffness, the bosom ruffled in the most unexceptionable *mode*, and, by way of finish, the wristbands were laced and fine-stitched to a degree faultless. Tom looked a Beau Brummel in this dainty vesture.

"Why, Tom," said I, eying him with an expression of curiosity, "what does all of this mean?" and I pointed at the elegant garment aforesaid.

"Oh, never mind," returned he, "I've a strange whim. I was looking over my duds this morning, and what did I find but this fine shirt. It's one I had made to go to a number of club balls last winter in New York, when I was paying my devoirs to little Nelly V——; but no matter, I'm agoing to wear it just for luck, as we Gothamites say, and see what it brings. Mark my words now, and I'll bet you a dime that this very shirt at which you gaze will get us out of a fix before we get home."

I laughed at Tom's words; and as the garment of the same class that I wore was a yellow ground, ornamented here and there with what had been intended to represent pointed poplar trees, but which in reality looked more like pinched pickles, from the fact of their being shapen to the quaintest extreme, like that popular condimental vegetable—why, the contrast was to an extraordinary degree grotesque and impressive.

Tom's shirt was the point of every inquiring gaze. The master-teamster, a red-haired Englishman, who had emigrated from somewhere in the neighbourhood of "Brummagem," as he called it, was so struck with it that he liked to have opened his eye-gates to accommodate a flood of tears, so forcibly did it remind him of one which his master, a green grocer, had worn "at home" on holidays and great occasions.

We had not proceeded more than a "bluetrail," as they term ten miles in that country, than we struck into a beaten road to the north-east, and were full upon the prairie. Here we met a party of Kanakas going home to Honalula, and for a trifle I purchased a pack-mare, on which Tom and myself rode alternately. This animal was the most perfect realization of stubbornness—a pig was docile to her—and we were sorry we had meddled with a beast so unworthy of even humane consideration. The more we petted her, the more she exhibited her headstrong contumaciousness. If she was required to go to the right, she was sure to incline to the left; and if there was a waggon-rut in the path, there was no help for her stumbling over it. Tom would mount her and take the carpet-bags, while I walked behind and used the gad, as I had seen the Mexican *vaquero* do; but this was no avail, she only reared on her fore-legs and threw up the dirt in our faces with her hind ones in derision of our efforts. Then Tom would descend, and I would take *his* place; he had a sinewy arm, and would "lay on" to the fullest of his strength, but it availed nothing. Then we would both walk, and swinging the carpet bags over her *à la panniers*, like virtuous wood-cutters in the olden time, we besought our beast of burden to advance, much to the amusement of every species of nation that we passed on our road.

I have read in "Ye Chronicles of Merrie England" of sundry racks and tortures, invented by certain wicked men, and concealed in subterraneous passages under a well-known edifice, called the "Tower of London," where Anna Boleyn and other notable persons have left their heads at certain bye-gone periods; and although my usually amiable nature revolts at anything in the shape of punishment, yet I freely confess, that if I could have applied the severest of those tortures to that mare, I should not have

hesitated a moment to do so. The nursery story of the old woman who invoked the aid of a certain stick to beat her pig, and because the stick refused to perform such an office, was finally consumed by fire, is not a parallel with our case, pre-eminent as that celebrated nursery incident may appear in confirming the fact of animal obstinacy. Our *cortége* had got so far ahead of us from the delays, that we slipped the mare's bridle over her head, and walked in advance of her. Then only, and on such conciliating terms of compromise, would she condescend to be guided by us.

"Well, curse me!" said Tom, finally, after exercising every spark of his ingenuity to induce the creature to carry one of us—she would bear me longer than Tom, because he was the heavier of the two—and throwing back his sun-burnt sombrero with the air of a man deeply perplexed, with just a shade of mortification resting on his brow—"Well, curse me! if that mare wouldn't astonish the Browns, and they say that nothing surprises that numerous family. You may depend on it, she's been trained to this unyielding stubbornness. Wouldn't I like to have her harnessed to a bark-mill in Pennsylvania. Perhaps she would not work then. *Perhaps* not, or I'd take the hide from her as close as a nutshell. Come along."

"By the bye," suggested I, "we have not given the dragon a name. Is there any precedent in nature, mythology, or anywhere else for the matter of that, to outdo this wretched beast? Think, Tom, think. When we first bought her I thought of calling her "Bess," but the name is too musical by far. Is it not?"

"Bess!" quoth Tom, in a positive rage? his eyes dilating as he dragged the beast with a smart jerk? "Bess, I think you said. I wouldn't disgrace the name by applying it to such a surly, dirty, perverse specimen of female horse-flesh;" and the mare at this moment relaxing her rein, stopped to browse on a tuft of long rank grass which overtopped a spring. "Hey! get out of that, you old jade! Come 'long," and he pulled the rein with such a quick snap that, half frightened out of her wits, she jumped forward and ambled as prettily as could be for a short distance.

"Well, Tom, have you thought of a name for her?" said I, after a few moments had elapsed. Tom held his head down, and appeared to be brooding over our mutual vexation, and did not hear my question. I repeated it. He started slightly, as if disturbed from a reverie.

"I've just been thinking," said he, in a half-musing manner, "of a match for this varmint;" and he took the gad from my hand, and turning around, gave her a cordial salute over her haunches as he spoke. "It puzzles me to the extremest to think of a proper name. Diogenes was a cynical old scamp, but that's a masculine name, and then he had some good traits to admire. Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a Tartar, but then she couldn't have been so completely lost to all feeling. Let me see, who else is there? Oh, it is time thrown away to think. Let us call her 'Hag,' simply 'Hag,' and be hanged to her."

"Be it so," rejoined I, in accordance.

And "Hag" was the animal's name from that moment.

The first day of our journey up the river was over a soil of deep fine sand, slightly mixed with loam. We passed a number of private ranchos, the property of early settlers. The river, for many miles, was only forty or fifty feet from us, and at intervals it flashed on our view in the bright sunlight, dazzling our gaze; then it gracefully receded, and was lost, as it were, in a gentle declivity, when presently it reappeared, brighter and more magnificent than before. The current varies—in some places it is as placid and serene as a lake, while in others, it dashes along with a force madly impetuous. The spring floods were not yet at their greatest height, and the stream appeared only a few yards in width; yet the overhanging banks, which jutted far over, and seemed to kiss the water's edge, bore unmistakeable evidences of the manner in which they had resisted the furious career of the wild tides.

Night gradually stole upon us, and our commander-in-chief ordered a halt. Our place of encampment was a hollow between two slightly rising knolls, which my companion, Tom, christened "First Night's Nest"—they have queer names in California,—and his fiat was respectfully marked, although he was not the discoverer, certain traces of ash-heaps and broken crockery giving assurance that there had been visitors there before us. Our next care was to procure wood to feed the camp fires, and Tom and myself were deputed to assist in the important search. We held a consultation.

"What do you say—shall we take the mare with us or not?" inquired I of Tom, who stood surveying the creature in question with his arms folded.

"To the fiends with her!" roared my companion; "she'll keep us back;" and he had not more than uttered this laconic observation than, prancing on her forefeet with almost superhuman agility, the mare threw up such huge daubs of mud that one alighting on his peerless shirt-front, garnished it in the highest possible style.

"Ha! ha! ha!" and everybody that witnessed the sudden caper echoed the cachinnatory gust, "Ha! ha! ha!"

Tom did not say a word, but picking up a sycamore twig, coolly commenced scraping off the dirt. A storm then grew on my friend's brow, and approaching me, he said, in a tone of voice that indicated the most malignant anger, "What did you pay for that mare?"

I named the amount.

"Will you sell her to me for the same sum?"

"Why, Tom, what are you a-going to do. Not speculate on her, I hope."

"Never mind; will you sell her?"

I smiled.

Tom continued, "If you will sell her to me, I'll shoot her on the spot, the old hussey." He glanced at his shirt-bosom. "Look at that! Is'nt it enough to make a nervous man tremble with rage?"

I ridiculed the fanciful anger of poor Tom, and he was soon dissuaded from his purpose, other-

wise he would have bought the provoking animal for the pleasure of despatching her on the spot.

Staking the horses and oxen to the rear of the waggons with ample hide lariats, we marched off in different directions to search for faggots. Sufficient being procured, we lighted our camp-fires, while others unpacked the waggons and brought forth the provisions. Salt pork and hard crackers were among the *luxuries* of our supper; but rough as the fare was, the day's journey made these deliciously welcome. Our commander-in-chief, a stout round-shouldered hoosier, from one of the far-west States, proposed that we should retire early, and resume our march by daybreak, to which the greater part of the company agreed, and disposing themselves in coarse blankets, were soon wedding slumber in the most approved fashion of gold adventurers.

As the depredations of the *coyotes* or prairie wolves are frequent, Tom and myself, although we were both weary, signified our intentions to our leader to keep watch that night, and, without a word, we were chosen sentinels.

It was a bright, clear night, and the moon in unclouded splendour riding in a sky altogether Italian, beamed on every object with such soft brilliancy that we could define the distance for miles around. With the exception of the waving of the giant grass that grew profusely in all directions, the snoring of the men, and the occasional restlessness of the oxen as they tugged at their lariats, all around was wrapped in the most inspiring stillness. Making a circuit of our little camp, we found everything secure, and couching on two large stones beside the blazing faggots, that sent up a red mass of smoke and sparkles high into the air, Tom fell to humming an old melody that he said reminded him so much of home. Soon after, he did not say a word, but rested his eyes on the glowing embers, and seemed absorbed in meditation. Not caring to disturb him from his reverie, I followed his example, and gradually my thoughts reverted to my pleasant home, and the many happy associations connected with it. As the air was keen and searching, I pulled my blanket closer around me, and resting my elbows on my knees, fell into a gentle doze. I had not been long in this position before I was startled by Tom's making a desperate leap, as if pursued by a wolf.

"What's the matter?" cried I, coming to my feet as suddenly as the alarm warranted the movement. "Tom, what made you start?"

My companion merely replied by putting his finger on his lip, and the next instant drew a revolving pistol from his huge belt.

"Hush!" whispered he, in a faint tone, tucking the folds of his blanket in his breast; "I'm sure I saw a man skulking around the provision-waggon! Hush!" I had neglected to take my weapon from my carpet bag, but seizing a heavy brand from the fire, stood side by side of my companion, in an attitude of defence.

"I fancy you're mistaken," said I. "You've been dreaming. Listen, there's scarcely a leaf stirring. You must be deceived."

"No," replied Tom, as before, in a quiet whisper, "I'll be sworn I saw the figure of a man in the shadow of that waggon. Come with me," and drawing me gently by the arm, we proceeded to the place where he thought he had seen the intruder.

A diligent search proving fruitless, we again seated ourselves beside the fire, which was gradually dying away, and wished with all of our hearts that the morning was come, with its genial sunlight, to disperse the mists that by this time were settling on the rolling prairie.

"I thought you were wrong," said I, looking around on all sides over the vast expanse that everywhere met my gaze. "I'm certain that if any of the Indians were on our trail we could see them, the moon is so bright to-night."

"It may have been a shadow, a spectre, a vision, or whatever you like; but I'm as certain that I saw something as I see this pistol this minute before me. Besides, you don't know how these red-skinned devils approach travellers. They creep through the long grass on their hands and knees."

A cold chill ran through me at this intelligence. I had not thought of this secret mode of attack. The grass being extremely long, it would readily conceal the body of a full-grown man in a stooping posture. Without saying another word, I hastened to "Hag," and took my pistols from the carpet-bag.

Just then we both started at the same instant. "Don't wake the men, except an emergency demands it," whispered Tom, cocking his weapon. "I was right; I saw the grass move by the large waggon."

Glancing in the direction referred to by my companion, I perceived the long herbage parting as if cleaved by a body of enormous width. It was a moment of anxious doubt.

"Who goes there?" shouted Tom, in a gruff voice, pointing the revolver, the barrel of which gleamed in the bright moon-light.

There was no reply, and the rustling abated for a moment.

Tom repeated his interrogation in a more decided tone.

"Who goes there? answer, or I'll fire!"

Again the demand was unheeded, and "Hag," uttering a dismal bray, sent forth a scream that caused even the sleepers in the waggons to turn heavily in their slumbers.

"Blast that beast!" hissed Tom between his teeth, his face assuming the wildest concern; and then he shrieked, "Who goes there, I say again? One minute more, and as true as Heaven I'll fire!"

He kept his word, and before the time he had given the intruder to report himself, transpired, he blazed away with his revolver, that sent such a shower of red-hot balls whizzing into the grass as "First Night's Nest" has never witnessed since.

The sleepers at the first fire were up and roused to action. Our commander-in-chief was as brave as a lion, and, seizing his carbine, proceeded to examine the grass with the utmost caution.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, addressing my com-

panion, "you were right. See this;" and stooping, he picked up a heavy stiletto, the sheath of which was covered with rust. "He dropped this in his fright, whoever he was; and now I look;" and he read by the light of the moon a number of Mexican characters engraved on the hilt, which clearly denoted that the Spanish roamers were lurking not far distant. Our commander continued—

"Let every man get out his weapons. These hounds are on our trail, and he whom you have seen is a spy that has been sent to learn our movements. I have crossed this route before, and unless the dogs are shown battle, they will follow us to the end of our journey."

Providing ourselves with long stakes of sycamore, or scraggy oak boughs, which we used as flambeaux, weapons cocked in hand, our blankets tucked closely into our girdles, we parted company, and, in squads of three scattered over the vast prairie, carefully examining the tall grass which we pushed aside with our feet. Three men were left to guard the encampment, and in case of surprise from any quarter, a pistol was to be fired as a signal.

Tom, myself, and the red-haired teamster, composed our squad, and the latter individual was in the greatest possible alarm lest, as he walked, he should stumble over the "henemy," to use his own expression. His knees trembled under him, and his scattered hair falling down over his dingy unwashed face, his eyes at the same time starting from their sockets, the singularity of his whole appearance was so provokingly odd, that even at this moment, beset as we were by danger, neither Tom nor myself could repress a smile.

"By gad! vouldn't I like to be in Brummagem just about now, with the kinchins and the dame," said the man, half-frightened out of his wits as the breeze blew a spark from Tom's torch in his face. "Was that a shot?"

It was a glorious spectacle to cast the eye round and behold the flickering firebrands gleaming over the tops of the tall grass. As far as the eye could reach, nothing broke the view—not a tree was to be seen; and except here and there that a patch of fragrant wild flowers served to diversify the grand level, it was an endless continuity of rank herbage.

A sharp report of a pistol to the westward broke upon us.

"Ha! the signal!" exclaimed Tom, waving his branch, and scattering the scintillations around; "There's a surprise!" and, without a word, we hastened in the direction of the shot.

What was our joy and surprise, on reaching the spot, in discovering our commander-in-chief and the men standing, with an expression of triumphant satisfaction depicted in every lineament, over the prostrate body of a stout, strong-built man, clad in a pink calico shirt, yellow breeches tied with ribbons, a broad crimson sash fringed at the ends, in which were stuck a brace of formidable stilettoes. He was a Mexican robber.

Our commander's party had stumbled over the fellow as he lay crouching in the grass, and before he could use his weapons, one of the men dealt him such a blow with the stock of his gun that he fell stunned in the manner we found him when we came up. Our next care was to pinion his arms, which we did with a stout cord, and, disengaging his weapons from his sash, our commander, shrewdly suspecting he was a spy, and that a rendezvous was not far off, questioned him in regard to his associates. As he would give us no satisfaction, but maintained a dogged silence, we stationed him in the centre of a group of the men, in order to avoid the possibility of an escape—these *rancheros* are desperate villains,—and retraced our steps to our encampment, the fire of which having been replenished by fresh bundles of faggots and dry yellow grass, was crackling and throwing up dense volumes of smoke.

At the suggestion of our commander we formed a council of war, and ranging ourselves, Indian fashion, around the fire, placed the culprit in the centre of us. Here we had an opportunity of scanning the features of the depredator, who stood with his eyes bent on the ground, his round swarthy face heightened by the red glare of the blaze that fell upon it. He was somewhat above the middle height, of muscular frame, and his complexion was rendered far more sombre in its colour from the contrast it bore to his dense beard and moustache. His eyes were full and of piercing brilliancy, and his nose prominent and slightly aquiline. Disposed as we were around the pile of glowing wood, attired in our grotesque costumes, with the robber in his gay suit, and the waggons, oxen, and horses standing near, unconscious witnesses of what was going forward, the bright moon streaming in a mild blue sky, with a silver mist settling on the earth, the scene was quite picturesque.

Our commander then proceeded to question the intruder, and sternly demanded of him his reason for skulking about our camp, contrary to all principles of law and order.

"You are a spy, and unless you satisfactorily explain your motive for being in our company, or tell where your band is concealed, you shall die the death you merit."

The robber heard these words without moving a muscle, or even so much as betraying a sign of uneasiness.

"Am I, then, to understand that you refuse to comply with our wishes?" pursued our commander.

The culprit slowly raised his eyes, and endeavoured by a sharp struggle to disengage his arms from their fastenings. Tom cocked his pistol at the same moment, and the Mexican's brow darkened with rage.

"Listen, senor; we desire no trifling. Where are your companions? Speak! or you die on the spot!"

He then growled an expression in broken Spanish, and by an inclination of his head implied that they were in the westward.

"Will you conduct us to them?" asked our leader.

The robber's face brightened at this query, and signified his willingness, accompanied with an impatient movement of his legs.

Our commander meditated for an instant, and seemed to fathom the meaning of the Mexican's cheerfulness to comply with his request. There was danger of a superiority of the number of

the robbers, and great loss of life might ensue from a rash rencontre.

A number of the men conferred together, and as it was near morning, and we desired to make all haste in our journey, it was agreed that we should not sacrifice time, and venture what was still more valuable, life, in pursuing these Mexican desperadoes, but keep the spy we had captured, a close prisoner, and determine in the future in what manner to dispose of him.

The grey lines of light that flew along the edge of the horizon, and the soft flush of crimson in the dim west, told the approach of morning. Already the coyotes were howling in all directions, and flocks of prairie-hens skipped stealthily through the long weeds, billing like a parcel of Scotch pipers. All was bustle and life. A portion of the more dainty of our company got breakfast, which was minus coffee, a deprivation which in travelling is severely felt; others washed the dishes, an unpleasant duty to trowsered humanity; while others harnessed the oxen, and got the waggons in readiness for starting. Notwithstanding the commotion our adventure had caused in the little camp, it soon subsided, and all was as tranquil as before. It was unanimously agreed that the spy should walk pinioned behind one of the waggons, and he was accordingly secured to the foremost of the procession.

As my companion, Tom, was in a facetious mood at having discovered so important a villain —for villains now-a-days are deemed of the highest consequence, if we can credit the newspapers—he signified his intention to curry our old pack-mare. Her coat being rough and frowsy, it added to her otherwise ungainly appearance, and the opinion seemed mutual that a good brushing would be of service. Finding an old snaggled curry-comb in the boot of one of the waggons, Tom led out the creature, and tying her to a stake secured in the ground, went industriously to work, commencing at her short curling mane and thick-set neck. She was passive under this part of the operation; but he had no sooner passed the implement down to her fetlocks and pastern than she set up a terrific neigh, and dilated her nostrils in a frightful manner.

"W-o-a, Hag, stand still!" shrieked Tom.

But the more he inveighed, the more "Hag" snorted.

"W-o-a now! w-o-a!" and he patted her so caressingly, that she suspended her demonstrations of distress.

"You must be more careful, Tom," said I, looking on and suppressing a smile at his solicitude. "Use her tenderly; see, her knees are scratched."

Tom again fell to work. He went on for some time, but did not dare to touch her legs.

"Now she's quiet, I'll try her haunches," said he, and passing the comb down that vicinity, she uttered a loud wail, and kicking up her legs with tremendous force, sent Tom flying into the fire, burying his head in the smouldering ashes, and blacking his elegant white shirt in such a manner as to metamorphose him completely. I ran to his assistance, and after some little trouble, rescued my ill-fated companion. He was charred from head to foot, and a piece of live coal having touched the tip of his nose, that organ reminded me something of Bardolph's red and *numerous* feature in the play.

"Did you ever *see* such an unlucky devil," said Tom, the hot water starting from his eyes. "Aint I a model for an artist. Why, a dustman would look pale by comparison. I ask you in a *friendly* way, what ought to be done with that old hussy?" and he pointed at "Hag," who, seemingly half-conscious of the damage she had done, stood winking her large dull eyes, and looking stupidly on, occasionally giving her shaggy tail a lazy switch, as if satisfied that she had performed a Christian duty.

"My advice is, that you let her alone, and think no further of improving her dress. She's an unworthy object of your tender regard," I said, in a soothing tone.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried Tom, brushing the ashes from his garments; "I'll make a bargain for us to ride in the waggon—I can easily arrange it with the red-headed teamster—and if our commander will permit it, we'll bind that Mexican robber on her back. We'll thereby have a double revenge. He's pretty heavy, and she'll have the trouble of carrying him, and he'll be shaken to a jelly by her capers. What do you say?"

I assented at once, in consideration of his recent misfortune.

Tom gained the commander's approval, and without more ado we strapped the spy on to her back, somewhat after the manner of Mazeppa. The robber begged hard to be allowed to proceed as had first been arranged, vowing, with many curses in his broken dialect, that the mare would crush him to death. But the punishment was too well-merited, and he was obliged to bear the infliction.

Tom was in high glee as he witnessed the mutual discomfiture that his plan occasioned. Those modern and familiar tortures—tossing in a blanket and bestriding a rail—were indeed eclipsed. "Hag" would snort and strike her sides violently; then pitch forward, and fall on her fore-knees; then, rearing up, would roll downwards, with a heavy fall, and endeavour to shake the burden from her back; again, she would plunge madly from side to side, throwing her hoofs high in the air; and then, what was worse than all, lying flat on her sides, and tearing up the ground with her iron shoes, she would bury the victim in the wild grass until he groaned with despair.

It was now broad daylight, and the sun rising in its majestic loveliness made all bright and glorious. The air was keen and bracing, and stratas of fleecy clouds, edged with gold, were flying like spirits along the sky. The wild bees were out on their busy mission, and seemed to rest on their wings to inhale the perfume of the passing breeze, while the dewdrops were lovingly clinging as though loth to leave the half-open buds of the prairie flow'rets. Even the oxen raised up their huge heads and sniffed the sweets of the fresh morning air, and the horses, which the night before had shown themselves dull with langour, bristled up full of spirit, and appeared anxious to perform their tedious round of drudgery.

We resumed our journey at an early hour, and, with the exception of Tom and myself, who had been up all night, our party was full of life and energy. The incident of the past night had served to inspire the adventurers in a wild and unknown country with a feeling of superstitious romance, and its effect was in the pleasantest manner perceivable. From the fact that there were many of us by nature endowed with feelings of the highest sensibility, and being for the most part treasure-seekers, far from our homes of affection and comfort, we were alive to these impressions of adventure, and enjoyed to the full anything partaking of a fictitious interest.

A snug bed of blankets and straw being made for us in the baggage-waggon, myself and sentry-companion, with his laurels as a hero fresh on his brow, turned in. Tom drew himself up in the form of something like a figure 4, and burying his head in the blankets was soon in Dreamland. Although fatigued with watching and travel I happened to be in just one of those moods when Slumber stands at a little distance off in the most provoking manner, defying you to embrace her, despite your wooing. I laid for some time watching the large flies alight on the broad wet noses of the oxen in the rear of us—and such fandangoes as those flies indulged in were, to an observer, fraught with a tricky oddness. It seemed as if they had adopted this particular spot as a playground, and were enjoying themselves at a game of hide-and-seek. Buzzing around in the air, and executing an incredible number of fantastic evolutions, one of these large green insects would settle, walk around the rim of the great nostril, and finally creep in. Soon, another fly would perform a similar movement, and seeking, as it were, for his playfellow, would dart after him with a noisy buzz. Then out would fly the twain, and off they would go a short way into the air and strike each other with their mottled wings. Then they would run with amazing rapidity the full area of the nostril, pausing once and awhile to indulge in some gambol known only to insects, and away as before, only one up each of the circular chasms. After staying there for a moment, with seeming cautiousness they would creep to the edge and appear to peep at each other with a glance of discernment; then out they flew again, and, poising for a second in the air, would hurl themselves with a noiseless clash, and shoot up far out of sight. The poor oxen trudged onward all the time with a patient tread, little knowing what a field of pleasure their broad brown noses were affording the merry insects of the prairie.

Nature exhausted soon exerted her sway, and ere long, like Tom, who was snoring by my side, I dropped to sleep; when I awoke it was past four o'clock in the afternoon, and I found myself at a stopping-place on the road, called the "Blue Tent." We had left the forks of the road where it diverged towards the first digging, at Mormon Islands on the river, and the rolling prairie we had traversed now gradually broke into steep hills, covered only with grass, or occasional rocks near the top.

Looking out of my travelling bed-room, which I did without the trouble of pushing aside curtains or raising windows, I found the "Blue Tent" to consist of a log-house of rude construction, with no second story, and a large chimney, from which the smoke was issuing in thick black masses. Why it had been termed the "*Blue* Tent" was to me a matter of mystery, as I could see nothing about it to warrant its name—unless it were, being a hostel, and provided with the best brands of stimulating *aqua ardiente*, its patrons were made *blue*, we could divine no reason of the application. This, by the way, however, the Blue Tent, wrongly or properly named, was right welcome, and I descended from my apartment, and took a view of the premises. A small stream of pure water trickled by the door, and flowed shiningly on into an adjoining meadow. The water seemed so clear and sweet, that I at once thought of applying my parched mouth to its smooth breast. As I stooped to do so, a stout, sunburnt man, in a broad sombrero, stepped forward and bade me desist. Denied one of the common properties of life, I asked the meaning of his interference.

"You may not be aware of it," he said, pulling a tin-cup which was suspended by a hook of wire to his belt; "This stream is private property, and you must bargain with the landlord before it can be touched."

Our commander stepped up and informed me that he was about to make a bargain with the proprietor of the "Blue Tent" for water for the *cortége*. Of course then I arose.

The landlord was a dumpy, fat, jolly-looking person, with a face full of benignity and perspiration, and we soon came to terms—that for a dollar we should have sufficient water for both the men and horses; a demand which our commander readily assented to, remarking at the same time to me, as I was about to expostulate on the propriety of paying for what appeared so plentiful, that the terms were nothing but reasonable, considering the great scarcity of spring water in that section of the country. As this was mere custom, I, nothing loth, yielded, and for the first time in my life, paid for a draught of fresh water.

The scenery around the "Blue Tent" was diversified and picturesque. The small valleys at the base of the hills, and the gently sloping declivities, were covered with irregular groves of white and live oak, forming clear expansive vistas. On these trees, troops of squirrels, with their feather-like tails waving in the wind, were galloping about the evergreen branches in the wildest merriment. A long green mead, powdered at intervals with dainty patches of wild flowers, lay like a strip of fairy verdure in the back-ground. We found the brightest selection of colors. There were white, blue, and violet; the orange and lemon, fading into the liquid tint of the amber; the Tyrian purple and soft lilac; the deep crimson, bright scarlet, and modest pink, blended beautifully with the rich silver grass, filling the air with fragrance. These floral gifts, growing in the most luxurious profusion, are the *natural* products of the country.

While the animals were being refreshed with deep draughts of water, Tom lighted a calumet,

and with his hands placed leisurely on his back, took a stroll around "Hag" and her load of villany, and with a twinkle of his eye, in which we read the highest satisfaction, turned and said,

"Well, I think she is served out for her tricks with me—the old dragon, eh?"

I nodded assent.

"She's as knowing as a fox, and curse me if I don't think there's a dash of the reynard in her breed," he observed, laughingly. "But, I say, she's played the devil with my linen," and as Tom looked down on his bosom, of erst as white and stainless as a lily, his countenance fell. "There's no doubt of it, a white shirt in these parts is a rarity, and I fancy these ruffles will make the miners stare. I'll put on my pink ranger, and have this washed if it's possible."

Off he started, and in a few moments was in the kitchen conferring with the hostess. She, by dint of the promise of an exorbitant fee, promised to "do up" the garment, *à la mode*, in two hours. She said she had no flat-iron, but would substitute the scoured bottom of a bran new tea-kettle to do the pressing; and true to her word, in a few moments the laced article was floating in a barrel of suds, and in another half-hour we beheld it fluttering on the clothes-line. I afterwards witnessed the old lady's substitution of the new style of flat-iron, and, considering the awkwardness of the implement, the shirt actually looked well, although a Parisian *blanchisseuse* might have scowled at the fold of the ruffles.

As the journey before us was extremely tedious, and having business in San Francisco, we mutually decided on remaining at the "Blue Tent" until the following day, when our host informed us that a caravan would be passing on the homeward route. There were all sorts of luxuries, too, in the way of beef-steaks, onions, and black tea, to be procured where we were, and so we abandoned our original project of visiting the mines. Disposing of "Hag" to our commander, we enjoined him to take good care of the beast, and on no account to let the spy give him the slip. He promised us that our wishes should be complied with, and signified his determination of taking the Mexican captain to the mines and setting him to work in the gulches under a constant guard. This we highly approved of, as it was turning the rogue to some account, and keeping him out of mischief, for a brief season, at least.

That same night the *cortége* departed, and, with many expressions of regret on either side at so soon parting company, they took up their line of march, and Tom and I were left to ourselves. After a hearty meal, we were put to sleep in hammocks suspended from two tall sycamores at the back of the cabin, where we lay looking at the stars through the lattice of boughs and leaves until past midnight. These hammocks are cozy contrivances, and one feels as if he were after the fashion of Mahomet's coffin, placed something between heaven and earth, with no thanks to a board floor for support. I slept soundly till daybreak, and with the exception of a slight numbness in the limbs, felt as much refreshed as if I had been pillowed on a couch of down in the grandest chamber of Hampton-court.

Notwithstanding the earnest assurances of the landlord that he was in hourly expectation of a caravan going to San Francisco, none came, and we were compelled to stop over another day at his house. We amused ourselves during the time with shooting at eagles and wild geese—we only shot *at* them, for our pistols would not reach them by fifty feet—and of making garlands of the wild flowers that we plucked in the meadow. These unsatisfactory pastimes, with strolls over the hills in search of minerals, constituted the principal of our enjoyments, and, seeking our hammocks at an early hour, went through the same course of counting the stars and chatting about home and the "girls we left behind us."

A third day came, but no caravan, and we were getting frightfully tired of the monotonous course of life at the "Blue Tent." I had almost made up my mind to alone seek my way back to Sutter's Fort, but the landlord and his wife assured me that I would either fall a prey to the coyotes, or to a surety be murdered by the Mexican rancheros. On reflection, the danger was so apparent, to say nothing of the want of society over the dull prairie I had so lately crossed, that I thought it advisable to make the best of the matter by choosing the lesser of the two evils.

As the charge of our host was anything but reasonable, and as his spouse—an elderly little dumpling, as broad as she was long—seemed to exercise a deal of authority over the public arrangements of the house, with a careful eye to the financial interests, we found our stock of cash going with prodigal rapidity. Every article ordered we were compelled to pay for on delivery, and as we were seeking adventure, we lived to an extraordinary degree, what would be termed in England, "fast." Tom was lavish in the extreme, and considering the position of matters and where we were, it was heart-rending, and decided assassination to the largest purse, to hear him demand his "steaks and hot slap-jacks" with such apathetic coolness. A written code of stipulations, pasted up in a conspicuous manner on a fast-ticking Yankee clock, informed us that as "Provisions were scarce and dear, it was necessary for visitors to be strictly punctual in their payments;" and this gentle hint being coupled with the fact that the hostess was uncompromisingly particular in her claims, we had, adopting the Californian expression, to "pony up" at every turn. Each meal cost us, jointly, three dollars, and the hammocks fifty cents.; and as the caravan did not make its appearance, on the fifth day of our sojourn we were penniless.

Roving about among the grassy arroyos, scrambling through the tall grasses and over the hills, a change of linen became highly necessary, and Tom once more resumed his white shirt. As he came parading out in front of the house, I observed our hostess watching him with a close gaze; and as she turned on her heel, and walked back into her mansion, she said to herself in an audible tone—

"Well, 'pon my life, there's a comical idea, for a man to be wearin' ruffles, and hasn't got a tester to pay for his hammock. Sich people oughtn't to receive charity, and *I'll* give 'em no countenance."

"There, Tom, did you hear that?" said I; "the old lady is out on your ruffles, and she'll show us no quarter in consequence. Mark my word, that shirt has so gone against her ideas of propriety, that she'll not give us a thing more to eat without a pre-payment, and you know we havn't a shilling to bless ourselves with."

"Hang her!" replied Tom, pulling out his empty pockets, and scattering a few crumbs on the ground, "I'd have her know that this is no common sample of handiwork. She's too fat to appreciate this fine stitching, and such needlework overcomes her nerves."

"That's not the point," said I, moodily; "it does'nt better our condition. However, there's no use of being cast down, something must soon turn up."

"And will as sure's you are born, interrupted he, "What 's the quotation? In the bright lexicon of youth—which interesting period of life we have passed somewhat—there's no such word as —"

Before he could finish the sentence our attention was suddenly arrested by a group of wildly clad men, issuing from a clump of the scraggy oaks before us, which, as they drew nearer, proved to be Indians. They followed each other in regular file, and kept time to the thumping of a rude drum, about the size of a water pail, that sent a hollow reverberation over the hills.

"Here's strange company," said Tom, with an apparent misgiving as to the nature of the new comers. "I wonder if they are friendly. Ho! landlord, who are these gentry in wampum?"

A glance at the face of the individual addressed plainly indicated that nothing was to be apprehended; for no sooner did he obtain a glimpse of the beaded file, than, without even answering Tom's question, he hailed to his wife at the top of his lungs:—

"Mab, Mab, the Injuns are comin', and White-top 's with them!"

Mistress Mab dropped a basin of broth at this intelligence, with so much precipitation, that she scalded her fingers, and wheezing loudly, made her way in front of the house. By this time they had halted on the margin of the stream, and their chief making a sign to them with his bow, they all set up a rude howl to the overcoming din of the drum, after which they run up to the hostess, and shook her warmly by the hand. Bestowing her greatest favour on the most gaudily dressed of the group, who was a tall, muscular man, she said:—

"Well, now, White-top, I'm so glad to see you. How well you're looking; and, my soul's alive, what a pouch of gold you've got. You've had rare luck, or I'm no prophet."

White-top received these words with many signs of pleasure, and, without uttering a word intelligible to us, cast his eye at a long leathern pouch that hung by his side, and soon entered the hostel.

His tribe, some sixteen in number, were partially clad in every variety of gay tawdry costume, obtained at the trading ports, and wore moccasins of buckskin, worked with beads. Their heads were ornamented with long feathers, dyed red and yellow, and most of them had broad metal rings dangling in their noses. Their complexion was a dark mahogany, with high cheek bones, wide mouths, noses nearly flat, and hair straight, black, and coarse, with low foreheads, and small jet-black eyes. They were the remnant of a once powerful tribe, we afterwards learned, from the head-waters of the Sacramento, known as the "Friendly Squatters."

Refreshing themselves at the stream, without even so much as asking permission, with gestures of the most incoherent character, they entered the "Blue Tent," and partook of a feast of bear-meat, which they had brought with them, wrapped in a blanket, and roast acorns, and then washed the whole down with deep draughts of whiskey. After this, they gradually re-appeared on the plaza, and scattered themselves about on the grass, with their legs crossed, and smoked a rank weed, which they cure, in long pipes, and sent clouds of strong-scented smoke rolling and reeling into the breeze. Presently the chief, White-top, appeared, and, coming in the direction where Tom and I were seated, made a motion to us to approach him. We did so, and in a series of most inexpressive pantomime, which was interpreted by the host, intimated that it would give him pleasure if we would join him in a friendly pipe. We assented in the blandest manner; and first taking a whiff from a long bone-handled calumet, the bowl of which was hollowed out of a thin and almost transparent stone, he passed it first to Tom, who followed his example, and then to me, acting in the like manner, although I must honestly confess, not without some feeling of repugnance, as I was always partial from boyhood, when I did indulge, to my own private *meerschaum*, and no thanks to my neighbours, while the operation of puffing was going on.

I observed that while the Indian chief was smoking, he occasionally ogled Tom's white shirt in the most significant manner, and seemed to regard the ruffled portion with a gaze of curiosity. This did not escape my companion, for every now and then he adjusted the plaits of the bosom, and set them out to the greatest advantage, no motion of which was lost on the chief. After we had done smoking, he pulled the stem from the bowl of the calumet, and thrusting them into a fold of his sash, leaned over on his arm, and, with an expression of interest in his brilliant little eyes, examined closely the seams of the wristbands, and plucked at the lace with his thumb and fore finger, as if striving to divine what the closely-wove thread-work could be.

"That's something of a novelty, great chief," said Tom, exchanging a glance with me. "It's what we call a white shirt; and that," he continued, pointing to the ruffles, "is linen cambric and lace. Do you admire it?"

The chief appeared to comprehend what was said to him, and nodded his head affirmatively.

"Will white man sell shirt, eh?" said he, in an imperfect accent, speaking rapidly. "I like to have him—he be great thing for squaw at home in west."

The Indians in speaking of their home invariably say it is in the west. White-top, with a number of strange gestures, continued—

"I give you gold for white ——" and pausing for a moment I perceived he had forgotten the name.

"Shirt," I remarked, promptingly.

"Yes, shirt—much gold—what you take, eh?"

"I'll leave it to your own will, great chief," said Tom, who not knowing what the Indian might be induced to give for the garment, tacitly desired, like a true Yankee, as he was, to drive a bargain on the most advantageous terms. But the chief did not fully comprehend him.

"I say, I'll leave it to yourself—give me what you think it's worth," pursued Tom.

"I'll give you gold-ounces," and he numbered five on his fingers.

"Good!" said Tom. "For five ounces of gold the shirt shall be yours," and speaking aside to me, *sotto voce*, said, "That's a fair figure, is'nt it, old fellow?"

The Indian, unshackling his pouch from his side, spread out a bit of cloth on the ground, and poured a pile of precious dust, and balancing it in the palm of his hand, as if it were a scale, handed it to Tom and said,

"There! white shir' mine;—ounces," and he repeated the process of numbering on his fingers.

Tom received the payment with a glow of satisfaction, and quickly laid the garment before him. No sooner did he receive it, than holding it high in the air, his tribe gathered around him and viewed it with signs of delight, not unmingled with wonder. The chief then folded it with great care, and tucking it in his sash, shook us by the hand ardently, and walked slowly with the assembled red-men into the house.

"Well done!" said I, slapping my companion on the shoulder.

"I told you something would turn up;" and as Tom spoke, he dangled the little bag of gold exultingly. "Now we've got lots of the 'ready,' and if old Dame Mab does'nt wrap up every word she utters in a smile, we'll cut her acquaintance, and leave the 'Blue Tent' in disgust."

When the old vixen learned from the Indian what had taken place, and that our finances were so greatly repaired, she was all smiles and condescension, and could not do too much to promote our comfort. It was all thrown away on us, however, for purchasing a batch of bear-meat from the Indians, we cooked it in an oak-glen, and slept on a bed of leaves. It never rains but it pours, and one stroke of good fortune was quickly followed by another. The next day after this adventure, to our great joy, a caravan that was going our route, made its appearance, which we joined on the payment of a trifle, and in five days from the time we turned our backs on the "Blue Tent," we were home—or rather, once more in San Francisco.

It was fortunate for us that we met that party of Squatter Indians, and still more that Tom had taken it into his whimsical head to wear a ruffled shirt.

ON A SLEEPING WIFE.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

Delicious task! to sit and watch
The breathings of a sleeping wife,
And mark the features of that state
Dividing death from life.
How sweet her slumber! On her lids
The angel—Peace—hath set its seal;
And to her couch the Guard forbids
An envious Care to steal.

How beautiful! She would compel
The tribute of a stoic's kiss;—
Angelic purity might dwell
In such a shrine as this!
And here it dwells—unstained and bright—
Though half concealed by modest fear;—
Yes, were this soul disrobed to-night
I'd see an angel here!

How sweet her slumber! None but those
Whom heaven hath numbered for its bliss
Have promise of such calm repose—
Such perfect rest—as this.
Unconscious of the woes and cares
That weigh us down in waking hours,
Her gentle spirit only wears
A burden now of flowers!

She dreams! Her radiant features speak
Of themes that waken deep delight,
For smiles adorn her lip and cheek—
Smiles beautiful and bright.
Oh! could I lift the jealous veil
That doth those joyous thoughts conceal,
The spotless page a sinless tale
Would presently reveal.

And hark! Her parting lips disclose
Some cherished secret long repressed:
Mark how her cheek with blushes glows—
How heaves her swelling breast!
She breathes a name—amid the dream—
The soul of Love is in the tone!
Her cheek with deeper blushes teem—
That name—it is my own!

Joy! joy! My bliss is perfect now—
The boon I craved is mine—is mine—
Upon my bended knee I bow,
And thank thee—God divine!
By night, or day—awake—asleep—
The signals of her love I see:
I know that love is pure and deep,
And centred all in me.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River Mountains, derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the catamounts by which they were infested; and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still to be found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden except by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation, and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the Great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains, which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from south-west to north-east, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivaling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware, and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras, Nature still reigns in indomitable wilderness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded with the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country, resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the Muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of common-place determined otherwise.

The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed, may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of my boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy-land. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times, before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then—we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance.

I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers in the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great manitou or master-spirit employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and set them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers. Sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influence in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost

melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun; and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand ærial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth, and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance. And then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of Heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere. And the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Surely we may say that in our climate "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonder-land. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New-Amsterdam. During the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was a meeting between the Director of the New-Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk nation, to conclude a treaty of peace. On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adrien Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them in so doing made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted the notice of Kieft and his learned companion, who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it, and took it back with them to New-Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Iohannes De la Montagne, an eminent Huguenot doctor of medicine, and of the counsellors of the New-Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put in a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto yielded two pieces of gold worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the Mohawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place where the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, excepting that it was somewhere on the Catskill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucketful of ore. Like the former specimen, it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye-witness of the process and its result, and records the whole in his Description of the New-Netherlands.

William Kieft now despatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New-Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam, The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached her port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New-Netherlands, William Kieft embarked, on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore; from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills; but another one of similar import succeeds. In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again a rumour of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain

stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farm-house and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Potentate of the New-Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New-Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskill; adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather.

That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore, we have historical evidence to prove, and the recorded word of Adriaen Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed, and some daring adventurer, fired with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains, and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY E. A. POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

AVELINE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"——The sunny eyes of the maiden fair
Give answer better than voice or pen
That as he loves he is loved again."
C. C. Leeds.

Love me dearly, love me dearly, with your heart and with your eyes;
Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they gushing, blushing rise;
Throw your soft, white arms about me;
Say you cannot live without me:
Say, you are my Aveline; say, that you are only mine,
That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly: speak your love-words silver-clearly,
So I may not doubt thus early of your fondness, of your truth.
Press, oh! press your throbbing bosom closely, warmly to my own:
Fix your kindled eyes on mine—say you live for me alone,
While I fix my eyes on thine,
Lovely, trusting, artless, plighted; plighted, rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly; love me dearly: radiant dawn upon my gloom:
Ravish me with Beauty's bloom:—
Tell me "Life has yet a glory: 'tis not all an idle story!"
As a gladdened vale in noonlight; as a weary lake in moonlight,
Let me on thy love recline:
Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender Aveline.
Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, with your heart and with your eyes:
Whisper all your sweet emotions as they gushing, blushing rise;
Throw your soft white arms around me; say you *lived not* till you found me—
Say it, say it, Aveline! whisper you are only mine;
That you cannot live without me, as you throw your arms about me,
That you *cannot* live without me, artless, rosy Aveline!

OBERON'S ANTICS; OR, THE OLD SOUTHWARK WEDDING.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

"Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bed I lie.
Merrily, merrily, do I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

TEMPEST.

"LEONATO. Come, Friar Francis, be brief—only to the plain form of marriage.

"FRIAR. Lady, you come hither to marry?

"HERO. I do.

"FRIAR. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

"CLAUDIO. Know you any, Hero?

"HERO. None, my lord."

IN the year 16—, and towards the close of the seventeenth century, the island now seen down the vista of the principal streets of Philadelphia, as it reposes, like an emerald, on the placid waters of the Delaware, rejoicing in the name of "Smith's Island," was the seat of the court of Oberon, king of the Fairies. A provisional seat, merely, however,—for the fairy-king was too much attached to his native land ever to leave it, except on a royal excursion, induced by curiosity to see the wonders of the New World. It was the early spring-time of the year, about the middle of the third month, or May, for the first General Assembly had enacted that the year should commence with March, and that the months should not be called by their "heathen names, as vulgarly used." The season had just burst out in all its vernal sweetness; the redbreast was chirping, and the mocking-bird warbling from every bush and tree by day, while during the night each fay and fairy led the mazy dance in tripling circlets o'er the grassy knoll, the catydid and whippoorwill acting as musicians to the band.

While thus the younger sprites were disporting, those who by seniority or natural disposition were more gravely disposed, sat each beneath his dewy floweret, or perched upon some mushroom throne, conversed on the politics of the Proprietary, William Penn; the death of Charles II.; the accession of James II., just proclaimed; the propriety of the "anchor" as the new seal just adopted for Philadelphia; on philosophy, scandal, and the newest fashion, as taste or inclination dictated.

It was on the night of the twelfth of May, if our annalist does not mislead us—old style, of course—that Oberon gave a splendid barbecue to his entire court, serving up two whole grasshoppers, it being the birth-night of his fairy-queen, Titania. In vain could the pen, even though wielded by Cottondown himself, the historian above alluded to,—which was formed of the feathery down of the tiniest humming-bird, and dipped in the juice of the violet, fermented in the beams of the full moon, and which described its tracery on vellum prepared from the honey-bag of the bee—in vain, I say, could even such a pen do justice to the charms of the queen Titania, so soft, so pure, so tender!

Seated by the side of Oberon, on their connubial throne of amethystine quartz, with pillars of the purest limpid crystal, they appeared like the twin stars of Leda, peering through the lambent milk-white clouds. The queen wore upon her brow the golden spanglet which had been presented as a marriage gift by her parents, Mirth and the Moonbeam; over which flowed in a mist-like veil the irised film of a butterfly's wing; while sparkling like fire-flies through its folds, were seen the precious family gems,—tears of joy and dew-drops, flashing like diamonds, and forming the proudest brilliants of her diadem. A robe composed of the slightest laminæ of the rose-leaf, and embroidered with the green moss of its own simple but beautiful vegetation, flowing from her shoulders, was fastened by a clasplet of amber, distilled from the tears of happy love. The rest of her dress was composed of the topaz-coloured product of the silk cocoon, cinctured with a ray of purest starlight, and flowing as free and graceful as the kiss of the night-breeze over the waving grass, which frolicked and chased in successive riplets, buoyant as the spirits of infancy.

"Bring me," cried Oberon, "bring me to drink of the new-born dew, which springs to life on this the natal night of our fair Titania! Fill! fill the neck of the harebell to the brim! Fill one, fill all! Oberon now drinks to his Queen, the fair Titania!"

Sweetly wild and soothingly bland, was the blast which broke from the fairy band, and floated down the placid waters of the Delaware, or was borne away over the distant hill, like the last strain of the Æolian harp. Horns of the periwinkle, drums of the beech-nut, covered with bees' vellum, trumpets of the neck of every coloured flower, Pandean flutes, arranged from the smallest grass blades, cymbals of golden spangles, and glad soft voices, mellifluous as a maiden's sigh, each lent its aid to crown the pledge of Oberon.

"By the moonbeam in which we revel," cried

Oberon, springing to his feet, while his eye shot meteoric fires of delight, and glistened like dew:—By the moonbeam, fay and fairy, we thank you! Proud is the monarch who commands his people's love, and proud is Oberon to hear a peal of hearts and hands like this! Now break we up our formal court! Until morn, each one be master of his own employments. Ourself will leave the toils of the state, and be as one amongst you till the first harbinger of dawn warns all of fairy form that mortal's polluting influences are again ascendant."

Another flourish, loud and long, proclaimed the breaking up of the *court plenaire;* and now the featly dance was resumed. Now joy and pleasure maddened every votary, and that fairy glade buzzed with the hum of countless thousands, who beat the earth in cadence to the enlivening music-strains. Oberon himself was gayest of the gay; and as he quaffed dew-cup after dew-cup, in gallant homage to each fairy beauty, their effects began to be not slightly visible. At last he met his henchman, Puck, whom he had not seen before in the presence.

"Ah, madsome fay!" cried the king, seizing his hand, "where hast thou been?—any new sport on foot?—what frolic next?"

The historian Cottondown intimates that Puck was the Rochester to our fairy Charles; this, however, might have been a scandal of the hour. We doubt it much, and are of opinion that Oberon needed no stimulant to the madness of his whims.

"No sport, but treason, sire," answered Puck. "I have been listening to the conversation of two lovers, who inhabit this new-founded city of Penn, in the Southwark quarter. I was couched upon the mantel, in the form of a moth, when I heard the male mortal say to his mistress, 'My fairy queen! Titania's self could not be thought more sweet, more beautiful than thou.'"

"Ah, ha!" thundered Oberon, "the beauty of our queen despised, and basely compared to things of grosser earth! We shall see!—by the moonbeam we shall see! Two nights of misery shall they pass to propitiate her. Puck, lend me thine ear." Oberon whispered to the fay. "See it done, and await my coming on the hill near that church which I especially love, as its every stone speaks to me of merry England, the fairies' home. Away!"

Puck vanished, and Oberon soon found an opportunity of stealing away from the jealous glances of Titania, who somewhat inclined to the scandal concerning poor Puck, and had observed the whispered conversation with no pleasurable feelings.

The amiable lovers who had committed this high treason against the beauty of our fairy queen were Hugh Lambert and Jenny Powell. This was their nuptial night; the Swedes' Church was already crowded with smiling friends, who awaited but the arrival of the bride and groom, and it was the ardour of the happy Hugh, when Jenny entered the room, arrayed for the ceremony in purest white, which led to his expression—

"My fairy queen! Titania's self could not be thought more sweet, more beautiful than thou!"

"Nay, Hugh, you flatter," was the reply, "and that you know I dislike. She who would believe your nonsense would be as senseless as that foolish moth, which even now flies from the mantel-piece towards the candle—pleased with the glare which destroys. Ah, no; my comparison fails; for see, this insect has been more wary, and now escapes from the open window."

Poor Jenny! had you known who that moth was,—had you known how much mischief so small an atomy could achieve,—your spirits would not have been so gladsome, or your laugh so light!

But it is time for church. Off they started—bride and groom, bridesmaid and groomsmen, fathers and mothers—all gay in anticipation, and all happy in reality.

They entered the building, then a proud and noble edifice, the pride of the early settlers, now, by comparison, so lowly, humble, and modest, but deriving so much impressiveness from its time-eaten rafters, and its holy memories of the past. They still stand—those walls, which two centuries since echoed to the words of exhortation, or the choral strain of praise—carefully preserved, as a holy relic, in all their sanctity, and above all, invested with that solemn, mysterious, and inexplicable feeling which seems to bespeak the omnipresence of Him to whose glory it was erected, and which proclaims that though

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temple, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,"

still His power remains unshaken—His throne is eternal.

The venerable pastor had opened his book, and the impressive question had been asked, if any one knew any "just cause or impediment why Hugh Lambert and Jenny Powell should not be," &c., &c., when the loud trampling of horses broke in upon the stillness which the pause of the divine had created. Two strangers dashed furiously up to the door; the foremost dismounted, and throwing his rein to his companion, stalked into the church.

"I forbid the banns!" exclaimed he.

All stood aghast.

The venerable priest first broke the silence.

"What let or hindrance can you name, courteous stranger, to our solemnity?"

"One as strong as thine own craft can make—a previous marriage!"

All was confusion and uproar attending this appalling annunciation. The stranger returned to his companion, whom he assisted to dismount, and removing the cloaks in which they both travelled, showed to the bridal party the figures of a gentleman and lady, richly attired, and of noble and commanding presence.

"This is the injured fair one," resumed he, "to whom Hugh Lambert is wedded; she whom he would desert; she who comes not to claim but to expose him!"

"Do I dream!" cried Lambert, at length recovering himself; "am I really married, or is this some infamous impostor, who takes this mode to jeer at me, and gain an acquaintance with my friends?"

"By the moonbeam when it is brightest!" exclaimed the disguised Oberon—for it was he, "they are as truly wedded as I am a mortal. If the assurance of this lady is not sufficient, by to-morrow's noon I will bring proof more than enough. Till then, farewell to all. I leave the lady with you as my hostage."

As he turned to depart a breeze fanned through the doors and windows of the church, and in an instant every light was extinguished. Had the owl's perfection of vision been given to any of that company, in that dark scramble, he might have seen the form of the strange lady change like lightning into that of our old friend Puck, and Oberon assume his spirit-like appearance. He might have seen them, in the madness of a fairy frolic, rush into the bustling crowd, tickling the bald pate of the attorney, or rubbing their tiny fingers under the nose of the physician, till the walls re-echoed to his sneezes. He might have seen the apothecary's wig and the spinster's cap change places. The great Proprietary, Penn himself, who had honoured the nuptials with his presence, seized Dinah, the black, in the first moment of panic; Hugh Lambert clasped one of the bridesmaids to his heart for protection, mistaking her for his bride, while Jenny rushed to the clergyman's arms, calling him "her dearest Hugh." He might have seen bachelors' coat-tails and maidens' gown skirts pinned together, and interchanges of bonnets, hats, caps, and shawls innumerable. But when at length a light was brought, nothing was to be seen of the strangers.

Many were now anxious that the ceremony should proceed, but the good priest would not listen to such a proposition. The noon of the next day was to decide the mystery, and, therefore, the wedding could not, at any rate, take place until the next evening.

The strangers did not appear at the parsonage the next day; much speculation was excited, many surmises ventured, and at last it was decided, in full conclave of town gossips, that either the marrying parties were bewitched, or else the whole was some prank of a mad-brained wag, on whom all the mischief of the day was fathered. At any rate, it was determined that the interrupted nuptials should be consecrated that night. Reinvitations were issued, dresses refitted, wigs recurled, hair refrizzed, the bells re-rung, and all again rejoiced.

Night came on, or, to be more poetical, day waned; Phœbus drove his jaded steeds to their western stables to be foddered for the next day, and night's black curtain was again hung around this mundane sphere.

The same party was assembled in the same church for the same purpose; the same question which had been so fearfully interrupted and answered on the preceding eve was repeated, and the banns were not forbid! The ceremony went on. Happiness, joy, rapture, glimpses of paradise, and all the et ceteras of married felicity, were rushing over the senses of Hugh and Jenny when the minister arrived at the *connecting* link in the chain.

"Wilt thou, Hugh Lambert, take this woman for thy lawful wife?"

He paused for a reply—none was uttered—he asked again. Hugh's eyes were fixed on the chancel, and instantly both he and his bride broke out into a loud and increasing laugh. The infection spread, and as one after the other joined the chorus, such a din of cachinnation arose, as if "confusion, worse confounded" had been the order of the night. Every limb was convulsed, every face contorted; some were grovelling on the floor, some leaning against the walls breathless, and others holding their sides to prevent their ribs from bursting their confinement of flesh. Still each eye was directed to the chancel, and there, perched on one leg, and holding the other behind his neck, was perceptible to each the puny, irresistible form of our henchman Puck. To look, and not to laugh, was beyond mortal power, for so various were his grimaces, his attitudes, and his monkey-like friskings, that old and young, grave and gay, were alike carried headlong down the tide of mirth. At length Puck began to move towards the front of the church, and as he approached each one was irresistibly compelled to back out; and when he arrived at the door, the laughing crew had entirely deserted it; the flight was complete—each one, as he reached the open air, turned, as if under a spell, and fled to his respective domicile, there to sleep and dream over the strange events of the last two nights.

On the lawn, behind the church, Oberon and Puck had their laugh in turn, and the fairy king, whose spleen had vanished in the eagerness with which he pursued his joke, said to his companion:—

"Now, my trusty sprite, thou shalt drink brook-deep of dews to-night. Featly hast thou performed thy work, and the two nights of misery are passed. Ride on the moonbeam to each brain within the village, confuse each mind, and let the events of the last two nights be remembered but as a dream by all!"

Away flew Puck. The next night Hugh Lambert and Jenny Powell were married. A curious coincidence had taken place in their dreams; so vivid were their impressions, that to their dying hours neither could divest themselves of the belief that they were allied to reality. What added to the perplexity of Jenny, in particular, was, that on her wedding morning, a ring of exquisite workmanship and great value was found on her finger. Had Hugh placed it there? He denied it; but young wedded folks do such odd out-of-the-way things.

It was Titania's gift—the gift of her gratified vanity when she heard that a slight passed upon her charms had excited Oberon's ire—the gift of peace and contentment. Nor was the fay king forgetful of his *protégé*. Many a time in after years was Puck sent with a midnight gift to his fine farm; the host of fairies scattered fruitful dews at night, watched over the kine, kept the adders from the hens' nests, and so acquitted themselves that Hugh Lambert and his wife were the pride as they were the guardian angels of old Southwark. The wealth which they amassed has descended to their children's children, and there are now in the district many who claim descent from the couple who were the objects of Oberon's mad frolic.

SLY PEEPS INTO THE HEART FEMININE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

It is one of my beliefs, that every tolerably pretty maiden, (present company excepted,) who has arrived at the age of twenty years and upwards, has known something like a disappointment of the heart. Once on a time, not long agone, this being the subject of my meditations, a luminous thought suddenly flashed across my mind. Would it not be curious and highly interesting to compare the feeling and action of dissimilar characters, under this most trying of all trials? The more I dwelt on this fascinating fancy, the more irresistible it became, till, seizing my "grey goose quill," I addressed a sort of circular to those young daughters of Eve, whom Providence has blessed, or tempted, with a pretty face, and I have honoured with my friendship, entreating them, in the most honied terms, to send me a leaf from their "heart-book;" to tell me truthfully, if on the young rose of their life had fallen the early frost of an unhappy affection. Some, proud or prudent, or, it may be, *a little too heart-sore*, deigned no reply, or flatly refused to give me any information on the delicate subject. But, as I was not then suspected of "taking notes," four nice, sensible girls wrote satisfactory letters.

The first is from a tall, statuesque blonde, who once spent a vacation with me; at which time I managed to get nearer her heart than I fancy it would be easy for one to do now, whirling as she is in the vortex of fashionable life.

"Dear Grace,—I never write letters. I have no time. Yet I cannot forget *lang syne*, and to-day shall deprive myself of my usual *siesta*, in order to comply with your strange request. What odd impulse could have prompted it? Oh, Grace, *prenez-garde*, or you will become decidedly *outre*.

"I did, indeed, once know something of an unhappy *affaire du cœur:* but I have forgotten nearly all about it now, 't is so long since—more than six months. I remember that Edward C——— was eminently handsome and elegant in appearance. I really could not love a plain, unpolished man. He was a genius—a poet. Ah, *ma chere amie*, the sons of Apollo do indeed know

> 'The sweet and gentle primrose-way
> To woman's fond, devoted heart.'

"For once in my life I was impulsive and inconsiderate. I had scarce known him a week before, yielding to his impassioned entreaties, I pledged him my hand. I know I was rash; but oh, Grace, he wooed so beautifully! You know I am an orphan, and the reputed heiress of my uncle Henry. I myself undertook to break the matter of our engagement to him. To my surprise and consternation, he flew into a fearful passion, and swore, by the eternal heavens, he would never give his consent to my wedding a penniless poet; and that, if I married without it, every shilling of his property should go to my cousin Caroline; a girl you know to be shockingly destitute of all refinement, as well as quite plain. Tears and prayers were alike vain; and, Grace, was it not terrible to think of resigning all those pleasures and luxuries to which I have been so long accustomed? for Edward's income was quite limited. I had an interview with him, however, and told him of my uncle's decision; adding that I feared I should make but a sorry poor man's wife; but *if he insisted*, I would resign society, and my elegant home, for love and a cottage with him. The generous fellow would hear nothing of the kind, but immediately restored to me my liberty. Yet, *entre nous*, I sometimes fancy other considerations than those of self-sacrificing affection influenced my poet-lover. Poets are not so sadly destitute of good sense and worldly wisdom as some people would have us believe.

"I will not deny that I had for some time a dispirited manner and colorless cheek, and acquired a perfect passion for the poetry of L. E. L. In August, uncle took me to Saratoga. I am not romantic—I never pretended to much sentimentality; so I will frankly acknowledge that the novel pleasures of that gay watering-place drove the shadow of my ill-fated love from my life; at least I had no time to think of it, which was all the same. Yet, somehow, your letter made me feel—*not happy*. I was restless and *distraite;* finally sat down to play a song, the words of which are Edward's; and sung with a voice shockingly tremulous. This song was sent me just after our parting; I will give it you.

> 'No passionless creature of duty,
> No child of capricious delay,
> Our love, like the goddess of beauty,
> Sprang into warm life in a day!
> Around us her magic spells flinging,
> She smiled as she saw we adored;
> And then, in a burst of wild singing,
> Her soul's thrilling raptures outpourod.
>
> 'Ah, soon changed that song, born in heaven,
> To farewells and passionate sighs;
> For a mist, like the shadow of even,
> Came over her violet eyes:
> With Hope's golden sunshine around her,
> On joy's couch of roses half-blown,
> Pale, cold as a snow-wreath, we found her—
> Her glowing young spirit had flown!'

"When I finished, something glistened on the keys—tears! I had been unconsciously weeping. Adieu. "Ellen R."

The second letter was from one who, in our school, went by the name of "The little nun." She once nursed me through an illness, and is really a very *good* girl; besides being as pretty as one's idea of the saintly Isabella.

"My dear Friend,—I was somewhat surprised by the singular subject of your letter. I trust you have no frivolous object in view in the request you make; and if the history of my trials can benefit you, I ought not, in Christian duty, to withhold it.

"I once gave my affections too much to a frail and erring child of dust. I have now, I humbly believe, turned from my idol, though not without hard wrestlings with my stubborn, sinful nature. If you had known Charles W———, you would scarce wonder at my partiality; for he was a most exemplary young man. He was blessed with great worldly possessions; but I know you will not imagine this circumstance had any weight with me. We were distant relatives, and had inclined much toward one another from our childhood. When I left school, he had just graduated at Harvard, and we were to be married in the next spring. But, oh, how vain are our hopes, how transitory our joys, in this 'vale of tears!' During the winter, much interest was felt on religious subjects in our section, and I had several conversations with Charles on doctrinal points. He was strictly moral in his life, regular in his attention to the forms of religion, always accompanying me to sit under the spiritual teachings of our good pastor; but, my dear friend, I discovered he was *an errorist*, that he was tinctured with *Socinianism!* I labored with him, but it was of no avail; he almost impiously declared that his heterodox principles were a part of his soul, and could only perish with it. I then told him, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' that I never could ally myself to a virtual enemy of the church into whose bosom I had been received; and requested him to release me from my engagement, which he did. In this I endeavoured to do nothing rashly. I took, from the first, the advice of my worthy pastor, who solemnly assured me that I should endanger my own spiritual welfare by being united to an unbeliever. I regret to say, (for it shows the fallibility of poor human nature,) I have reason to fear that this pious counsel was not altogether disinterested; for Charles had scarcely ceased visiting at our house, before I was surprised by an offer of marriage from our pastor himself. I was compelled to decline the honor, as I felt quite unequal to the cares and high responsibilities which await the companion of a watchman in Zion, especially as Mr. ——— was the father of daughters older than myself, and of four or five young boys, who, I am sorry to say, were not so well governed as the children of clergymen should be.

"I heard that Charles suffered much after our separation; and I for many weeks lay on a couch of pain and languishing. When I recovered, alas! I still murmured at my lot. In the words of the hymn—

'The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move—
Nor can we call them thence.'

"Soon after, I received a call to go on a mission to the Tuscaroras, which, hoping it would restore my peace of mind, I gratefully accepted. I was absent a year, and returning home on a visit, was filled with amazement to find Charles W——— married to our minister's eldest daughter! It must be that his heretical sentiments were not of so dangerous a character as we supposed. I cannot believe an orthodox clergyman would let *wealth* have any weight in such a matter.

"Ah, my friend, I thought I had given *him* up; but Heaven only knows our inmost hearts. And sometimes a painful thought crosses my mind that I *may* have erred, unintentionally, through zeal without knowledge. Yet my path seemed made plain before me—I seemed led. Providence overrules all things; and had a life of domestic happiness been mine, I might have been deaf to the calls of 'the heathen in his blindness.' I humbly trust that some benighted children of the forest may yet bless the hour, when I broke the sweetest of human ties, and let my soul,

'On wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time.'

"Your unworthy friend, "Martha."

The third letter was from one already slightly known to the reader, Kate Richmond. Kate and I were predestinated friends; we are twin-hearted:

We catch the light of loving joy,
Each from the other's face,
As our souls go waltzing on through life,
In close and glad embrace.

Kate's character is little understood; many give it credit for no more than the careless gaiety which is its distinguishing trait. My joyous friend heartily detests all cant; and there is a sort of sentimental cant going, as distasteful as any other. Many persons display their feelings, as the *nouveaux riches*, their jewels, conspicuously at all times and on all occasions. Kate errs, perhaps, in the opposite extreme; but those who know her well, know her to be rich in deep and fervid feeling.

"Why, Grace, what has possessed you to apply to me, like a Methodist class-leader, with a 'Come, sister, tell your experience?'

"Your letter has lain too long unanswered. Shall I say why? It caused me to commit a folly of which I am seldom guilty, that of looking back tearfully to the past. I was resolved I would not reply in the fit of low spirits your letter caused me; for it is one of my fixed moral principles, never to let my little blue devils go a visiting.

"'I had a lover once,' as Mrs. Sigourney says, a lover *par excellence*. It is a remarkable fact, that he was in every thing my opposite; sentimental, gloomy, and misanthropic. We were'nt born for each other, were we? I think it speaks well for my freedom from self-love, that I admired him most when most unlike me. Yet I would frequently dispute with him, all in jest, little dreaming that I was trifling away that love dear to me as my own existence. You have seen him Grace—*Albert*, so I'll not waste words on a description, but hasten to the grand

catastrophe. One day he was reading to me some of those portions of 'Childe Harold,' which alternately causes one to turn up one's nose and grind one's teeth at one's fellow-mortals. I saw with pain that the cold serpent of misanthropy was coiling too closely around his heart; and playfully catching the book from his hand, placed in its stead a volume of Hood, entreating him to read me 'Miss Kilmansegg, and her Golden Leg,' as something vastly more amusing, and inculcating a decidedly better morality. Ah! then followed a scene highly dramatic. My knight arose, with a cloud lowering on his brow, and lightning flashing in his eye. There is a taste of the heroics; now I must be serious, for so I *felt*, I assure you, when he thus addressed me: 'Miss Richmond, this one act of your's, if others of the same nature were wanting, would convince me that there is not, can never be any degree of sympathy between us. I regret to say, that I believe a heart so thoughtless and frivolous as yours, to be utterly incapable of love. *I have long foreseen our parting;* 'twere best it were no longer delayed.' Grace, I loved him; but this was *insolence*, and so I neither fainted nor wept, but rose, and making a most charming curtsy, thanked him for thus anticipating me in a disagreeable duty—that of making a similar announcement to him. He was struck dumb, and left immediately. I held the fountains of my eyes 'till he was out of sight,' then closed the blinds, locked the door, threw myself on the sofa, and abandoned myself to a luxuriously long fit of weeping. But grief for the loss of a love so selfish and fickle was, I well knew, without any one's preaching, unworthy of a high-spirited woman. I resolved to fling it to the winds. I read, I studied, I danced, and on my 'gallant grey,' I galloped it off.

"Though for a time the wide world seemed 'one glorious lie,' I never could get up a feeling of *hatred* toward one I had once loved. Serpents hiss and scorpions sting, when they are crushed; but the grape pours forth the generous wine, and the flower sends up its perfume. I concluded it was altogether more poetical to resemble the latter, besides being better Christianity. After all, I suppose I have suffered no more than many pretty maidens have endured, both before and since Æneas 'cut a Dido.'

"I am happy to be able to inform you, because I think it will give you a slightly malicious, but most womanly pleasure, that I had scarcely become reconciled to this good old world of ours, and began to feel friendly to its odd sort of inhabitants, before my false knight returned sorrowing. But the freed bird would not be lured back to its cage; it was 'off, off, and away!' "Thine, "KATE."

To the writer of the fourth letter was often given the *sobriquet* of "Juno." But her own good Christian name was more expressive. Sarah signifies princess, and a more princess-like creature than Sarah Norris I have never yet known. She was possessed of the most loveable qualities, however; of sympathies warm and outgushing; of affections pure, deep, and devoted; of all the unwritten poetry of a true woman's nature. Yet one would have to know her intimately before her full character unrolled itself. Very few were ever admitted into her spirit's "holy of holies." Strict domestic discipline, and severe early afflictions, had given her a wonderful power over feelings naturally glowing and impulsive; so that to the multitude her heart was a sealed book. Her beauty was rare and undeniable; she mingled much in society, and had many admirers, yet she was full twenty-two before she ever allowed herself to be really and earnestly in love. The world called her unimpressible, heartless, and exacting; and some worshipped her for her very coldness and queenliness. But she *knew herself*. She would never love, until, ceasing to play statue, bending from the pedestal of her pride, and glowing with the life of the divine sentiment, she could fling herself, all laughing and weeping, into arms extended to fold, in protecting tenderness, around *the woman*, in all her weakness and dependence.

The favored mortal at last appeared. Frank L. in person was just what one calls "a splendid fellow." It is praise enough to say that, in intellect and heart, I believed him worthy of my peerless friend.

In society Sarah remained the same; but to those who came within the charmed circle of her affections she was indeed changed. As we sometimes see a rose, which, at first view, appears perfectly white, but on whose inner leaves we may perceive a faint blush, so exquisitely delicate, we can almost fancy that it was called forth by the enamoured song of the nightingale; so love imparted to her pure being a new and tender beauty, that the world, which looked only to words and manner, the outer leaves of her life, knew not of.

When I left her native city, the death of her father had deferred her marriage indefinitely; but when I wrote her my letter of inquiry, I had little idea that she would have anything to tell of disappointed affection. After a few expressions of surprise at my unusual request, her reply ran thus:

"I WILL tell you a plain, sad story, Grace. It has grown strangely familiar to me; the time has passed when every word would have oozed from my heart like a blood-drop. After you left, Frank's uncle and benefactor offered him a partnership. I rejoiced at his good fortune, little dreaming to what it would lead. This uncle is the wealthiest merchant in our city, and the father of one fair daughter. Frank's visits to me grew gradually less frequent, and he often seemed absent and gloomy. I heard that he was almost always at his uncle's, by his cousin Lucy's side. She, an exquisitely beautiful girl, was thought in a decline, and the report was, that she was to spend the winter in Florida, but before leaving the north was to be married, and —*to Frank*. As my own engagement was known but to my nearest friends, I was constantly hearing things which, though I could not believe, annoyed, and at last distressed me. I finally asked a full explanation of Frank. He blushed, looked deeply concerned, but said he could not give it me. I then requested him to discontinue his visits to Lucy, *for the sake of my love*. He

mildly but steadily refused. I could not share a divided heart; I spoke proud, perhaps harsh words, and we parted.

"I next heard that Frank resided entirely at his uncle's, that Lucy was declining fast, and that the marriage would take place immediately; but this morning the papers announce the death of Miss Lucy M. She died suddenly. I pity Frank from my soul. I more than pity,—I forgive him.

"To you I will confess, what none ever suspected, that for many weeks I bore about a spirit lonely and desolate—a heart in which was closely shut a grief wild and passionate. But now, though scarce two months have passed, I am calm and strong. I am resolved to be worthy of myself. Henceforth I will diffuse and expand my affections. I will not adore individuals; I will love the world. I will not that my woman's sympathies shall be the fountain, springing up, and gushing out, and pouring itself away in the little luxuriant garden of a single love; rather the dew, falling slowly, silently, yet refreshingly, on the worn, and thirsty, and waste places of life.

"Oct. 30.—Away with such forced philosophy, and back again to nature, and to woman! To nature, whose free impulses mock at the power of the strongest resolves; to woman, for whom the love of one truthful, manly heart is a world, —a universe! Grace, I have seen *him*—seen Frank! I know him now; how could I ever doubt him! He loved Lucy as a cousin, but she —let me whisper it to you, Grace, for she is in her grave now—*loved him not as a cousin.* Pure, gentle girl, I bless her memory for it! Ever since her mother died, she has been fading and passing away. Her father surprised her one day in tears before a picture of Frank; and she hid her young face in his bosom, and told him of her love, and of her grief. The idolizing father revealed all to Frank, and entreated him, that if he could not love, once in a while to see his dying daughter. The poor girl was almost heartbroken when she heard that her unobtrusive affection had been made known to its object, and in the most touching anguish, prayed Frank to reveal it to no human being *until she was dead.* He promised; how could he do otherwise? Heaven bless him! He did more; he soothed her; comforted her; read the Book of Life beside the bed of Death; he wearied not, forsook her not, till, on her father's breast, and with her hand clasped in his, she slept, and awoke no more.

"Grace, you will honor, yes, *love* my Frank, who had courage to be distrusted, almost despised, by the woman he loved; to suffer for a while a shadow to rest on his name, in her estimation, rather than lay another grief on an old man's breaking heart, or bring a painful blush to the cheek of a dying girl.

"Do you ask if I am happy now? I scarce know how to answer. When first I knew that this love was restored to me from the dead, my winged thoughts went floating in an atmosphere of intense and exulting enjoyment; but now they seem sinking into a deep and delicious sadness, like butterflies drowning in wine.

"I bid you good morning, and the wish has some meaning; for the day without has all the matchless, dying beauty belonging alone to October. But ah! the sunlight streaming through the casement, and resting like a loving blessing on my head, falls also on the new-made grave of poor Lucy.

"SARAH."

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

SEARCHER of Hearts!—from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee!

Hearer of Prayer!—oh guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

Giver of All!—for every good
In the Redeemer came:—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY IN THE EMBRACE OF DEATH.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I SAW the beautiful. Her step was light,
And her heart joyous. In her ear were sounds
That flattery breathes to youth, and still her dreams
Were of the thornless rose, and soaring bird,
And bees that have no sting.
Again I came;
There was a shaded chamber, and a couch,
Where lay a marble brow. Pain had reduced
The rounded form, and worn away the trace
Of comeliness. The weepers stood around.
But one was nearer still—a spectre—pale,
Who clasped her in his arms. The hope, whose root
Is in this earthly soil, had fled away,
And Fancy held no more her frost-work wreaths
Before that glazing eye.
One eve, I mused
O'er a new-sodded mound—the mouldering bed
Of what was once so fair. Slow rode the moon
'Mid gathering clouds. And then, there came a voice,
In mournful cadence, to my listening soul:
"All flesh is grass; and all its goodliness
Like the frail field-flower."

THE WHALE FISHERY ON THE BRAZIL COAST.

BY HENRY M. KLAPP.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE FISHERY.

Upon the shores of a small strait, which separates the fine island of Saint Catharine from the adjacent continent of South America, was to be found, in former days, the largest fishing station in the world. As the island lies directly in the track of our California-bound ships, it is probable that the adventurer to the land of gold, as he stretches his sea-legs upon the beach of San Miguel, often pauses to contemplate the vast vaults, and mouldering remains of this once gigantic establishment.

But before entering upon a description of these great works, it is necessary to give a short account of the early history of this Captaincy, the smallest and last settled on the coast.

As late as the year 1654, more than a century and a half after the discovery of the continent, the island of Dos Patos, as it was then called, still remained in its primitive state. The town of the tribe, with its regular streets and comfortable dwellings, its patches of mandioca and maize, and its ample Council-house, still stood untouched on a woody point of the isle; the savage still hunted in the evergreen forests, which covered its hills and vales, or paddled the bark canoe, in search of his scaly prey, in the little sandy coves and salt-water creeks which indent the shores of the strait. The town was larger than might be supposed, and protected from assault by a ring of deep pitfalls, so artfully concealed as only to be distinguished from the safe ground by certain marks known to its own denizens. It was also surrounded by a palisade wall of pointed stakes, having strong wooden gates, which were regularly closed and guarded at night. The Brazilian tribes, anthropophagi for the most part, were engaged in incessant wars with each other, rendering these primeval defences absolutely indispensable to the safety of their settlements, which were often attacked and defended with the most inveterate fury, and if unhappily stormed, endured all the extremities of fire and sword from the hands of the wild victors.

Though the island was at this period claimed by Spain, and often visited by her *caravêlas*, on their tedious and ill-conducted voyages to the La Plata, from various causes no permanent settlement was made. The slave-hunting expeditions of the Certanistas* of San Paulo, were almost invariably directed towards the vast, unexplored regions of the interior, and the auriferous streams of the Serra da Santa Catharina sunk into insignificance beside the astonishing wealth of the Minaes Geraes. In the year referred to, the King of Portugal, to whom the island belonged by right of discovery, made a grant of it, under conditions insuring its settlement, to an adventurous nobleman of his court. But this distinguished settler, immediately upon his arrival in the channel, was slain on the deck of his own *caravêla*, by the captain of a piratical bark, which then infested the adjacent seas. His colony returned home, or became dispersed among the neighbouring settlements, and for many years afterwards no further attention was attracted to the place. The advances of the Padres de Companhia, as the Jesuit Fathers were called in Brazil, were but ill-received by the Indian chiefs of Dos Patos, and, though succeeding years witnessed many arrivals, and some bloodshed and misery on the island, it was not until after the beginning of the eighteenth century that white settlers were found permanently located on the coast.

About the year 1712, the French carried on a considerable trade to the Spanish possessions in the South Seas, and were much in the habit of sailing into the Strait for supplies. The northern part—for it was divided into two great bays, of nearly equal length, by an approximation of two opposite points—was sheltered by the high lands on all sides, and entirely free from obstructions, with a bottom of hard sand, gradually shoaling, forming one of the most secure and convenient anchorages in the world. The French voyagers resorted hither in preference to the southern bay, which was less spacious and secure, being open to the surge, which sets heavily in from the sea when the wind is strong from the south. Wood and water were abundant, and easily procured, though more trouble was experienced in obtaining a few bullocks from the herds of black cattle, which were even then to be found roaming at large on the marshes of the main.

In the published journal of one of these traders —the same who made the first correct survey of the island,—it is stated that a number of Portuguese outlaws, fugitives from the adjoining settlements, had established themselves at several points on the channel. This band of very questionable settlers would seem to have rapidly increased. The exercise of tyrannical power by the royal Captains in Brazil was very great. The Viceroy, who held his court, with the insignia of royalty, at Rio de Janeiro, maintained discretionary supervision over these military chieftains; the Camara, or "Council," which nominally represented the people, was associated with the governor in the administration of each captaincy; nevertheless each ruler managed to act pretty much as he pleased within his own precincts. So much was this the case, that upon the occasion of some disputes between the Camara and the Governor of one of the northern captaincies, the Crown had distinctly intimated

* These were the leaders of the expeditions which penetrated into the unexplored regions, to make slaves of the natives, or in search of gold mines.

that the power of the officer, appointed by itself, was to be considered, in every future instance, superior to that of the representatives whom he had chosen from the people. Such being the case, the salubrity of the climate, and the prodigal fertility of the soil of Dos Patos, offered strong inducements to any unhappy beings who were desirous of escaping from the frowns of these petty potentates, to the immunities of savage life.

The refugees speedily became involved in irregular conflicts with the natives,—a simple, yet inquisitive people, who, upon former occasions, had become so captivated by the Spanish chivalry as to follow the cavaliers on their long marches from the mainland, through savage wilds infested by hostile tribes, to the Christian settlements in the south. The aboriginal name of this secluded recess of the sea, which the Indian was at length destined to lose, was *Juru-mirim*, or the Little-mouth, in allusion to the narrow passage which connected the two great divisions of the strait. It was here the Indians were generally first seen by voyagers, crossing the wild ferry from shore to shore, or spearing fish in the little sandy coves which form so frequent a feature of the coast. From these haunts they were now driven by the outlaw;—from sandy nook, and forest-town, back to the wooded mountains of the continent. As the numbers of their foe increased, and they became able to exchange skins and provisions for the fire-arms of the French, the savage was followed across the strait; and when a body of excellent settlers arrived, who had been sent hither by the Government from the Western Isles of the Atlantic, these tangled and gloomy solitudes were still occasionally disturbed, as his shrill and vengeful *huru* replied from afar to the hoarse shout of the bandit. The tigers were numerous and troublesome at this period, occupying the attention of the settlers, equally with the wild men of the mountains; but a number of large dogs introduced from San Paulo, and suffered to breed on the island, proved excellent auxiliaries in either species of combat. For nearly thirty years after the date of the Frenchman's visit, this relaxed state of society continued at Saint Catharine. Foreign traders still touched there to recruit, bartering various necessary commodities for fresh provisions; for money was invariably refused, being in fact, in as little esteem here, as the glittering lump of gold to De Foe's hero in goat-skin. This species of trade would appear to have been amicably conducted, and the ragamuffin merchants to have enjoyed, to the last, the entire confidence of the seamen.

But when Commodore Anson, of South Sea notoriety, visited the island in 1740, the state of things was entirely changed. The restraints of a legal government had at length been established. The halcyon days of the honest outlaw were over, and though he had not been driven, in turn, to the *serra*,* he had been forced by the new state of things to legitimate labour. The old, bare-legged, democratic governor had been displaced by a brigadier-general of the armies of the Crown. Fortalices were rising, huts disappearing, emigrants pouring in, priests and soldiers already parading the streets of the new town, dress-coats and rapiers in vogue, and tiger-skin drawers in the shadow. The social polity had been overthrown, money was beginning to assert its omnipotent sway, and the curse entailed upon Adam was felt in the ragged "Eden" of Saint Catharine.

The boundaries of the new Captaincy were now established—extending between the Sahy Grande, flowing between it and the province of San Paulo on the north, and the Mampituba, separating it from that of the Rio Grande Do Sul on the south. It's extent of seaboard is sixty leagues, lying between the twenty-fifth and twenty-ninth degrees of south latitude. The heads of the Cordillera mark the divisions from the same provinces on the west.

Men of respectability continued to remove to the new Captaincy from different parts of the country, and bodies of frugal and industrious farmers, from the Azores, to settle upon the island, or upon the more eligible spots of the mainland. Gradually, the industry of the settlers, seconded by the labours of a few slaves, gave a different aspect to these fortunate shores. The virgin woods of the island began to disappear. Fields of mandioca and cane, with patches of coffee and cotton, covered the less elevated grounds; herds of tame cattle darkened the extensive pastures of the plain; and the *caza** of the proprietor, humble indeed, yet superior to the hut of the old settler, was generally to be seen on the brow of a gentle hill, with its little possessions around it, or down on the greener bank by the sands of the bay, where the wash of waves was the cradle-song of his child, and the fish swam by his door.

Some years afterwards, when the town, built upon the shore of a small bay, which washes the insular side of the narrow passage, was rising into importance as the capital of the province, the attention of the Portuguese government became directed to the immense number of whales which frequented these seas, a few of which had been taken, from time to time, even in the days of the outlaws. A company was formed at Lisbon, to which the minister, in pursuance of the policy of the times, farmed the coast. As the success of the scheme was certain, and the revenue from the mines was continually declining, a heavy outlay was immediately made, and the works, after many months of unremitted toil, were erected on a small bay on the mainland, not far from the northern entrance of the strait.

This site was fortunately chosen, even for a channel abounding in natural havens. The low, rocky point of Armacao, trending towards the island, forms here a natural breakwater to the little land-locked bay, where, in calm weather, the waters are as smooth as a mill-pond. The flood-tide, rolling into the great channel before a strong sea-breeze, breaks heavily on the leeward shore, and meeting in the narrow passage the counter-waves from the south, occasions an irregular, tumultuous sea, through which it is ex-

* The mountain; literally, the high mountain.

* House.

tremely difficult to steer a boat. But within the bounds of the bay the sea is never greatly disturbed, even in the roughest weather. Here then, close to the beach, the try-works were erected. These consisted of a number of long walled sheds, containing each from twenty to thirty large boilers, with their furnaces,—each shed extending to the strand, where strong piers, built of the heavy, durable *pao do ferro* of the country, projected into water from two to three fathoms in depth. Upon these great piers were placed enormous cranes and cumbrous capstans, with their heavy tackling, for securing, heaving up, and turning the dead whale during the process of "flinching;" while upon the point itself, excavated in the solid rock, and defended from the rains by huge roofs covered with semi-tubular tiles, were the immense tanks where the oil was stored. In the largest of the vaults, a whale-boat might be turned with ease.

The boat-sheds were built upon the right of the warehouses. They contained from six to twelve boats, with their gear, always ready for service. The smithies, and the huts of the negro slaves employed on the station, were located in the rear of the works; the houses of the harpooners behind these; and upon the background, on an eminence, the *casa* and gardens of the Company's factor, where he lived in a style little inferior to that of the Captain-general.

The Balæna mysticetus, or Right Whale, was the chief object of the fishery. Humpbacks* were sometimes taken early in the season, which lasted from December to June. The Spermaceti Whale was occasionally captured off Ponta Grossa, the northern extremity of the island, and even in the strait; though this species prefers seeking its food in deeper water. Finbacks, or rorquals, overran the coast, and were supposed to drive the other whales from the ground. On account of their speed and their unproductiveness, these were allowed to roam the seas undisturbed.

For many years after the Company was established, the number of whales taken was very great, averaging at least a whale each day during the season, not excepting the days of Romish festivity, when the men did not work. As the Company increased in wealth and power, those employed at the works enjoyed certain tacit immunities, to which the rest of the population were strangers. They were exempted from military duty, and from the liability to be taken from their occupation at the caprice of the Governor. Their disputes were referable to the Agent alone, and unless some serious crime had been committed, the officers of his Excellency were seldom seen on official business at the Armacao. The harpooners were men of importance in their line, receiving high wages, and assuming a style of dress and demeanour well calculated to maintain their pretensions. They heartily despised the soldiers, and, at the time referred to, were at feud with the Governor's guards, and the people of his household. With the rest of the population they were great favourites, especially with the shop-keepers of the town. To the wild herdsmen of the plains they were objects of curious interest, whenever the former had occasion to seek the town and the contiguous shore of the strait. In some respects the lives of these two classes of men were not dissimilar: the herdsman pursued his object on land, the whaler on the deep; and, of the cast of a lasso or the dart of a lance, each had its pride and its danger. The duties of the harpooner and the boat-steerer were distinct; the latter steering the former on to the whale, and never leaving his position at the oar until the whale was secured. In the New England service, the officer (the mate) commanding the boat "lays the boat-steerer on," and as soon as the animal is "fastened to," they shift, end for end, the mate taking his place in the bow, and giving the *coup-de-grace* stroke with the lance. But, in the Brazilian fishery, the harpooner alone handled the weapons and tended the line. The boats were larger and less easily managed than the light and graceful fabrics of our own countrymen, and like these, they carried six men, with the tub and line. Occasionally, they went out as far as the two islets which lie off the northern entrance of the strait; though, generally, the whales were killed at distances more convenient to the Armacao.

The Company's agent, who enjoyed the rank of Capitan-mor, or Captain-major, was exclusively occupied with the duties of his station. Being upon good terms with the Governor, he beheld with undisguised concern the feelings of mutual aversion which existed between his men and the military. It was, of course, to his interest and that of the Company to avoid all difficulties of this nature, and accordingly, as far as he could, he kept his men closely occupied at the Armacao. This was the more necessary, as martial law had been in force for some time, in consequence of a rumour prevalent on the coast, that Don Pedro Cevallos, the celebrated Spanish captain, was fitting out an armament in the port of Cadiz for the reduction of Saint Catharine.

The yield of oil at this period was very great, as many as five hundred whales having been killed in a season. Towards the close of the century the works began to decline: in 1808 they did not average a whale a fortnight; and, at the present day a cargo of oil for a four-boat ship cannot be collected in two seasons on the Brazil coast.

In the next chapter, I will give a short account of a disaster which attended the opening of the works in 1777, and was long remembered in the country.

CHAPTER II.

DISASTERS OF THE CHASE.

It was early on a clear, breezy morning in November, that a harpooner, named Louis Debolt, a German by birth, and popularly known in the Captaincy by the soubriquet of Gallo do Serra, or Cock of the Rock, in company with another, a Portuguese, was superintending some piece of work at the Armacao, when a black slave, who was relaying the tiles on the roof of

* Balæna gibbosa, a smaller species of the Physalia, or Great Rorqual, the largest of created beings.

the warehouse, suddenly called out that he saw whale-spouts in the strait.

"*Diab!* where away, Doming'?" said Louis.

"Here, senhor," answered the slave, standing up on the crest of the roof, and pointing in the direction of the little Isle of Parrots, which lay northeast from the works, off the insular shore. The channel here is about three miles wide, and the waves of this broad expanse were then running seaward, under the influence of a mountain breeze, which was sufficiently strong to cap their heads with foam.

"I saw the sharks coming in from the sea last evening," said Antonie, the Portuguese, as he looked from beneath his sombrero, in the direction indicated; "but these are Humpers, or Finners, or Sulphur Bottoms."

"*Si!*" said Louis, "very likely. To the devil with them! But is that," continued he, shading his eyes from the beams of the morning sun, "is that a whale-spout close to the citadel, or a gull rising with a fish?'

"It is neither, senhor," replied Antonie, who from his position commanded a better view of the strait. "It is that *filho do diabo*, Henrique Diaz, with the young Conde de Tavora, running down the strait with a free sheet."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Cock of the Rock, dropping the coil of rope he was inspecting, and taking the spy-glass from his companion, "it is the Conde, *certamente*. It is long since we saw Julian de Tavora at the Armacao. Men say that he seldom stirs from the Palace."

"The Conde is welcome," said Antonie, to whom the terrible story of the misfortunes of the house of Tavora was well known. "I have seen his lordship plant a harpoon in a whale's hump, and cast a lasso over a bull's horns with judgment. For that child of the Devil, Henrique Diaz, water will never drown the rascally heathen, nor *agua ardiente do rheino** either. He will live to kick in a subtler element."

"And that," said Louis, uncoiling his line, "that is air. Nevertheless, the imp has his uses, as the Sargento-mort knows full well. He can swim like a duck, and manage a canoe as well as the Conde himself. No state-minister understands the Spanish saying, *Di mentira, y sacaras verdad*,‡ better than Henrique."

"*Si!*" said Antonie, as he leisurely betook himself to the new mat he was making for his rowlock; "he is an ill-begotten, malignant wretch, whom I purpose one day to throw into a boiler, for the stab in the dark he gave my *compadre*. I heard that he was caterwauling, with his guitar, in somebody's gutter in the town, last Sunday eve. By the mass! if the rocket-maker had heard him, his Excellency might have sent to the Devil for a new page in the morning; unless, in sooth, his black skin is proof against buzzard-shot."

"*Si!* they are a pair," said Louis. "Maldonado de Jiboia and Henrique Diaz,—a pair for an honest man to shun as he would a boa or a cobra. But tell me, Senhor Antonie, when is young Julien to marry the Senhora Isabelle. It is said the license is coming by the next ship from Lisbon."

"It may be, Senhor Louis," answered the Portuguese, in a low tone; but I fear the minister will never consent that the last male heir of the hated house of Tavora shall wed the Donna Isabelle de Mendonca."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louis, in a similar tone, "the tiger may forget the taste of blood, or the sharks their coming feast in the channel; but when did the great Marquis forgive any enemy? They say that, in the dungeons of yonder citadel, a prisoner has languished for many years, his only offence being a refusal to pronounce a false sentence of judgment upon the Jesuits."

The Portuguese cast a glance around the cracked and sooty walls of the Armacao, before he replied, in a still more cautious tone:—

"It is Jose Mascarenhas Pacheo," he said, "one of the three commissioners sent out by Pombal to sit in inquiry upon the fathers of the Company. On the passage out, the ship was chased by a fiery meteor, which burst over their heads with an infernal explosion. A heavy squall followed, and the three worthy judges, thinking their time was come, immediately confessed their sins; among the rest, their secret injunctions to condemn the Jesuits. After the weather cleared, *canes redibant ad vomitum*, as Father Dinaz would say—all, except Jose, who stuck to his penitent resolutions, and exposed his colleagues. For this, Senhor Louis, he was confined, first at Rio, and afterwards in the *Citadel des Raones:* for sixteen years he has not seen the sun. The canoe is heading up for the pier. In less than ten minutes they will be here."

Julian de Tavora, the subject of the harpooner's last remark, was the only male survivor of the proud family which the Marquis de Pombal, the inflexible minister of Joseph the First, had destroyed. He was not, in reality, entitled to the rank which, by courtesy, he held at St. Catherine. At the court of the Viceroy, he was the Senhor Julian de Tavora, the family title having been extinguished by the king's decree, with the fires which consumed the ghastly remains of his parents and kinsmen in the public square of Lisbon. All Europe had rung with their terrible fate. The stern minister alone was unmoved. The king's life had been attempted, and it was necessary that the punishment should be commensurate with the extent and enormity of the crime. Nearly every member of the conspirator's family had been executed, or immured in dungeons, and the boy was sent out to the colonies, where a silent, but sleepless watch was kept on his every movement. The misfortunes of his house procured him universal sympathy, from which nothing in his appearance and character was calculated to detract. He was handsome, high-spirited, and liberal to extravagance of the remains of his patrimony; excelled in all the dangerous sports of the island, and, with his own hands, in expeditions to the Serra, had slain three Indians and nine tigers. This alone was sufficient to make him the hero of the place.

* Lisbon brandy.
† The Serjeant-Major.
‡ Tell a lie to arrive at a truth.

When the canoe rounded the point, and shot into the bay, it was plainly seen that he was accompanied by the Governor's page, a hideous Angolan negro, universally detested, small in stature, intensely black, and full of apprehensive life; yet of so wild and gloomy appearance, that to most men, he seemed like some malignant and wandering spirit of evil. His body was light, and well-proportioned; but the face was so small as to approach deformity,—the eyes minute and piercing as those of a cobra. He ever went gaily attired, with a cruzado in his purse, and, as far as service went, appeared much attached to the young Count.

They beached the canoe close to the spot where the harpooners were standing, and striking her masts, hauled her up on the sand. The Count passed on to the factor's house, with a slight salutation; while the dwarf halted close to the men of the Armacao, who looked coldly upon him. Nothing daunted, he seated his minnikin body on the gunwale of Antonie's boat, and, taking off his velvet cap, glanced quietly round the works, as if taking note of the extent of preparation. A bearded monkey, chained to a ring round the stem of a dead palm, ascended to his house in great haste, uttering deprecating cries, and lugging his chain with him; a dog, smelling round a heap of scraps or burnt blubber, bristled his back, and crept, with a drooping tail, to the side of Antonie. Still there was something in his appearance in keeping with the scene—with the long, ragged, smoke-dried walls, the rude, clumsy machines, and the vast, sloping roofs, with their immense eaves.

"What news at the Palace, devil-page?" said the Cock of the Rock, after enduring his presence in silence for some minutes.

"*Nada*, Senhor," answered the page shortly.

"Nothing!" repeated the harpooner, in a tone of affected surprise. "Why it is said—*intende vos!*—that you had fallen in love with the Conde's Paraguay ape, and had a taste of the *strappado* for teaching her to drink Lisbon brandy. Moreover, you are not to go into the gardens without the mask you wore last Sunday night, on your serenade. The roses cannot endure your illustrious presence. *Santa Maria!* the tulips and passion-flowers are dying of envy."

The page ground his teeth, and scowled gloomily at the speaker, when a tile fell from the roof on the sand at his feet, and with a piercing glance of his snaky eyes, he laid his little ebony hand on his dagger.

The harpooners glanced significantly at each other, and Louis continued his banter.

"It is the Conde's wish—*intende, vossa merced*—if we can manage to catch a live heron before Lent begins, to lead off the *Intrudes** with a sort of classical combat, the bird representing the ancient family of the cranes, and your highness Prince *Cara de Mono*,† that of the pigmies. It is thought that your highness's exploits against the anthills have procured this distinguished honour. *Sturm vetter!* you must fight like a man, though; for the heron's wings will be clipped."

* The three days of festivity which precede Lent.
† Cara de Mono—monkey face.

The page touched the plume in his cap with a sort of grace, smiling after his gloomy and malignant fashion.

"There may be a hawk on your heron," he said, in his small, shrill tones, "before that day comes, in spite of your red cheek, your curling brown hair, and your foreign blue eyes."

"By San Christavao! the imp says well," said Louis, aside to Antonie, "but the hawk he speaks of will not fly this season. We have certain news that the Spaniard has foregone his expedition. The old Admiral, Casa-Tilly, has quarrelled with Don Pedro about a question of precedence—the colour of a ribbon—the mounting of a medallion—or something of that sort. As for the blue eyes," said the comely German, reddening slightly, "what says the song of *meu menina*—

"'Olhos pardos e negros
Sao as commues;
Mais os do minho amante
Deos fez azues.'"

"*Si!*" said Antonie, while a blithe smile illumined his olive cheek—

"'Cacavalla for its wine!
And Santarem for corn!'"

"But look! *Viva negro, Domingo!* Yonder are a school of sperm whales, as I live, cruising in the strait!—one—two—three—a dozen spouts at least?"

"*Der teufel!* away with you, Domingo!" shouted Louis, while his handsome, sunburnt face, flushed with the love of his profession. "Call the men, and we will launch the boats before they head to seaward again. *Presto!*"

Both harpooners flew to the boat-house, but Antonie's boat being nearest the water, he was enabled to launch and man her a moment before the German. The latter had the factor himself to steer him, the Count at the tub, and the black page at his after-oar. Domingo and a mestico, called Manuel, pulled his midship and forward oars. He was not far behind the Portuguese, whose boat, manned with slaves, kept its start. As the alarm was now given, before the two reached mid-channel, several other boats had pushed off to intercept the whales on their return, as it was supposed that the school would not pass through the narrow passage into the great southern bay.

The two headmost boats steered steadily in the wake of the whales. The latter moved slowly on their course, the flankers diverging occasionally to either board, the centre whales going straight up the channel, while the white spray of their spouts glittered in the sun, as it drifted for an instant on the morning air. The breeze was deliciously cool and fragrant; a few white sails dotted the waters of the strait, and the fleecy clouds, which all night long had rested on the mountain tops, were now drifting fast to leeward. The pelicans were going out to fish, in long regular lines; the fish-hawks, as is their custom early in the day, soared in circles towards the sun; and upon the beach of a bushy islet, which the school was passing to starboard, a

flock of scarlet flamingoes were drawn up in line, like a party of soldiers to resist a landing.

As the boats passed the citadel on the island of Atomeri, the rampart was already crowded with spectators, and further on, the people were seen gathering on the points, and the beaches, and at the doors of their cottages. The first boat kept its distance; and off the village of Santa Cruz, Antonie fastened to one whale, and mortally wounded another with the dart of his lance. The fast whale turned and made for the open seas, dodging several boats which attempted to waylay him, and leaving a long, white line in the boat's wake, as he rapidly sought an offing. Point after point,—hill after hill,—beach after beach, flew by, until at last the Island of Gal, which lies off the northern entrance, and the broad ocean itself, lay before them. Several drags had been thrown out, but he towed on as fast as ever, and the slaves began to murmur, as they cast their eyes anxiously on the land they were leaving at such an alarming rate.

"*Diab!*" said one fellow, "him run across de ocean, and fetch up on de Guinea coast, and Tomma see he home again."

"Cut de line, and let de rascal go, Senhor Antonie," said the bowman; "to-morrow you get another dat make two of him."

This piece of advice, which was well meant and extremely judicious, at least in the eyes of the speaker, was ill-received,—a sharp kick in the rear admonishing him to be silent.

In a few moments, the animal's speed began to slacken, though the water still formed an arch of foam under the bow.

"Watch him till he eases off a little more, Antonie," said the amateur boat-steerer, a clerk of the factor's; "then haul up, and gives his flukes a touch with the spade."

This was an extremely delicate and dangerous manœuvre to attempt with a half-grown bull-whale fully *gallied*,* with two harpoons in his hump. The harpooner was well aware of this, and as land-wind was failing, he shook his head, and suggested another expedient. In the bow of the boat was a swivel for shooting harpoons and lances in calm weather. It was little thought of, however, and the only boat which still carried it was that of Antonie, who, though fully relying on his sinewy arms, had a lurking partiality for the use of gunpowder. It was a sort of martial variation to an old tune, and it did his heart good to point and sight "Little Thunder," as he facetiously styled the implement, dead on to the life of a hundred-barrel whale. He cast a glance to windward, and, holding up his palm in the direction of the breeze, answered the clerk's suggestion.

"The sun is killing the wind, Senhor; in half an hour, it will be calm; by that time, this salt-water horse will tire, and we may creep up and shoot a lance into his life."

"In that time," said the clerk, panting at his steering-oar, "he will be half way to Garoupas. Shoot a lance in his lungs, in Our Lady's name, or he will run us to Santos."

* A whaling-word, expressive of the susceptibility of this animal to fear.

The harpooner made no reply; but, with the help of the bowman, proceeded to level the gun and arrange the lance for immediate use, as soon as opportunity offered. Perfect silence was then preserved; the blacks sitting still on their seats, with their oars peaked, and the whites anxiously watching the whale. The breeze soon failed altogether, as the harpooner had predicted; and, as the water grew smooth, the line stretched less tensely on the bow. The whale also yawed more in his course, which was a sure sign that he was growing tired of his run, and thinking, perhaps, of his mates; for there is a mint of good, honest sympathy in a school of young bulls. If a phrenologist could lay his hand on their bumps, he would pronounce them an amiable race, with large organs of socialness. They cannot dance the polka, it is true, or empty a dozen bottles at a sitting: nevertheless, if the depths of old ocean could speak again with the tongue of Shakspeare, the pranks of many a fat Jack might be given to the public. The coral caves are their taverns; the springs of the deep their champagne; and the squid-fish their oyster-sauce and venison. But, to proceed, for our boat's crew are in peril. As he seemed inclined to rest, they paddled cautiously past his formidable flukes, gathering in the slack-line as they went, until they obtained a position close to his starboard hand,—the bright head of the lance pointing right on to the edge of his side-fin. His dull grey eye turned apprehensively on them, in its rough setting of black skin, as he rolled uneasily in the sea; and seeing that no time was to be lost, the harpooner bent over the light piece, and quickly applied the match, which he had previously prepared. The flash and the report were instantly succeeded by the convulsive plunge of the fish, and when the smoke and the cloud of spray cleared away, the line was smoking in the bow, and, where the whale had been, nought was to be seen save a greenish vortex of foaming water.

"*Donner und blitzen!* as Louis would say," exclaimed the Portuguese, coolly, as he tended the line; "he has it! A stone wall would not stop 'Little Thunder,' much less a foot of blubber. He cannot stay long under with that hole in his life. If Doctor *Matasanos* was here, he would tell you, Senhor Jose, that the *arteria pulmonaria* was cut through the middle. I wish the fellow would be thoughtful enough to tow us back where he brought us from, while his breath lasts. He'll go *in extremis* presently, which, as I take it, Senhor is Latin for—Look out! he is rising on the larboard beam. Slue her head to meet him. There goes blood and brine first, and clear claret next! By the soul of a cat, it is all up with him!"

"*Nao*, senhor! He will show fight yet," said the clerk. "The life is not knocked out of a forty-barrel bull so easily."

"I'll wager a chain of gold against the emerald on your finger, that I turn him up with the first dart," said Antonie.

"Good! Done!" said the clerk, "and the slaves shall be witnesses. He is as sick as a monk in a storm, already. There goes his breakfast! Blessed Lady! his last meal was a full one."

The harpooner laughed as he eyed the large pieces of squid and great clots of gore which floated past; then clearing away a second lance, he made sign to the clerk to "lay him on."

"Row! give way, boys! Let the Senhor Antonie have a fair chance."

The slaves joyfully obeyed, and the bow of the boat was laid on to the monster's fin.

"So! Lie on your oars!" said the harpooner, poising his lance. He was in the act of darting, when suddenly an immense shoal of white porpoises appeared, ahead and astern, breaching and careering over the waves in long files, until the sea around the boat was as troubled as the surf upon a sunken reef. They ran up the track of blood like a pack of hounds in full cry, leaping over and upon the back of the dying whale, and surrounding the boat in such prodigious numbers that the harpooner, in some alarm, turned his lance against them. He darted it through the body of the nearest, with the expectation that the whole shoal would pursue the one he had wounded, as is the custom of these fish. But, unfortunately, the individual selected, in its agony, leaped directly into the stern of the boat, and was, of course, followed by the others. There was barely time for a single warning exclamation, before she was a bottomless wreck, and the crew in the water. As there had been no time to cut, the line became entangled with the wreck, when the tub fell through; and, the whale moving ahead, the men were left unsupported, except by the oars, at the distance of five miles from the nearest land, which was the islet previously mentioned. It was nearly calm when the accident happened, and not a single canoe in sight. Leaving the oars to the clerk and one of the slaves who could not swim, the harpooner, with the rest, started for the islet; but they were carried by the current towards the mainland, where, to the surprise of everybody, the harpooner landed, at the point of Dos Gauchos, distant, at least, two leagues from the scene, three hours after the boat was stoven. Though many boats and canoes were despatched to rescue the remainder of the crew, not a man of them was ever seen afterwards. The oars were picked up, and the dead whale, the wreck being disengaged, probably, by the death-struggle. The shore was thoroughly examined for many miles, when the flood set in, and for a long time afterwards; but, though the hats of one or two of the parties were found, it was never ascertained whether their owners were drowned, or taken alive by the enormous sharks which frequented the strait during the fishing season. Masses were said for their souls at the expense of the Company; and, for a long period, the effect of the catastrophe was felt in the decided aversion of the slaves to perform the most trifling duty in the boats.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLE AND THE CONTINENT.

On the day when the catastrophe related in the last chapter occurred, the operations of the boats had been successful to an unusual degree. Sixteen whales, averaging a yield of ten *pipas*, or twelve hundred English gallons each, had been towed into the docks of the Armacao before vespers. Most of these had been killed by Louis during the few moments which ensued between the harpooning of the first whale, and the sea-stampede which scattered them in every direction. It is a well-known fact in the natural history of the macrocephalus, that an entire school, attacked by the whalers, will sometimes lie panic-stricken, until, in the extremity of terror, a single individual starts, when the rush and run of the rest immediately follow. Taking advantage of this timorous state of inaction, the daring and skilful whaleman, exchanging his harpoon for a lance, will sometimes mortally wound or kill a moiety of the school in a very short space of time. In the rapid and dexterous "dart" of his lance Louis excelled all competitors, it being generally allowed that this mode of using the weapon was as fatal in his hands as a "set," or thrust, in those of another.

The brief, gorgeous twilight which flushes the face of dying day in this climate, had passed away, and the virgin moon and her attendant star were casting their pale beams on the waters of the bay, when Louis arrived off the piers with the last whale in tow. The point, and the whole semicircular strand, presented a striking and animated sight. In the docks most of the slain monsters were already secured, floating deep amid the young surges of the tide, while creaking and groaning, like the immense machines of old, the mighty capstans, manned by a hundred sable hands, were hoisting up to the cranes great masses of blubber, already detached from the carcasses by the spadesmen on the piers. When these ponderous pieces had attained a certain height, they were swung into that part of the Armacao where the mincers and boiler-men were stationed.

Surging slowly, with many a reluctant plunge, mass after mass ascended, to the wild chorus of a hundred voices, while separate gangs of slaves, each under the direction of a leader, shovelled out heaps of "scraps," cleared out the furnaces, lit the fires, or sharpened the cutting-spades. A priest who lived in the family of the factor had already blessed and sprinkled the works. A gigantic Angolan negro, who had been chosen king of the slaves for the season, was very conspicuous, as, arrayed in a crown of gilt paper, and bearing a curiously carved sceptre of whalebone in his hand, he stood, Colossus-like, on a capstan-head, and superintended the process of heaving round. The confused din of the labouring machines, and the wild clamour of voices, with the black smoke which began to pour in dense volumes from the try-works, might well have reminded a Royal Professor of Latin* of the mouth of the pit of Acheron: while the unearthly shriek with which the black king stimulated his subjects to exertion, might have passed, at the same time, for one of the rallying cries of the sons of Satan.

The sea-birds, in thick flocks, flew screaming round the docks, and the sharks, which had hitherto followed leisurely in the smooth tracks of the whales, now began to splash about and

* Almost every town of note in Brazil has, at least, one Royal Professor of Latin.

bestir themselves, as if aware that the banquet had begun.

An active crew of Yankee whalemen has certainly been known "to cut in a whale," under favorable circumstances, in three hours, from the moment when the first "blanket-piece" had swung clear of the main-rail, inboard: at the Armacao, more than double that time was consumed in the same operation,—although several whales could then be "flinched" at once, and the oil was more easily stored.

Large copper tubes and gutters lined with the same material connected the boilers with the tanks. Hose, prepared especially for the purpose, were also used to convey the oil as pumped out from the tanks, to that part of the warehouses where the casks were stored and coopered for the voyage to Europe.

It was midnight before the regular watches were set; and, for the first time since the morning, the two harpooners, wet and weary, met for a moment in a *venda*, or small drinking-house, close to the works. The loss of the boat's crew threw a deep gloom over the operations of the day, which had otherwise been a matter of great exultation.

"I had hopes of finding the clerk," said Antonie, in reply to some observation of Louis; "but I think now that the sharks must have taken him. They followed us back to the Armacao in shoals, and some of the slaves are ready to swear that they saw 'Wise John'* cross our wake more than once. I saw one fellow, myself, with a backfin like that of a killer."

"I saw him, too," said another; "he dogged us from Parrot Island all the way in. He was so close aboard us once, that, if there had been a swivel in the boat I should have shot a lance into him."

"'Little Thunder' would have finished him," said Antonie with a heavy sigh. "But the piece has gone to the bottom with the rest:—Our Lady have mercy on their souls!"

"*Si*," said Louis, "the Captain and Father Paul will look to the masses. Let us go to the *alcovas*. I'm as sleepy as a negro in harvest. Good night!" And yawning, and yawing, as he went, he sought his *rede*,† closely followed by his comrades, who were no less heavily affected by the severe labours of the day. The keeper of the *venda*, on the contrary, lit another torch, and proceeded to arrange his jugs and glasses, in readiness for the harvest which the smoke of the tryworks was always sure to bring into his till.

I shall now proceed to notice briefly the condition of the rural inhabitants of the island, as contrasted with those of the continent. The houses of the former were better built, and more convenient, and their grounds, if less extensive, were cultivated with more care. They were also more secure from the inroads of wild beasts. A few jaguars were still to be met with, and the monkeys, the original denizens of the forest, though, like the parrots, they were considered legitimate food, had not been extirpated from the island. Large predatory bands of the howling species still inhabited the heart of the *matto*, where, all day long, they practised gymnastic exercises on the *timbo*, or wild rigging of parasitical vines, which extended from tree to tree; or, like the moss-troopers of old, at the approach of night, collected in troops for a moonlight foray. The fields of sugar-cane, the vegetable gardens, and the orangeries and bananaries, were the chief objects of their expeditions. With the banded birds and the travelling ant, they had once been the worst enemies of the planter: the dogs, and the occasional use of fire-arms, soon kept the two first-named pests at bay; as for the last, they had never, at any time, been as destructive here as in the northern captaincies, and the heavy showers of summer seem to have swept them away, as the land became gradually cleared.

With a climate, the finest on earth in winter—even the continuous heat of summer being moderated by the mountain gales, and the breeze from the sea—the island planter, by the aid of a few slaves, lived at ease on the flour of the manioc, the fish of the bays, the beef of the pastures, and the delightful fruits of the clime. The cotton grown upon his lands was spun by the women into cloth for his household; his canoes carried the surplus produce of his plantation to the market of the town; the hunt in the forest, the fandango, and the processions of the Romish Church, amused his leisure hours, and an occasional arrival from Rio de Janeiro furnished him with news. The appearance of a slaver, with the refuse of her cargo for sale, formed the great event of his life. The man who possessed a few slaves in such a climate was considered on the high road to prosperity; for a great majority of the negroes were owned by the Company, and employed in the labours of the works.

There were other arrivals of a still more equivocal character, in which he took a decided, though neutral interest. A Spanish coaster would occasionally run into the southern entrance of the strait, and anchor in some convenient haven, not far from the capital, where she would remain for a few days, during which time the Sargento-mor, in a *sumaca*, or smack, of the governor, paid her repeated visits. She was soon off again, and after a longer or shorter period, it would be whispered that the *bergattim* was again in the channel, and the Sargento-mor again busy with the smack. The Spaniard was a smuggler from the Rio de la Plata, and this was the manner in which the transactions at Santa Catharina were carried on. The sovereigns of Spain and Portugal were entitled by law to one-fifth of the precious metals discovered in South American provinces. But gold was exclusively obtained from the Brazilian mines, and silver from those of the Spanish colonies on the Pacific; and the reader will readily understand that no tax was levied in either country upon that metal which was the peculiar product of the other. Now, considerable quantities of the gold were collected in the small streams which flow down the Serra da Santa Catharina to the sea; and this gold was purchased, at a nominal price,

* An enormous shark of the blue species, so-called from its cunning in avoiding the snares laid for him by the slaves of the station.

† Hammock.

of the *grimpeiros** by the governor, who had entered into an arrangement with his Spanish correspondents, by which it was exchanged in the bay of Saint Catharine for silver smuggled from the mines of Péru, across the Andes, on the backs of mules; so that, in this way, their most Catholic Majesties were defrauded of their fifths by their loyal and ingenious servants.

That Don Antonio should be concerned in so flagrant an evasion of the very laws he was sent hither to enforce, will be a matter of small surprise to those acquainted with the official history of these military governors, which, in almost every instance, was marked by crimes of far greater magnitude. The arrivals of this smuggling craft, though apparently unnoticed, were a theme of private remark all over the island; and many a wild tale was told—many a wide estimate made of the great bars of virgin silver stored away in the hidden recesses of the palace.

But be this as it may, blessed with an industrious spirit, and careful to avoid the displeasure of the governor, the island farmer lived and flourished. His house was generally situated on the summit of a gentle rise, in the midst of a grove of orange trees; so numerous were the springs, that it is scarcely hyperbolical to say that through each man's lands ran a rivulet; shaded walks, through grounds covered with cotton and coffee plants, led to the sugar and farina mills, or from dwelling to dwelling; the men cleared and cultivated the soil, the women spun the cotton into garments; the boys fished and tended the few cattle which worked the mills; the children played half-naked on the strand, or beneath the shade of the roof-trees. And so, from day to day—his waking hours passed in improving a grateful soil, and his sleep sweetened by toil,—sped the life of the "*Lavador*," in one of the most delightful regions of the world. It was in the power of the petty despot under whom he lived, to darken at will the sunshine of his existence; but only in this respect was his condition of life the same with that of the less fortunate settler of the continent.

Descended from the frugal and industrious emigrant of the Western Isles,—bound together by the ties of blood, sponsorship, or marriage,—harmless in their lives, and cheerful in their intercourse with each other,—the people of these secluded districts presented a picture of rural life frequently seen in the Brazils. Often has the writer of this sketch, in the roving days of his youth, wandered among the romantic defiles and lovely vales of Saint Catharine—often mused over the wild scenes these shores had witnessed—often sat upon the green bank when the breeze was abroad and golden sunshine on the waves—often imagined, as he inhaled the balmy air, that he could hear a strangely sweet but faint chime of music, mingling with the mimic roar of the tide on the strand of some hidden bay, or keeping time with the white heads of the breakers, as they rose and fell on the granite rocks of the coast.

But though the breeze is there, and "the voice mysterious," the charm of youth is gone, and the chances are, I behold the green isle no more, *Adieuos, bonita Ilha!* Never greener spot greeted pilgrim from the sea—never rose the sun from his ocean bed on fairer isle.

On the main land, especially a little remote from the coast, the cattle districts, the life of the "*Fazendeiro*" more nearly resembled that of the wild *peon* of the more southern *estancias*. His habitation was a mere hovel, the roof thatched with palm leaves. Its furniture consisted of a few stools and matte-cups. On its mud walls hung the spur with its enormous rowel—the tremendous bridle-bit—the *lumbrillio* with its small triangular stirrups of horn and its gay surcingle—the *lasso*—the *bollas*—the cavalry sword, and the rusty firelock. A chest was often used as a seat and a wardrobe, but chairs and tables were of extremely rare occurrence. The family took their meals from a grass mat spread on the floor, where the children also slept. The adults occupied the *alcovas*, or small sleeping closets. Between these, a little arched passage led to a shed behind the house, where the meals were cooked, and a few agricultural implements kept, besides the fishing-rods, the paddles and poles of the canoes, with which they navigated the mountain streams. In another corner might be seen a pickaxe, a lantern or two, and a few mining tools. These latter utensils indicated his connexion with the *grimpeiros*. Fish, fresh or dried, charqued beef boiled with black beans and highly seasoned, formed his principal food; knives and forks, with spoons, were superfluous articles, each person dipped his fingers in the dish, and was supplied with a calabash of dry farina, the grains of which he threw into his mouth with a dexterity acquired by long practice. If any fell to the floor, they were immediately snatched up by the chickens, which hung round the meal, like an enemy's advance round the rearguard of a retreat which endangers the baggage-waggons. They continually exercise the vigilance of the women and children during the meal, though nothing was easier than to shut the door. Why this was not done is a mystery to this day. Small cups of coffee or cocoa-shells of *herba do matto*, or Paraguay tea, were taken at the repast, which was concluded with a plentiful dessert.

The *Fazendeiro*, and his men, passed their time in tending the herds of his pasture—breaking his horses and mules—in chasing the *anta*,* the jaguar, or the wild men. Sometimes he turned *Capitean do Matto*, or Bush Captain, and hunted the runaway slaves of the mountains. His expeditions to the Serra, however, most generally resulted to the profit of his excellency, Don Antonio de Mendonca.

His state of morals was lower, and his opportunities of information less frequent, than those of the fishermen and small planters located directly on the coast. He was much addicted to gambling, and the undue use of the long knife, his constant companion. No quarter was given in his contests with the Indians, who sufficiently tried his temper by murdering his people, cutting down his crops, and carrying off his cattle. These forays sometimes required the presence of the

* A race of contrabandists peculiar to the country.

* The Brazilian tapir.

Sargento-mor and a party of soldiers: the savage, it was true, had not learned the use of fire-arms, and held them in great dread, but he timed his movements so as rarely to be caught at a disadvantage, and shot his barbed arrows home to the mark, with a force not to be despised. In this irregular warfare, the fugitive slaves sometimes acted as guides to the wild men, or formed themselves into small bands in the mountains, where they were hunted down by the herdsmen and the people of the Armacao.

Many interesting incidents, connected with the history of this captaincy—of its capture by the Spaniards in 1777, and its curious characters, some of whom were common to the whole country—are well known to the writer, and may, perhaps, be given to the public in a narrative at some future day.

LONDON STREETS—LIVERY SERVANTS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

We are fond of streets. If we had the free, untrammelled chaperoning of an intelligent traveller in London, we should begin with the streets, and thread them thoroughly before we sought out the accredited lions. There is really nothing so characteristic, even in England, where it might be supposed that to an American, community in language, origin, and general ideas might nullify novelty. The streets of London are London more truly and peculiarly than the galleries of art, the show-places, or even the cathedrals,—for it is in the streets that we see the people with their faces full of everyday expression; all the marks of national bent and habit displayed; the eagerness of gain, the lassitude of pleasure, the consciousness of vice, the despair of poverty. Wealth is more fully shown in the street than in the drawing-room, for the splendors of a night may be hired, but the grandeur and exquisiteness of an equipage can hardly fail, to an instructed eye, to represent truly the fortune and habits of its possessor. English carriages and horses are confessedly the most elegant and perfect in the world, and these abound at certain hours in the West-end streets. It is in these that the most striking difference exists, to the traveller's eye, between London streets and those of our cities. One is ready to conclude that half the people in London have carriages of their own.

But the countenance and manner of the passers on foot are not more like those we meet at home than the equipages. The English are a more natural-mannered, and of course a more individual people than we; and they are therefore better worth looking at in the street. Far from wearing a street face,—a conventional countenance, which makes palpable reference to the fashion and to the opinion of the passers-by, one has the impression that English people look as they feel, or at least, just as they have a mind to look. They do not stare at those they meet; they hardly seem to see you. There is no rapid, anxious perusal of your dress in passing; nothing either that shows you are recognised as a stranger. Nobody but the policeman at the corner ever looks at you full in the face, as if he meant to know you again. Except in the Strand, and other exclusively business-streets, nobody seems in a hurry; and even in those crowded thoroughfares there are quite enough leisurely-looking people to remind you that not everybody works, in England. Driving and walking are both necessarily slow, because of the throng; and if any unexpected detention occur, people do not immediately become frantic, as with us. Gentlemen's servants, in undress liveries, are seen mounted on fine horses, going errands at a very moderate pace, scarce seeming to see the busy faces on either side, but looking sedulously languid and abstracted, as if they were thinking of Hyde Park or St. James's Street, or other regions far removed from vulgar toil and bustle. Now and then a gentleman on horse-back, followed closely by a servant in drab tights and gaiters, with a cockaded hat, threads his quiet way towards the Bank, his very eye telling you that he is going only to draw money, not to earn or make it. Now a great, open, family carriage, with mamma and governess and some neatly dressed children, stops before a book or toy-shop, and the footman makes journeys back and forth, and anxious shopmen pass in and out, while the occupants of the carriage wear the air of the most enviable tranquillity, till the last article is offered and approved; and the footman, with a slight sign of the hand to the coachman, jumps to his place, and the perfect equipage rolls onward as if, like heaven's gates, "on golden hinges turning." But the most numerous vehicles are one-horse cabs, which are used by all ranks, the hackney ones hired at very cheap rates, and private ones very neat but plain, and popular with those who can do as they like, and like to be comfortable rather than splendid. London streets set us an example in this respect, which it would be well to consider.

We explore the West End, with its parks, its palaces, its magnificent breadths, and still more magnificent quietude; we are as much oppressed with the weight of centuries as at Thebes or Karnak.

The sense of how long it must have taken to bring these things to their present pass, adds an element of sublimity to the actual impression. Every house is so jealously guarded from intrusive eyes, that any thought of neighbourhood or community is precluded. Doors are attempted only by servants, for no bevies of ladies are Servants and horses are the only living creatures ever seen making morning calls on foot, as with us, that move on the pavement, if we except the mechanics and trades-people required by those oyster-like residences. The air is full of silence,

rendered all the deeper by the distant roar of the peopled city, or made striking by the occasional clatter of hoofs and wheels. There is no hint of common life at those aristocratic doors. Now and then a footman lingers a little for a chat with a pied brother, or takes a look up and down the street before he makes all fast again; but when he goes in, it is with the air of Robinson Crusoe retreating into his fortress and drawing the ladder up after him.

The question has sometimes occurred to us why is a livery-servant in London so different an object to a livery-servant in New York? In London, servants in livery are an appropriate and rather fascinating part of the street panorama. We speak now of every-day liveries,—those which simply mark the condition of the wearer, and indicate to the initiated the distinguished family in whose service he is. State-liveries are quite another affair,—the most horrid caricatures of human costume; mere grotesque disguises in the worst taste; the last contortion of ingenious pride; as silly as the whim of a certain exquisite to personate a game-cock at a masquerade, with the additional "features" of clapping his wings and crowing. Our Anglo-Saxon blood boils at the sight of Englishmen degraded enough to be proud of such disguises. Yet it is not worth while to consider the wearers as men, while they carry about these strange shells of lace and frippery—they are machines; parts of a system; they have for the time no souls of their own; they are bought and sold, in effect, by virtue of a contract, signed with the vital current of their minds, to the demon of this world, the deadly antagonist of the spirit of health and of a sound mind. The maximum of intelligence to be found under those liveries is not sufficient to build a shanty in the Western wilds and provide bread and salt for its inmates. Yet beings of this grade—as necessary to an aristocracy as dukes and earls—fare sumptuously every day, and are full of second-hand haughtiness, practise the worst vices of their employers, and look down with contempt upon the honest tradesman who works for his living.

We do not mean to say that they are of a different class from the men who ornament London streets in ordinary liveries, for they are one and the same; but only that, as showing-up the thing in its true character by exhibiting it carried out to extremes, they suggest deeper and more unpleasing thoughts. English livery-servants in their every-day costume, unlike their continental brethren, are rather gentlemanly as well as picturesque-looking men. We do not mean exactly gentlemanly like the gentlemen of to-day in society; but with an old-fashioned tinge, like the genteel men in genteel comedy. There is an air of antiquity about them, so that you cannot help, even in the common street, feeling as if they belonged to a past age, and were only walking about in a sort of ghostly dream on the *pavé* of to-day. They are tall and well made, somewhat pale and delicate in complexion, owing to late hours and unwholesome habits; their manners are languid and indifferent,—a trick caught from their employers, who depend on it for much stylish effect. Mrs. Browning hits off the studied outside of the masters well, in her poem of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship:"

"Very finely courteous,—far too proud to doubt his domination
Of the common people, he atones for grandeur by a bow.
High, straight forehead; nose of eagle; cold blue eyes of less expression
Than resistance; coldly casting off the looks of other men
As steel arrows; unelastic lips, which seem to *taste possession*,
And be cautious lest the common air should injure or distrain."

It is not wonderful that a footman should reflect that which most distinguishes his master from the commonality; for the quality which makes him rather be a footman than a blacksmith disposes him to instinctive, indolent imitation. Effeminacy is essentially imitative, having no energies to expand upon originating. The master's proudly quiet manners may tacitly refer to the history of a past age, or to a consciousness of the wealth that can buy everything but history; but the servant is only a mirror, with nothing better or deeper than a board to back it; giving the image, but knowing nothing of the soul of what it reflects.

It would be a curious thing to find out how large the mental horizon of a regular footman really is. To us he seems less than the ninth part of a man. He who "sits a' day prickin' at a clout, like a lassie," has a house of his own, though it be a poor one; he orders his own dinner, though potatoes be the only dish; his wife and children look up to him with a distinct notion of the place he holds in creation, as being husband (house-band), and father, and holding a recognised position in society. But a footman has no separate entity; he is an appendage, a complement, part of another man's equipage, like a horse or dog, and of just equal importance; a paltry gilt frame to an exquisite picture; the padding of a court coat on which are embroidered grand badges of honour; a piece of the soft carpet (only the upper side cared for) on which fortunate men walk daintily up to consideration and higher fortune. He is the band of no house; if he have children, they are not brought up in his sight. He has no citizenship, for his interest is merged in that of his master; if he think of public affairs, it is like a dunce; if he talk of them, it is like a parrot. His notion of a legislator is of a gentleman who goes to "the 'Ouse' every evening for a certain number of weeks, is asked out to dinner and gives dinners in return, and in September runs down into the country for the shooting season. He is well versed in the politics of the servants' hall; stands up manfully against cold meat, and is "above 'peaching" on the butler's peccadilloes, so long as that official furnishes ale of a proper strength; but beyond these points he is "in wandering mazes lost"—incapacitated even for wishing, with regard to public affairs.

It would be one of the most curious shows imaginable, to see a thorough-bred footman, and a vivid, untamed backwoodsman face to face on

a western prairie. The wild man would look upon his liveried brother with a wonder tinged with pity and contempt. He would probably think at first that the strange object must be "some play-actoring fellow," or a stray member of the caravan whose show-bills decorated the village when he last carried wheat to market, while the poor travestied Anglo-Saxon from the old world would gaze with timid eye on the rough-rinded farmer, brown and knotty as one of his own oaks, and secretly conclude him a representative of the cruel aborigines, but one remove from the scalpers and tomahawkers of whom he had dimly heard through Canadian emigrants. Let these two far-divided brethren be compelled to pass the day together—the one about his daily business, the other as an inquirer into the habits of the country and the means of obtaining a livelihood. How could their minds approach each other? How bridge over the immense chasm that lie between the life-maxims of a western freeman and those of a London footman? How find words significant to both of the same idea? In the footman's mind, "nice people" are people that keep their own carriage; while the western man applies that term chiefly to neighbours who are willing to lend everything they have, and never ask to have anything returned. The Londoner, if he ever happen to have heard the old-fashioned word, "hospitality," would understand by it giving splendid dinners, or filling one's country residence with gay company at Christmas; while our prairie friend would intend no less than accommodating a neighbour with a night's lodging, though the only spare bed were in your sitting-room, where father, mother, and children were already provided for; or taking in for a few weeks a forlorn family of Irish emigrants, half of them sick with the ague, and none of them possessed of a dollar wherewith to help themselves. If the farmer was in high spirits and inclined to boast of "success," what would the exotic from Piccadilly think when he was introduced to a rough and bare log cabin, standing in the midst of fields disfigured by stumps, and only half-fenced; the wife, worn with toil, nursing her baby and churning at the same time; the eldest daughter washing the dishes, and the little boy cutting his toes instead of splitting kindling-wood, as he had been desired to do? We can fancy just how the unhappy lackey would look and feel, if he were forced to begin life anew in such circumstances; but we can well believe, nevertheless, that though it might require many a hard rub to get the nonsense out of him, yet in the end his good blood would triumph, and he would learn to be a man among men, and look back to his days of "flunkyhood" with a perfect loathing.

It is only just, after this fancy sketch, to imagine our hero of the axe bewitched into the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square or Park Lane, and required to fill the forsaken shoes of the individual whom we have just seen adopted by the forest. But the picture cannot possibly be a true match to the other, for the simple reason that no earthly power, to say nothing stronger, could ever force the backwoodsman into the livery of which his English brother was once proud. And how about the powdered head, which we have as yet said nothing about? Could a farmer ever consent to such impiety as the use of wheat—wheat! his grand staple—his daily thought and nightly dream—his synonyme for plenty—the ladder of his hopes—we had almost said the god of his idolatry—as an adjunct to the larded locks of a stander behind other men's chairs? We can fancy some kitchen *friseur* attempting to turn his black locks piebald by the application of distinct patches of white flour, according to the approved standard of Belgravia; but we see also the potent fists of the neophyte, going round like steam-paddles, in resistance; and we should portend woe to the unhappy artist if he carried the joke too far. Next we stick a very tall cane into Jonathan's hand, and order him to mount the foot-board and hold on for his life, ready nevertheless to jump down and offer a gentle elbow to his mistress, when she alights to cheapen a pair of tweezers at Strudwick's, or to try a court dress at Miss Mortimer's. Or we place him on a landing, in the midst of tropical plants and very classical statues, to call names for several hours, not according to the thoughts that would arise in his heart, but according to the "Red Book;"—"Lady Nims!" "The Right Honorable Henry Algernon Gulliver!" and so on, while a shoulder-knotted brother at the head of the stairs echoes him like a mocking-bird, and the gentleman usher at the drawing-room door repeats the story. Would our green one call this an *easy* mode of getting his living? or would he long for his plough, his harrow, and his heavy boots; his supper-table, covered with hot bread and fried pork; and the privilege of voting at elections, and being himself elected path-master or constable.

We must not, however, hypocritically pretend that we are altogether of our rustic neighbour's mind and impulses in this matter. All our Americanism does not prevent us from perceiving and confessing that livery-servants are a very fascinating and graceful accessory to grandeur. The grandeur once accepted as right and proper, liveries are quite in keeping, and livery-servants the most splendid of human chattels. Those who have never seen this class of movables, may picture to themselves a number of well-looking men in militia uniforms, in attendance upon ladies and gentlemen and horses elegantly dressed, and sedulously ignoring the existence of any other kind of people and any other business in life. This makes, of course, a display of magnificence which is enhanced by a touch of mystery, since both servants and masters affect to belong to a world entirely unconnected with our everyday one (though we need not say they bear no particular marks of affinity with that which we are in the habit of designating as a "better" world). Liveries are quite as various, as gay, and as ridiculous as the uniforms of any of our city volunteers. A sky-blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and scarlet breeches, would be thought no unsuitable conjunction as a mark of servitude; and, in point of fact, liveries in this taste are often chosen by

parties in whose estimation "quietness" is the one crowning grace of human costume. There is refinement of cruelty in this, or rather refinement of haughtiness, for your true footman-soul believes itself inferior, and is prompted to no cutting comparisons. The feeling of *caste* is so sincere and operative in England, that it not only influences the whole moral life of the country, but extends beyond the grave, apparently without a misgiving on the part of master or servant. How many a tomb-stone bears such an inscription as this: "Erected by MARMADUKE MILLINGTON, of B——, in the county of ——, ESQUIRE, in memory of the humble virtues of John Stubbs, for thirty years a faithful SERVANT in his family." One's mind passes spontaneously from such an epitaph to the appearance of the great man and the little man side by side before a bar where no liveries are recognised, and where the very same virtues, not a different set, are exacted from servant and master. But it will not do for us to follow the subject into its most serious recesses.

English haughtiness differs from American haughtiness in being sincere; and this brings us back to the thought with which we began—the different effect, picturesque as well as moral,—between English and American liveries. The sincerity of haughtiness is impious, the imitation or affectation of it more simply ridiculous, so that we should gain nothing by being honest in this matter. But is it not mortifying that Americans can weakly sell the birthright for a price too contemptible for valuation? We look down upon people who, hoping to seem what they are not, condescend to wear false jewellery and other mockeries of the rich; but what paste diamond or glass ruby is meaner than pretences at livery in the establishments of people of yesterday? The only grandeur at which American society can aim with honour, is that of a bold and true simplicity of manners; courage which dares to live out its natural and staple ideas; independence founded on conscious power or worth, which can afford to be original in small things as in great ones. The moment we forget this, and seek to mimic, at an immeasurable distance, the feudal tricks of decaying aristocracy, we renounce our real, undeniable claims, and get absolutely nothing in return. We condescend to imitation where equality is impossible, and confess a longing which Providence has, at our desire, put it out of our power to gratify. From so humiliating a position may all true descendants of our patriot sires be preserved!

There is but one way in which liveries can be made true badges of American nobility: this is by making them expressive of the origin of the families they are intended to dignify. The glory of our society is, that the highest spring from the humblest;—and it should, therefore, be the aim of an enlightened pride to express this great fact,—never generally operative in any other country known to history,—in whatever public manifestations of present prosperity we see fit to adopt. If there is anything of which we may be exclusively vain-glorious, it is that the son of the humblest mechanic may and does acquire, by worth and talent, not only wealth, but position and influence: while mere riches, though they command a certain consideration from the *esprit de corps* of the rich, and some servility from the meanness of the needy, do absolutely nothing towards securing public respect or esteem. Let us then, if we long for aristocratic distinctions, boldly seize those which belong to us. If few of us can trace back to gentlemen who, when they coveted a neighbour's property, stabbed him and took it, we can claim a far more honourable descent from honest farmers and carpenters, tailors and hatters. Surely he who tills the ground in the fear of God is a better man than he who soaks it with blood for his own selfish ends,—he who builds his house honestly, than he who wrenches it from another by the strong hand. We may say to the feudal system and all that belongs to it: "Oh, thou enemy! destructions are come to a perpetual end." The spirit of to-day is constructive; and, if we use the ruins of the past, it must be to build on a new plan. Why not, then, devise badges of our true honour? American liveries would so be grand, indeed. Alas, that those who adopt something so called should so often be found ashamed of their honest grandfathers! The grandfathers doubtless return the compliment, if they take cognizance of such matters.

We have seen as yet no attempt in our country to establish distinguishing marks of female servitude; but there seems to be no good reason why we should not humbly imitate England in this, as well as in putting collars and handcuffs on the men who drive our carriages or stand behind them. A woman-servant in England is considered insolent if she appear without a cap; and, in addition to this, her employers claim the right to enforce sumptuary regulations as to her general costume. It must indicate her station unmistakably; and the slightest direct attempt at imitating those above her would be deemed insubordinate and ominous of evil. A silk gown would be "flat burglary" in any servant below the rank of housekeeper. We ought to except the governess; who, though considered merely as an upper though peculiarly vexatious and trying servant, in most English families, is not restricted in the choice of her costume, except by the smallness of her salary. Shall we carry our aping throughout consistently? Shall we insist on caps, frown on silk dresses, and treat the instructors of our children as inferiors,—thus doing our best to make them such?

So small a proportion of those who get their bread by domestic service in this country are Americans, that we need hardly consider how outward badges of servitude would sit upon the native American, or how they might in time affect his character. The very name of servant is a yoke too heavy for his pride. He is willing to perform a thousand menial offices under any other name; call him your friend, and he will act as your slave; call him your servant, and he will soon show you that he is his own master. He has not the least objection to the things to be done, but only to the position he must occupy in doing them; so that while no money could hire him to put on a gay dress of your choosing

and stand idle in your entry, he will build stone fence for you, or risk his life on your roof, with no thought that he lowers himself by performing labour for your benefit. Work is his glory, servitude his detestation; there is not the least danger that he will ever, even for the sake of the "almighty dollar," become a livery-servant; though he may so far forget himself as to keep one. His trangression of the democratic (or Gospel) principle will never take that form. Our protest against American liveries regards employers only.

In view of this national feeling against domestic servitude,—for the national objection is awakened far short of liveries,—some people are a good deal concerned as to what we shall do for servants, after the overflow of nations still subject to feudal ideas shall have ceased, and those who are now hewers of wood and drawers of water in tolerable contentment, shall have become thoroughly Americanized in feeling, and at the same time possessed of comfortable American homes of their own. This would be a very sad state of things indeed! That there should be no class of people poor enough to consent to live in our kitchens, and work for us instead of for themselves, would be "most tolerable and not to be borne!" It cannot be that Providence means to deal so hardly with us, as to diffuse the advantages we prize so highly over the entire body of our citizens. Lord Lyttleton's Flavia says:—

> "Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel!
> Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle!"

So may we exclaim:—

> "Without the poor, what joys could wealth afford!
> Without a servant, who would be a lord?"

The sense of contrast gives the zest to our advantages. A truly republican plainness of living would probably be the deplorable result of this hardly supposable state of things. But, without fearing anything so remote, would it not be prudent to provide, in some measure, against the possible evils of universal prosperity? Perhaps if we could make up our minds to treat our servants as fellow-citizens now, the time when they would be disposed to shake off our service might be deferred. If we could refrain from enforcing *caste* in our treatment of our domestics; if we could engage the services of a cook as we do those of a shoemaker or a mason, *i. e.*, without assumption on one side, or a hollow servility on the other, cooking might become a recognised trade, and our tables be well supplied, even after starvation no longer threatened a concocter of plum-puddings, who should insist upon being "as good as anybody!" Would it be dangerous to recognise the soul of a chambermaid? Would it not rather be apt to make her a better one, and longer content with the broom and duster, if we consulted her feelings, expressed an interest in her welfare, and saved her pride as much as possible? At present, it seems to be supposed that in the agreement as to wages a certain amount of contumely is bargained for,—not loud, indeed, but deep,—not in words so much as in thoughts, and in the actions which flow unconsciously from thoughts. While this is the case, we cannot have American servants, and we ought not to have them. Our countrymen and countrywomen can do better; and so they forsake a business which ought to be as comfortable and lucrative as any other which demands the same grade of ability, and leave us to be half-served by people whose lack of both principle and capacity is too often the very reason why they are willing to be servants. The consequence is, unspeakable wear and tear of temper, all sorts of loss and mismanagement in our kitchens, corrupting examples for our children, and temptation to inhuman prejudice in ourselves. The English treat their servants far better, with regard to the national ideas, than we do our's, considering our profession of democratic principle. We shall be forced, sooner or later, to harmonize more nearly our political theory and our social practice; and it will undoubtedly be discovered, in time, that the only key to this difficulty, as to others growing out of our noble theory of life, is to be found in the gospel of Christ.

WEBSTER'S STYLE, AS AN ORATOR.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

THE secret of his style is not to be found in Kames or Blair, but in his own mental and moral constitution. There is a tough, sinewy strength in his diction, which gives it almost muscular power in forcing its way to the heart and understanding. Occasionally, his words are of that kind which are called "half battles, stronger than most men's deeds." In the course of an abstract discussion, or a clear statement of facts, he will throw in a sentence which makes us almost spring to our feet. When vehemently roused, either from the excitement of opposition, or in unfolding a great principle which fills and expands his soul, or in paying homage to some noble exemplar of virtue and genius, his style has a Miltonic grandeur and roll, which can hardly be surpassed for majestic eloquence. In that exulting rush of the mind, when every faculty is permeated by feeling, and works with all the force of passion, his style has a corresponding swiftness and energy, and seems endowed with power to sweep all obstacles from its path. In those inimitable touches of wit and sarcasm, also, where so much depends on the selection and collocation of apt and expressive language, and where the object is to pelt and to tease rather than to crush, his diction glibes easily into colloquial forms, and sparkles with animation and point. In the speech in reply to Hayne the variety of his style is admirably exemplified. The pungency and force of many strokes of sarcasm in this celebrated production, the rare felicity of their expression, the energy and compression of the wit and the skill with which all are made subsidiary to the general purpose of the orator, afford fine examples of what may be termed the "Science of Debate."

MINUTE PHILOSOPHIES.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Nature there
Was with thee; she who loved us both, she still
Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
A silent poet; from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart,
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised, like a blind man's touch."

WORDSWORTH.

A SUMMER or two since, I was wasting a college vacation among the beautiful creeks and falls in the neighborhood of New York. In the course of my wanderings, up stream and down stream, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and never without a book for an excuse to loiter on the mossy banks, and beside the edge of running water, I met frequently a young man of a peculiarly still and collected eye, and a forehead more like a broad slab of marble than a human brow. His mouth was small and thinly cut; his chin had no superfluous flesh upon it; and his whole appearance was that of a man whose intellectual nature prevailed over the animal. He was evidently a scholar. We had met so frequently, at last, that, on passing each other, one delicious morning, we bowed and smiled simultaneously, and, without further introduction, entered into conversation.

It was a temperate day in August, with a clear but not oppressive sun, and we wandered down a long creek together, mineralising here, botanising there, and examining the strata of the ravines, with that sort of instinctive certainty of each other's attainments which scholars always feel, and thrusting in many a little wayside parenthesis, explanatory of each other's history and circumstances. I found that he was one of those pure and unambitious men, who, by close application and moderate living, while in college, become in love with their books; and, caring little for anything more than the subsistence which philosophy tells them is enough to have of this world, settle down into a wicker-bottomed chair, more contentedly than if it were the cushion of a throne.

We were together three or four days, and when I left him, he gave me his address, and promised to write to me. I shall give below an extract from one of his letters. I had asked him for a history of his daily habits, and any incidents which he might choose to throw in,—hinting to him that I was a dabbler in literature and would be obliged to him if he would do it minutely, and in a form of which I might avail myself in the way of publication.

After some particulars, unimportant to the reader, he proceeds:—

"I keep a room at a country tavern. It is a quiet, out-of-the-way place, with a whole generation of elms about it, and the greenest grass up to the very door, and the pleasantest view in the whole country round, from my chamber window. Though it is a public house, and the word 'HOTEL' swings in golden capitals under a landscape of two hills and a river, painted by some wandering Tintoretto, it is so orderly a town, that not a lounger is ever seen about the door; and the noisiest traveller is changed to a quiet man, as if it were by the very hush of the atmosphere.

"Here, in my pleasant room, upon the second floor, with my round table covered with choice books, my shutters closed just so much as to admit light enough for a painter, and my walls hung with the pictures which adorned my college chambers, and are therefore linked with a thousand delightful associations, I can study my twelve hours a-day, in a state of mind sufficiently even and philosophical. I do not want for excitement. The animal spirits, thanks to the Creator, are enough at all times, with employment and temperate living, to raise us above the common shadows of life; and after a day of studious confinement, when my mind is unbound, and I go out and give it up to reckless association, and lay myself open unreservedly to the influences of nature,—at such a time, there comes mysteriously upon me a degree of pure joy, unmingled and unaccountable, which is worth years of artificial excitement. The common air seems to have grown rarer; my step is strangely elastic; my sense of motion full of unwonted dignity; my thoughts elevated; my perceptions of beauty acuter and more pleasurable; and my better nature predominant and sublime. There is nothing in the future which looks difficult, nothing in my ambition unattainable; nothing in the past which cannot be reconciled with good: I am a purer and a better man; and though I am elevated in my own thoughts, it will not lead to vanity, for my ideas of God, and of my fellow-men, have been enlarged also. This excitement ceases soon; but it ceases like the bubbling of a fountain, which leaves the waters purer for the influence which has passed through them,—not like the mirth of the world, which ebbs like an unnatural tide, and leaves loathsomeness and disgust.

"Let no one say that such a mode of life is adapted to peculiar constitutions, and can be relished by those only. Give me the veriest worldling,—the most devoted, and the happiest of fashionable ephemera, and if he has material for a thought, and can take pride in the improvement of his nature, I will so order his daily round, that, with temperance and exercise, he

shall be happier in one hour spent within himself, than in ten wasted on folly.

"Few know the treasures in their own bosoms,—very few the elasticity and capacity of a well-regulated mind for enjoyment. The whole world of philosophers, and historians, and poets, seem, to the secluded student, but to have labored for his pleasure; and as he comes to one new truth and beautiful thought after another, there answers a chord of joy, richer than music, in his heart, which spoils him for the coarser pleasures of the world. I have seen my college chum—a man, who, from a life of mingled business and pleasure, became suddenly a student,—lean back in his chair, at the triumph of an argument, or the discovery of a philosophical truth, and give himself up for a few moments to the enjoyment of sensations, which, he assured me, surpassed exceedingly the most vivid pleasures of his life. The mind is like the appetite, when healthy and well-toned, receiving pleasure from the commonest food; but becoming a disease when pampered and neglected. Give it time to turn in upon itself; satisfy its restless thirst for knowledge, and it will give birth to health, to animal spirits, to everything which invigorates the body, while it is advancing by every step the capacities of the soul. Oh! if the runners after pleasure would stoop down by the wayside, they might drink waters better even than those which they see only in their dreams. They will not be told that they have in their possession the golden key which they covet; they will not know that the music they look to enchant them is sleeping in their own untouched instruments; that the lamp which they vainly ask from the enchanter, is burning in their own bosoms?

"When I first came here, my host's eldest daughter was about twelve years of age. She was, without being beautiful, an engaging child, rather disposed to be contemplative, and, like all children at that age, very inquisitive and curious. She was shy at first, but soon became acquainted with me; and would come into my room in her idle hours, and look at my pictures, and read. She never disturbed me, because her natural politeness forbade it; and I pursued my thoughts or my studies just as if she were not there, till, by-and-bye, I grew fond of her quiet company, and was happier when she was moving stealthily around, and looking into a book here and there in her quiet way.

"She had been my companion thus for some time, when it occurred to me that I might be of use to her in leading her to cultivate a love for study. I seized the idea enthusiastically. Now, thought I, I will see the process of a human mind. I have studied its philosophy from books, and now I will take a single original, and compare them, step by step. I have seen the bud, and the flower full blown, and I am told that the change was gradual, and effected thus—leaf after leaf. Now I will watch the expansion, and while I water it and let in the sunshine to its bosom, detect the secret springs which move to such beautiful results. The idea delighted me.

"I was aware that there was great drudgery in the first steps, and I determined to avoid it, and connect the idea of my own instruction with all that was delightful and interesting to her mind. For this purpose I persuaded her father to send her to a better school than she had been accustomed to attend, and, by a little conversation, stimulated her to enter upon her studies with alacrity.

"She was now grown to a girl, and had begun to assume the *naïve*, womanly airs which girls do at her age. Her figure had rounded into a flowing symmetry, and her face, whether from associating principally with an older person, or from what other reason I know not, had assumed a thoughtful cast, and she was really a girl of most interesting and striking personal appearance.

"I did not expect much from the first year of my experiment. I calculated justly on its being irksome and common-place. Still I was amused and interested. I could hear her light step on the stair, always at the same early hour of the evening, and it was a pleasure to me to say 'Come in' to her timid rap, and set her a chair by my own, that I might look over her book, or talk in a low tone to her. I then asked her about her lessons, and found out what had most attracted her notice, and I could always find some interesting fact connected with it, or strike off into some pleasant association, till she acquired a habit of selection in her reading, and looked at me earnestly to know what I would say upon it. You would have smiled to see her leaning forward, with her soft blue eye fixed on me, and her lips half parted with attention, waiting for my ideas upon some bare fact in geography or history; and it would have convinced you that the natural, unstimulated mind takes pleasure in the simplest addition to its knowledge.

"All this time I kept out of her way every thing that would have a tendency to destroy a taste for mere knowledge, and had the pleasure to see that she passed with keen relish from her text-books to my observations, which were as dry as they, though recommended by kindness of tone and an interested manner. She acquired gradually, by this process, a habit of reasoning upon everything which admitted it, which was afterwards of great use in fixing and retaining the leading features of her attainments.

"I proceeded in this way till she was fifteen. Her mind had now become inured to regular habits of inquiry, and she began to ask difficult questions and wonder at common things. Her thoughts assumed a graver complexion, and she asked for books upon subjects of which she felt the want of information. She was ready to receive and appreciate truth and instruction, and here was to begin my pleasure.

"She came up one evening with an air of embarrassment approaching to distress. She took her usual seat, and told me that she had been thinking all day that it was useless to study any more. There were so many mysterious things; so much, even that she could see, which she could not account for, and, with all her efforts, she got on so slowly, that she was discouraged. It was better, she said, to be happy in ignorance,

than to be constantly tormented with the sight of knowledge to which she could not attain, and which she only knew enough to value. Poor child! she did not know that she was making the same complaint with Newton, and Locke, and Bacon, and that the wisest of men were only 'gatherers of pebbles on the shore of an illimitable sea.' I began to talk to her of the mind. I spoke of its grandeur, and its capacities, and its destiny. I told her instances of high attainment and wonderful discovery; sketched the sublime philosophies of the soul, the possibility that this life was but a link in a chain of existences, and the glorious power, if it were true, of entering upon another world, with a loftier capacity than your fellow-beings for the comprehension of its mysteries. I then touched upon the duty of self-cultivation, the pride of a high consciousness of improved time, and the delicious feelings of self-respect and true appreciation.

"She listened to me in silence, and wept. It was one of those periods, which occur to all delicate minds, of distrust and fear; and when it passed by, and her ambition stirred again, she gave vent to her feelings with a woman's beautiful privilege. I had no more trouble to urge her on. She began the next day with the philosophy of the mind, and I was never happier than while following her from step to step in this delightful study.

"I have always thought that the most triumphant intellectual feeling we ever experience, is felt upon the first opening of philosophy. It is like the interpretation of a dream of a lifetime. Every topic seems to you like a phantom of your own mind, from which a mist has suddenly melted. Every feature has a kind of half familiarity, and you remember musing upon it for hours, till you gave it up with an impatient dissatisfaction. Without a definite shape, this or that very idea has floated in your mind continually. It was a phenomenon without a name; a something which you could not describe to your friend, and which, by-and-bye, you come to believe was peculiar to yourself, and would never be brought out or unravelled. You read on, and the blood rushes to your face, in a tumultuous consciousness, you have had feelings in peculiar situations which you could not define, and here are their very features; and you know now that it was jealousy, or ambition, or love. There have been moments when your faculties seemed blinded or reversed. You could not express yourself at all when you felt you should be eloquent. You could not fix your mind upon the subject, of which, before, you had been passionately fond. You felt an aversion for your very partialities, or a strange warming in your heart toward people or pursuits that you had disliked; and when the beauty of the natural world has burst upon you, as it sometimes will, with an exceeding glory, you have turned away from it with a deadly sickness of heart, and a wish that you might die.

"These are mysteries which are not all soluble even by philosophy. But you can see enough of the machinery of thought to know its tendencies; and, like the listener to mysterious music, it is enough to have seen the instrument, without knowing the cunning craft of the player.

"I remembered my school-day feelings, and lived them over again with my beautiful pupil. I entered, with as much enthusiasm as she, into the strength and sublimity which I had wondered at before; and I believe that, even as she sat reading by herself, my blood thrilled, and my pulses quickened, as vividly as her own, when I saw, by the deepening colour of her cheek, or the marked passages of my book, that she had found a noble thought or a daring hypothesis.

"She proceeded with her course of philosophy rapidly and eagerly. Her mind was well prepared for its relish. She said she felt as if a new sense had been given her,—an inner eye, which she could turn in upon herself, and by which she could, as it were, stand aside while the process of thought went on. She began to respect and to rely upon her own mind, and the elevation of countenance and manner, which so certainly and so beautifully accompanies inward refinement, stole over her daily. I began to feel respectful in her presence, and when, with the peculiar elegance of a woman's mind, she discovered a delicate shade of meaning which I had not seen, or traced an association which could spring only from an unsullied heart, I experienced a sensation like the consciousness of an unseen presence, elevating, without alarming me.

"It was probably well that with all this change in her mind and manner, her person still retained its childish grace and flexibility. She had not grown tall, and she wore her hair yet as she used to do, falling with a luxuriant fullness upon her shoulders. Hence she was still a child, when, had she been taller or more womanly, the demands upon her attention, and the attractiveness of mature society, might have divided that engrossing interest which is necessary to successful study.

"I have often wished I was a painter; but never so much as when looking on this beautiful being as she sat absorbed in her studies, or turned to gaze up a moment to my face, with that delicious expression of inquiry and affection. Every one knows the elevation given to the countenance of a man by contemplative habits. Perhaps the natural delicacy of feminine features has combined, with its rarity, to make this expression less observable in woman; but, to one familiar with the study of the human face, there is, in the look of a truly intellectual woman, a keen subtlety of refinement, a separation from everything gross and material, which comes up to our highest dream of the angelic. For myself, I care not to analyze it. I leave it to philosophy to find out its secret. It is enough for me that I can see and feel it in every pulse of my being. It is not a peculiar susceptibility. Every man who approaches such a woman feels it. He may not define it; he may be totally unconscious what it is that awes him; but he feels as if a mysterious and invisible veil were about her, and every dark thought is quenched suddenly in his heart, as if he had come into the atmosphere of a spirit. I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother, who prays

nightly for the peculiar watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave round her a defence stronger than steel; that she may place in her heart a living amulet, whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution. I am not 'stringing pearls.' I have seen, and I know, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel; and in the melancholy chronicle of female ruin, the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the 'point of a diamond,' and I were writing on living hearts! For when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honor; and when I think how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed utterly, by a daughter's degradation, I feel, that if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant!

"My pupil had, as yet, read no poetry. I was uncertain how to enter upon it. Her taste for the beautiful in prose had become so decided, that I feared for the first impression of my poetical world. I wished it to burst upon her brilliantly, like the entrance to an inner and more magnificent temple of knowledge. I hoped to dazzle her with a high and unimagined beauty, which should exceed far the massive but plain splendors of philosophy. We had often conversed on the probability of a previous existence, and one evening I opened Wordsworth, and read his sublime 'Ode upon Intimations of Immortality.' She did not interrupt me, but I looked up at the conclusion, and she was in tears. I made no remark, but took up Byron, and read some of the finest passages in 'Childe Harold,' and 'Manfred,' and 'Cain,' and, from that time poetry has been her world!

"It would not have been so earlier. It needs the simple and strong nutriment of truth to fit us to relish and feel poetry. The mind must have strength and cultivated taste, and then it is like a language from Heaven. We are astonished at its power and magnificence. We have been familiar with knowledge as with a person of plain garment and a homely presence, and he comes to us in poetry, with the state of a king, glorious in purple and gold. We have known him as an unassuming friend, who talked with us by the wayside, and kept us company on our familiar paths; and see him coming with a stately step, and a glittering diadem on his brow; and we wonder that we did not see that his plain garment honored him not, and his bearing were fitter for a king!

"Poetry entered to the very soul of Caroline Grey. It was touching an unreached string, and she felt as if the whole compass of her heart were given out. I used to read to her for hours, and it was beautiful to see her eye kindle, and her cheek burn with excitement. The sublimed mysticism and spirituality of Wordsworth were her delight, and she feasted upon the deep philosophy and half-hidden tenderness of Coleridge.

"I had observed, with some satisfaction, that in the rapid development of her mental powers, she had not found time to study nature. She knew little of the character of the material creation, and I now commenced walking constantly abroad with her at sunset, and at all the delicious seasons of moonlight, and starlight, and dawn. It came in well with her poetry. I cannot describe the effect. She became, like all who are, for the first time, made sensible of the glories around them, a worshipper of the external world.

"There is a time when nature first loses its familiarity, and seems suddenly to have become beautiful. This is true even of those who have been taught early habits of observation. The mind of a child is too feeble to comprehend, and does not soon learn, the scale of sublimity and beauty. He would not be surprised if the sun were brighter, or if the stars were sown thicker in the sky. He sees that the flower is beautiful, and he feels admiration at the rainbow; but he would not wonder if the dyes of the flower were deeper, or if the sky were laced to the four corners with the colors of a prism. He grows up with these splendid phenomena at work about him, till they have become common, and, in their most wonderful forms, cease to attract his attention. Then his senses are suddenly, as by an invisible influence, unsealed, and, like the proselyte of the Egyptian pyramids, he finds himself in a magnificent temple, and hears exquisite music, and is dazzled by surpassing glory. He never recovers his indifference. The perpetual changes of nature keep alive his enthusiasm, and if his taste is not dulled by subsequent debasement, the pleasure he receives from it flows on like a stream, wearing deeper and calmer.

"Caroline now became my constant companion. The changes of the natural world have always been my chief source of happiness, and I was curious to know whether my different sensations, under different circumstances, were peculiar to myself. I left her, therefore, to lead the conversation, without any expression of my feelings, and, to my surprise and delight, she invariably struck their tone, and pursued the same vein of reflection. It convinced me of what I had long thought might be true—that there was, in the varieties of natural beauty, a hidden meaning, and a delightful purpose of good; and, if I am not deceived, it is a new and beautiful evidence of the proportion and extent of God's benevolent wisdom. Thus, you may remember the peculiar effect of the early dawn; the deep, unruffled serenity, and the perfect collectedness of your senses. You may remember the remarkable purity that pervades the stealing in of color, and the vanishing of the cold shadows of grey; the heavenly quiet that seems infused, like a visible spirit, into the pearly depths of the east, as the light violet tints become deeper in the upper sky, and the morning mist rises up like a veil of silvery film, and softens away its intensity; and then you will remember how the very beatings of your heart grew quiet, and you felt an irresistible impulse to pray! There was no irregular delight, no indefinite sensation, no ecstasy. It was deep, unbroken repose, and your pulses were free from the fever of life, and your reason was lying awake in its chamber.

"There is a hush also at noon; but it is not

like the morning. You have been mingling in the business of the world, and you turn aside, weary and distracted, for rest. There is a far depth in the intense blue of the sky which takes in the spirit, and you are content to lie down and sleep in the cool shadow, and forget even your existence. How different from the cool wakefulness of the morning, and yet how fitted for the neccessity of the hour!

"The day wears on and comes to the sunsetting. The strong light passes off from the hills, and the leaves are mingled in golden masses, and the tips of the long grass and the blades of maize, and the luxuriant grain, are all sleeping in a rich glow, as if the daylight had melted into gold and descended upon every living thing like dew. The sun goes down, and there is a tissue of indescribable glory floating upon the clouds, and the almost imperceptible blending of the sunset color with the blue sky is far up toward the zenith. Presently the pomp of the early sunset passes away, and the clouds are all clad in purple, with edges of metallic lustre; and very far in the west, as if they were sailing away into another world, are seen spots of intense brightness, and the tall trees on the hilly edge of the horizon seem piercing the sky, on fire with its consuming heat. There is a tumultuous joy in the contemplation of this hour, which is peculiar to itself. You feel as if you should have had wings; for there is a strange stirring in your heart to follow on; and your imagination bursts away into that beautiful world, and revels among the unsubstantial clouds till they become cold. It is a triumphant and extravagant hour. Its joyousness is an intoxication, and its pleasure dies with the day.

"The night, starry and beautiful, comes on. The sky has a blue, intense almost to blackness, and the stars are set in it like gems. They are of different glory, and there are some that burn, and some that have a twinkling lustre, and some are just visible and faint. You know their nature, and their motion; and there is something awful in so many worlds moving on through the firmament so silently and in order. You feel an indescribable awe stealing upon you, and your imagination trembles as it goes up among them. You gaze on, and on, and the superstitions of olden time, and the wild visions of astrology, steal over your memory, till, by-and-bye, you hear the music which they 'give out as they go,' and drink in the mysteries of their hidden meaning, and believe that your destiny is woven by their burning spheres. There comes on you a delirious joy, and a kind of terrible fellowship with their sublime nature, and you feel as if you could go up to a starry place and course the heavens in company. There is a spirituality in this hour, a separation from material things, which is of a fine order of happiness. The purity of the morning, and the noontide quietness, and the rapture of the glorious sunset, are all human and comprehensible feelings; but this has the mystery and the lofty energy of a higher world, and you return to your human nature with a refreshed spirit and an elevated purpose. See now the wisdom of God! the collected intellect for the morning prayer and our daily duty; the delicious repose for our noontide weariness; and the rapt fervor to purify us by night from our worldliness, and keep wakeful the eye of immortality! They are all suited to our need; and it is pleasant to think, when we go out, at this or that season, that its peculiar beauty is fitted to our peculiar wants, and that it is not a chance harmony of our hearts with nature.

"The world had become to Caroline a new place. No change in the season was indifferent to her; nothing was common or familiar. She found beauty in things you would pass by, and a lesson for her mind or her heart in the minutest workmanship of nature. Her character assumed a cheerful dignity, and an elevation above ordinary amusements or annoyances. She was equable and calm, because her feelings were never reached by ordinary irritations; and, if there were no other benefit in cultivation, this were almost argument enough to induce it.

"It is now five years since I commenced my tutorship. I have given you the history of two of them. In the remaining three, there has been much that has interested my mind; probably little that would interest your's. We have read together, and, as far as possible, studied together. She has walked with me, and shared all my leisure, and known every thought. She is now a woman of eighteen. Her childish graces are matured, and her blue eye would send a thrill through you. You might object to her want of fashionable *tournure*, and find fault with her unfashionable impulses. I do not. She is a high-minded, noble, impassioned being, with an enthusiasm that is not without reason, and a common-sense that is not a regard to self-interest. Her motion was not learned at schools, but it is unembarrassed and free; and her tone has not been educated to a refined whisper, but it expresses the meaning of her heart, as if its very pulse had become articulate. The many might not admire her; I know she would be idolized by the few.

"Our intercourse is as intimate still; and it could not change without being less so, for we are constantly together. There is—to be sure—lately—a slight degree of embarrassment—and—somehow—we read more poetry than we used to do—but it is nothing at all—nothing."

My friend was married to his pupil a few months after writing the foregoing. He has written to me since, and I will show you the letter, if you will call, any time. It will not do to print it, because there are some domestic details not proper for the general eye; but, to me, who am a bachelor, bent upon matrimony, it is interesting to the last degree. He lives the same quiet, retired life, that he did before he was married. His room is arranged with the same taste, and with reference to the same habits as before. The light comes in as timidly through the half-closed window, and his pictures look as shadowy and dim, and the rustle of the turned leaf adds as mysteriously to the silence. He is the fondest of husbands, but his affection does not encroach on the habits of his mind. Now and then he looks up from his book, and, resting his head upon his hand, lets his eye wander over the pale cheek and drooping lid of the beautiful

being who sits reading beside him; but he soon returns to his half-forgotten page, and the smile of affection which had stolen over his features fades gradually away into the habitual soberness of thought. There sits his wife, hour after hour, in the same chair which she occupied when she first came, a curious loiterer to his room; and though she does not study so much, because other cares have a claim upon her now, she still keeps pace with him, in the pleasanter branches of knowledge; and they talk as often and as earnestly as before, on the thousand topics of a scholar's contemplation. Her cares may and will multiply; but she understands the economy of time, and I have no doubt that, with every attention to her daily duties, she will find ample time for her mind, and be always as well fitted as now for the companionship of an intellectual being.

I have, like all bachelors, speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world said, well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture, and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully, and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and, at such times, I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face, and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon that luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes, even now, at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps, as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection, as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her; and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feelings touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself, and if I ever yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling on such changes, and I will not, minutely, now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them, as they glide by, joyously and confidingly, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too, and she goes on, for awhile undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of their plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with the delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes, soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness; and the husband first, in his impatient manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy listlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by-and bye, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their "lover and friend" could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings! Remember, that he will give up the brother of his heart, with whom he has had, ever, a fellowship of mind; the society of his contemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship; and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you, that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the fine mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no! lady, believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters! Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity, that woman's is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as our's of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope, that when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest.

THE SENTIMENT OF VARIOUS MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THE surest way to characterise the ruling tone of sentiment in a composer is, to note the state of mind in which his music leaves you. There is some music which is all glitter and effect, which you hear with astonishment, and go home weary and without capacity of emotion. You have been excited, but not inspired; not inwardly and deeply warmed. Such is the case with much of the latest fashionable school of music,—music made to order, to display the ambitious *executantes* of the voice, the violin, or the piano-forte,—music purposely subordinate to the singer or the play. Such is the too prevailing class of modern operas, after the brilliant, melo-dramatic, bravura-crammed patterns of Verdi, Donizetti, and other Italian followers of ROSSINI, the founder and the genius of the sensuous school. Such are most of the French operas. And such, almost without exception, are the showy variation-pieces and fantasias of the Paganinis of the violin, and the Herzes, Dohlers, Leopold de Meyers, *et id genus omne*, of the piano-forte. Enterprise is four-fifths of all their genius, and short-lived astonishment is nearly five-fifths of their effects upon their hearers.

An opera of BELLINI, as of many of that school, bathes you in a delicious flood of tenderness. It is rose-light everywhere, and tepid spring. You are sad, and full of passive, sympathetic sensibility; softened, melted, but not roused, not strengthened. A surfeit comes, and you are glad to have a good cold north-wind sweep away the mild, vague haziness that hangs about your senses, and breathe a bracing atmosphere; feel your spirit and your nerves invigorated, and see things by the clear, literal light of day, until the time for twilight reverie shall come again.

What could be more opposite to this than the effect of HANDEL?—Repose, such as your spirit gains in looking up into the illimitable sky! A fulness of awakened energy, serene as sleep; a balanced, integral activity, calm as the descent of Niagara, or as the movement of the planets; a healthful universal sympathy; a communion with the absolute; a sense of union with the whole, which can indulge all moods, and sing to every humor, but is the victim of no *one*. It is life flowing from the centre, and informing the whole being, and not some morbid irritation in any single faculty. Handel is greatest in his chorusses, which are like the collective voice of all mankind, and sweep us into the glorious current of the great humanitary sentiment.

From MOZART you turn reluctantly, as from a gorgeous inspired festival, in whose enthusiastic pitch of liberty, and love, and joy, you feel that your faculties and your emotions, and all your appetite for every sort of harmonies, have all got *out* for once in this cold, cramping, barren world, and swim in a willing and congenial element, where all you t ouch is vital and responsive. Sense and soul have met and mingled. Spirit and matter have forgot their quarrel. The intensest sense of *living;* the full, perfected flower of sentiment; the exaltation of the soul to a certain divine consciousness; the overflowing and softening of all the harsh outlines of all things not in concord with warm, trustful feeling; a tremulous recognition of the near presence of the spiritual world to this our everyday life; a sort of disembodied pure existence (unless you call ecstacy itself a most voluptuous embodiment), floating free, and permeating all things, as if matter had given up its impenetrability; this you feel, and as if the breath of one, whose love was your communion with the soul of all things, fell upon your cheek.

From HAYDN you go as from the sweet, quiet happiness of home, or from the mild restorative of woods and fields, with cheerful heart, clear head, and temperate desires; with the sunny domesticity of a good child, or a wise, kind parent, and the buoyant self-possession of a well-ordered life.

Childlike love of nature, and cheerful, genial domesticity, are his two dominant traits. The first is shown in that bird-like instinct wherewith he organized the orchestral forces into so fit a nest for his creative uneventful life (for he lived almost in his orchestra, as in his little world). It is shown, too, in his proneness to imitation of the sounds of nature, and in the prevailing character of his great works, the "Seasons," and the oratorio of the "Creation." The other trait displays itself in the cool temperament of all his happy inspirations; in the clearness, regularity, and order which were the style of his life as well as of his compositions; and in the fact that he was *most* felicitous, *most* himself, *most* beyond all others, and a model to all others, in the form called, technically, "chamber music;" in the composition, that is, of quartettes, &c., for string instruments, in which the various members of the violin family hold fine discourse together, both argumentative, pathetic, grave, and frolicsome. This is eminently *domestic* music. The quartette is the best form in which art expresses and idealizes that moral music of our lives, which wells up from the fountains of the sacred sphere of home.

All of these great composers were great in all the forms of composition. But Handel was most Handel in the fugued chorus of the people; Mozart's life oozed out purest in the opera; Beethoven is the despair of all ambitious—rather say, of all great spiritual—aspirations, in his orchestral symphonies; Haydn best enforced the lesson of his life in his quartettes of chamber music.

And what shall be said of the music of BEETHOVEN? We carry away from it something that we should not have dreamed of in any effect which the others could produce upon us. This music leaves us with roused spirit, restless, urged by mighty aspirations which can no more slumber; a lasting influence, as of a Promethean

spark dropped into the breast from Heaven. The music of this day all owns its influence, though all conventional tastes resisted it. The sentiment, and tone of thought, and feeling of our age is deeply affected by it. Whoever has heard and taken into his soul this music is a deeper man henceforth, and feels more of the infinite significance of life. It wakes no passing mood, but takes possession of the hearer's soul; becomes a surging ocean under him, which now lifts him till he seems to touch the sky, and now sinks with him to night and loneliness, yet only to climb higher with the next full wave, still bearing the tide-mark farther up the beach. It is music pregnant with a mighty future, and like a providential utterance of the great heaving, struggling breast of this prophetic era of humanity.

Of the many striking characteristics of his music, perhaps the most remarkable is its wild, pleading *earnestness;* his impetuosity and fire,—the glorious frenzy of a giant or a god, strong enough safely to disdain anything like tameness.

Yet equally remarkable are the unfathomable, still depths of love and tenderness which are felt to underlie his stormy surface. He has a fertile imagination, too, in as romantic and exquisite a vein as that of Mendelssohn, or of the bard who gave him the "Midsummer Night's Dream" for a text. And his love of nature, as it inspires his "Pastoral Symphony," is full as true and as perceptive as that of Haydn, while it is vastly deeper.

With a many-sidedness, like Shakspeare's, there is still one pervading sentiment in all the music of Beethoven. It has more of the prophetic character than any other. The progressive spirit of this age, the expansive social instinct of these new times, accepts it by a strange sympathy. Many a young music-loving American jumps the previous steps of training, through a taste for Haydn, Mozart, Hummell, &c., and with his whole soul loves at once Beethoven. It is because Beethoven is, to speak by correspondence, like the seventh note in the musical scale. His music is full of that deep, aspiring passion, which, in its false exercise, we call ambition, but which at bottom is most generous, most reverent, and yearns for perfect harmony and order. The demands of the human soul are insatiable—infinite. So long as *anything* is not ours, we are poor. So long as *any* sympathy is denied us, we are bereft and solitary. We are to have all and to realise all by a true state of harmony *with* all. Is not this the meaning of Beethoven's music? Its wild impatience, its struggling chromatic harmonies, its surging, billowy movement, all imply a glorious unity and peace beyond the now immediately attainable. So the seventh note cries out on the verge of the completed octave, draws every thought to that, and pleads for its repose and its perfection.

THE DOOM OF THE PRINTER.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A PRINTER weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
As he slowly plodded his homeward way
Before the dawning of early day,
Broke out in a bitter wail.

His voice was husky and low,
As though his lungs were gone:
And he cough'd and gasp'd, and cough'd again,
And he press'd his hand to his breast in pain,
While thus his plaint ran on:

"A world of toil is this!
It hath no joy for me:
'Tis labor by day, and labor by night,
By the light of the sun, and by candle-light—
Labor continually.

"Some men have a day of rest,
But Sabbath for me is not:
It is toil all the week, and toil on the day
That GOD has given to rest and to pray—
Lo! this is the printer's lot!

"When I was a boy," he said,
"I played on the hills of green;
I swam in the stream—I fish'd in the brook—
And blessed was I to sit and to look
Unfetter'd on nature's scene.

"For twenty sad years and more,
My life was worn away
In murky rooms of poisonous air,
When I've yearn'd for a sight of the valleys fair,
And the light of open day.

"An innocent prisoner doom'd,
My heart is heavy within;
Oh why should a man untainted by guilt,
Who the blood of a creature never hath spilt,
Be pent, like a felon, for sin!"

The printer then cough'd and sigh'd—
The stars were growing dim,
And he upward glanced at the morning sky,
And he inly thought it were good to die,
And death would be rest to him.

His heart was tired of beating;
He pray'd to the LORD above
To pity a man whose heart had been riven
By toil, for other men's interest given,—
And he sought His mercy and love.

He hied to his humble home;
His infant awoke to cry,
"Oh, father! oh, mother! I'm hungry for bread!"
And the printer bowed with an aching head,
On his Mary's bosom to die.

Oh ye who have never known
The richness found in a crust
When nothing is seen on the desolate shelf,
And the poor man's pocket is empty of pelf,—
Receive my story on trust.

Say not in your careless scorn,
What boots the tale to you?
The rhymer who traces these rough-written lines,
Has known of such sufferers in other-day-times,
And much of his rhyme is true.

Remember this holy truth,—
The man who aloof hath stood
When a heart-broken brother for succor did crave,
And stretch'd not a finger to bless and to save,
Is verily guilty of blood!

TO A COUSIN, DYING OF CONSUMPTION.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

They tell me thou art dying—and thy voice,
Glows in my smiles and tears, breaths in my breath,
Faint as a broken harp-string's dying tone,
And the strange spirit-beauty of thine eyes,
So wild, and yet so tender in their gaze,
And the bright hectic on thy pale, white cheek,
Like a red cloud upon the sunset heaven,
Confirm the fearful tidings.

Yes, dear girl,
A few brief days, and earth no more will be
The home of thy young spirit. Ah, my heart
Shrinks shuddering at the thought. We have not loved,
Save as we might have loved if thou hadst been
My gentle sister, yet I feel that thou
Hast been the dear companion of my life,
My brightest spirit-mate. Proud ones have knelt
In worship to thee, and have uttered words
Of deep, impassioned eloquence to win
Thy beautiful affections, but thy heart
Preferred my pure and holy spirit-love
To their wild passion. From our childhood's years,
We 've told each other every joy and grief
And hope and aspiration. We have smiled
And wept together, ay, our smiles and tears
Have been each other's. Thou hast formed a part
Of my heart's every gentle thought—my soul
Has never had a dream of happiness
But thy loved face was pictured in that dream,
A portion of its beauty. I have known
A pilgrimage of toil and weariness,
But in thy spirit I have ever found
A bright isle of life's desert, with its fount,
Its rose-tree, and its song-bird.

Dear one, now,
Thou soon wilt leave me. Oh, I do not know
That I can bear the parting. Would to God
That we might never part. Would that our souls
Might intertwine so closely that the one
Could ne'er be rended from the earth away
Without its partner. Though my love for thee
Is not more earthly than the love that I
Might feel for some bright, disembodied soul,
Some pure and holy spirit of the air,
Yet it pervades my being. Yes, its power
Throbs in my deep heart, ripples in my blood,
Glows in my smiles and tears, breathes in my breath,
And lives in all my life. Dear girl, I've felt
That 't is a grief to be away from thee,
Though parted but by forests, hills and vales,
But oh the thought, the sad and awful thought,
That we must dwell awhile in separate worlds,
In different states of being, with the gulf
Of death between us! Earth will be to me
Very, oh very desolate. A cold
And dismal shadow to my eyes will seem
To stretch from thy lone tomb, and dimly fall
On the green earth with all its myriad flowers,
And the blue sea with all its myriad isles,
And the blue sky with all its myriad stars.
Its chill and darkness will be on my soul
Like winter midnight. Yet one blessing still,
Thy beautiful and holy memory,
Will linger with me. Gentle thoughts of thee
And of the joys that we have shared will float
Upon the gloomy current of my life,
Like lovely water lilies on the breast
Of a dark turbid stream.

I need not ask
Of thee, my sweet and lovely spirit-mate,
That when thou dwellest in the better land,
When thy high home is 'mid the glorious stars,
To which thy soul, even in its mortal chains,
Has nightly wandered off to gather strength
For life's great conflict, thou shalt love me still,
And sometimes visit me upon this dim
And cheerless earth. Ah, dear one, well I know
That thy sweet spirit in my lonely hours,
When life is but one mournful memory,
Will often stoop from its own home to me,
For no dull mists, no fogs, no cold, drear rains,
No driving tempests of the earth can soil,
Thy bright, angelic wing. And oh, dear love,
I know that in my closing hour of life,
When the last pulse is fluttering in my veins,
And the last gleam is fading in my eyes,
Thou wilt be there to bear me company
To the bright realms of thy own Paradise,
And teach me my first flight upon the wings,
The new wings of my immortality.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in grey,
Looking rather green.
Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting *vis-a-vis*;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

PARIS IN AN UPROAR.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

We confess a cordial love of Paris, although this is a confession of "no consequence," as timid Mr. Toots would say, for there are thousands of others who have, probably, quite as much affection for the gay capital of the French. Tear away the semi-opaque curtain of fog from London—forget there exists such a thing as taxation—and it would be a delightful metropolis. Let a stranger, who has been used to sunshine and a free atmosphere, stand on Hampstead Heath, near Jack Straw's Castle, and direct his gaze to the south-east; and he will then have his eyes opened to the quality of the air he has been breathing. The cloud of mist is so dense, not even the huge dome of St. Paul's can be defined, nor objects still nearer the point of observation. In Paris one does not require to go out of town to enjoy the luxury of free respiration. Whether standing on the brow of the hill of Père la Chaise, or near the obelisk of Luxor, of the Place de la Concorde, in the heart of the city, it is all the same. The air-currents are unmixed with thick vapors, and cause no uneasiness. This will explain one reason why we favor Paris, and besides, there is such a joyous gaiety and general good nature discernible everywhere, that we are quickly, and half-unconsciously, conciliated.

Our first visit to Paris was in the florid month of June, when roses were in their prime, and strawberries, as large as "young tea-cups," abounded in the market-places. We arrived at night, and as we drove along the merry Boulevards, the brilliance of the lamps throwing their flashes of colored light on the side-walks, disclosing countless groups of promenaders and people chatting about the doors of the *cafés*, added to the fact of a dreamy realization that we were in the charming city of which we had heard so much from our childhood, almost inebriated our senses. When our *laquais* opened the coach-door in the court-yard of our hotel in the Rue Richelieu, and the *femme de charge* poked her little Grecian head (in a white cap, of course) through the wicket of her lodge-room not much bigger than a cabinet, we began to fairly understand our real position. The hotel happened to be "full"—the throng of Americans then in Paris accounted for it—and we were allotted a suite of chambers on the fourth floor, to which we were shown by an extremely piquant, blooming chambermaid, who preceeded us up three flights of broad stairs, and who talked with such rapidity that she must have made a fresh remark every stair she mounted.

The next day we procured a guide, and with a party of friends commenced our series of sight-seeing. Sometimes we walked, sometimes rode, just as distance and the whim dictated; but the whole time, no matter in what quarter of the metropolis thrown, we met with uniform courtesy and kindness, and all was serenity and concord. We never saw one intoxicated man in the streets—never heard the slightest brawling in the *cafés*—the appeal of the beggars was almost in a whisper—the flower-girls laughed rather loudly, to be sure—and sometimes the *grisettes* about the Madelaine were not subdued in their merriment. At the Jardin des Plantes, and when there was a masque at the Champs de Mars, a glow of excitement might arise on the public surface, but taking "all in all," we left Paris with the idea that, no matter how much credit the French had got for being a warm, mercurial, contest-loving people, we had seen but little to warrant the impression. Though vivacious in her splendor, order predominated, and though inconstant and volatile, she was still pacific and fascinating. We had seen nuns and gendarmes, soldiers and priests, gentlemen and jugglers, all jogging each other in the open space near the Gaïté, but there was never so much as a demonstration of rudeness from the severest of the wayfarers. A marked air of courteous compromise pervaded the general gathering.

There is an old saying, that go often to the hole we will at last see the mouse, and no matter what may have been our conclusions in respect to Paris on a first visit, circumstances have conspired to change them to a wonderful degree. In strolling through Leicester Square just a week ago, two Frenchmen came rushing by us in an apparent quiver of agitation and alarm, and, as they passed, one violently exclaimed, "Vive Napoleon!" which exclamation, coupled with the intense manner of the speaker, led us to believe that there was a screw loose on the other side of the channel. As there were no active little news-boys to shout the intelligence, as there are in New York, when a gust of news blows like a hurricane over the queen city of the Western Continent, we hurried to a newspaper-office and bought the very last edition, which contained a submarine telegraphic despatch, headed, "Revolution in Paris," &c., &c. This was enough for us. We had decided in an instant our next move. A passport, a clean shirt, and a ten-pound note were the special objects of our affections, and, in less than seven hours, we were at Dover waiting for the steam to convey us to Boulogne, through which we soon glided (to skip a little sea-sickness on the channel), and reached Paris once more in something less than nineteen hours (including much parleying at the Custom-House) from London, on Friday the 6th of December.

Alas! how changed. The first place we directed our course, although the night had far gone, was to the glorious Boulevards, through which a regiment of Lancers were marching to the flourish of trumpets, with strong pickets of cuirassiers stationed at short intervals. We were cautiously inspected at every step we took, and on two occasions, soldiers in the streets, evidently judging from our garb that we were either English or American, demanded our pass-

port. At the foot of several streets barriers met our gaze, and we at once concluded to walk the streets until daybreak, and gather what we could from the conversations of the soldiers and citizens. Lights were beaming from the second and third stories of most of the houses, and here and there a head was seen timidly thrust out of a window. The walls and posts were covered with *affiches* full of blazing characters, which we could just decipher by the aid of the moon-beams. Several were from the Prefect of Police, endorsed by De Morny, Minister of the Interior; a few were addressed to the National Guard, signed by the Commander-in-Chief and the Colonel of the Staff, and others appeared to be Proclamations without date or signature. Care and anxiety seemed stamped on the faces of the soldiers, many of whom were armed with cocked pistols. We stopped to look more minutely at them for an instant, when we were gruffly ordered onward by the sentinels, and, with the throng, were impelled as far as the commencement of the Boulevard Montmartre, where a multitude of pickets were stationed, some of whom were on duty, while others were resting on bundles of straw, dozing, or partaking of bread and brawn from the covered carts of the *cantinières*. Men were hurrying along with suspicion and incertitude discernable in every movement, and, ever and anon, a shriek fell upon our ears in the distance, as if occasioned by great distress. On reaching the Boulevard Poissonniere, we could see that the asphaltate pavement bore daubs and gouts of blood, while the young trees, with their expiring foliage, which had formerly adorned the side-walks, had been hacked down and bundled together like a collection of bean-poles. A spectacle here met our bewildered view, which told plainly and painfully of the devastation that had been done the two days before by the the ravishing artillery. Several splendid houses that we remembered well in our almost daily walks in this quarter, when we had before been in the city, were perforated with large gaps which seemed to yawn and tell the tale of discord and ruin. The cannon balls had done their devastating work, and showed, but too plainly, how the inmates must have resisted the dictatorship of the cruel myrmidons of the President.

Morning dawned, and fresh supplies of military were ranged along the streets as before. We were weary with travelling and want of rest, but the intense excitement on all sides seemed to impart an artificial though feverish support. We mingled with the throng in order to note what was going forward, and a thousand scenes passed before us which time can never efface from the tablet of our memory. Wounded soldiers in litters were carried along as if to thrill the senses of the multitude. Representatives of the people rushed about on horseback with naked swords glittering in the early sunlight. Women, pallid and terror-stricken, were clinging to their husbands and fathers in their entreaties to leave the Boulevards for more secure quarters. Groups of half-grown and young children were forcing their way among the heartless soldiery, shedding bitter tears while in search of their parents One old man, whose long white hair streamed down his furrowed face, was dragged inhumanly along by two soldiers. He resided somewhere near the Porte St. Martin, and, from what we could gather from the crowd that followed them, it seemed that his sons were zealous Socialists, and had fired upon the carbineers stationed at the Bastile. They had escaped from their superior agility, and the sins of his children had now invoked the penalty of massacre on the head of the poor unoffending old man. The brutal manner with which they dragged him by his aged hairs, seemed worse than death itself; and as we gazed on the scene of cruelty, our heart sickened to think that humankind could be capable of such extreme barbarity. Had we lived to realize the unnatural cruelties of the tyrant Nero, or the pitiless inhumanities of Caius Maximinus? The words "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY," that met our view on every side seemed to mock us, and we wished for the power to tear the blood-stained and polluted sentence from the scutcheon of the nation. Liberty, indeed! God save our beloved country from the aggressions of such demi-devils as the myrmidons of Louis Napoleon. The countenance of that poor old man hurrying to his death, would have excited hatred for his torturers in the breast of an angel.

We stepped into a café to taste a mouthful of breakfast. Even this establishment was guarded by two helmetted men, who again demanded our passport as we entered, and we observed that the shutters, which had planks nailed across them, were dotted by balls. No demonstration had been made on this particular house, but the flying ammunition of the fight on the 3rd, three days before, had caused the damage. The tables about us were surrounded with men talking on the all-absorbing subject, without political speculation on the justness of the outbreak. They merely recounted instances of death and slaughter. One stated that a friend of his had been shot in the Maison Dorée for crying "*A bas Napoleon!*" Another told of a dreadful murder of workmen at the Faubourg, where the cry of "*Aux armes!*" having been raised by M. Baudin, they flew to the guard-house of Montreuil, which they surrounded, and succeeded in disarming the soldiers. Then they proceeded to make barricades, but before they were completed, detachments of soldiery had come to the relief of the guards, and fired upon the insurgents, some of whom fled, but the greater part, together with their leader, Baudin, had fallen.

After we had swallowed a cup of coffee and roll we turned off from the Boulevards and hastened in the direction of the Louvre. We found it surrounded by a long line of horsemen in white cloaks. While we were here a band of trumpeters passed along towards the Champs Elysée, followed by a long procession of helmetted riders, twelve abreast. The pageant was strikingly grand and impressive, but we lamented the cause of their appearance in the streets at this time. Many of the shops were closed in this section, and we passed an armourer's that we were told had been turned inside out and

robbed by a large body of men *en blouse* on the preceding Thursday. These same men, we were told, had attempted to incite the people by parading the streets with torches, and two corpses which they had procurred from the ruins of the barricades at the Faubourg St. Antoine. The bodies were afterwards rescued and taken to the Morgue.

In whatever quarter our steps were directed we met with traces of the damage done by the cannon and musketry, and in the shutter of a house in the Rue Montorgueil we counted seventeen bullet-holes The remains of barricades, principally old vehicles, barrels, lumber, and articles of furniture, were visible in the streets running into the Boulevard des Italiens. A displaced pavement here and there, with a troop of prisoners marching to the cellars of the Tuilleries, and the artillery returning to the forts, serve to remind the inhabitants of their unsettled condition.

It was on the Boulevards—the once (to us) inviting, festive, happy-looking Boulevards—where the greatest ruin and desolation had been accomplished. Mansions of princely grandeur yawned ghost-like, and told of reckless destruction. The windows, and façades of blocks of splendid shops were scarred and riddled; and in some cases where determined force had been brought to bear upon a particular tenement, the fractures were enormous. The cause of the damage here, it is said, arose from the young clerks and others, firing from the tops of the houses at the troops while they were passing. This is to be sadly lamented, as the destruction of life and valuable property in this delightful section of the city had been incredible. The artillery in many cases fired at random, dealing death on all sides, and sending many an inoffending soul to eternity without a second's warning. While passing a hair-dresser's establishment on the Tivoli, we observed a number of men about the door conversing warmly. On inquiring, we found that the Prefect of Police had just removed a sign, on which had been painted a red triangle—an emblem considered inauspicious at the present time. We did not at the moment ascertain the purport of the offensive mark, but have since learned it was to denote the support of fraternity. While standing here, the crowd asked the wife of the hair-dresser why her husband had permitted the sign to remain. She informed them that the *émeute* of Wednesday had frightened him so much, that he had locked himself up in a china-closet, which she could not induce him to leave. Several waggish men desired to be admitted to coax him from his retreat; but the woman, not caring to submit her "lord and master" to insult, and perhaps injury, rejected their advances on this score, and soon turned the key on the ncreasing multitude. On Saturday night, our strength failing us, we retired early at an out-of-the-way hotel, in a little street running out of the Rue St. Honoré, in the neighbourhood of MEURICE'S, where we had originally intended to stop, but changed our mind on learning that a number of the national guard were quartered there.

The next day was Sunday, and, rising betimes, we once more sought the Boulevards, which, albeit the dawn had scarcely broke, was thronged from the Madelaine to the Bastile. On many of the houses we observed the announcement "*Armes données*," traced in chalk, on the doors and shutters. Many of the shops were open, but the hum of trade was suspended. Everybody was recounting the incidents of the past week, with its crowd of disastrous events. The gardens of the Palais Royal were open, as also were the groves of the Luxembourg, but no groups of idle friends were seen happily chatting the passing hours away. The usual Sabbath gaiety of the metropolis was overcast with sombre clouds, and a melancholy tranquillity had taken the place of the characteristic vivacity and care-free animation. We noticed women, in hasty toilettes, proceeding to mass, scarcely looking on either side of them; and the blanched cheeks of the troops of little nuns, in their white veils and pelerines, hastening to the cathedrals, told plainly that even the children had not recovered from the agitation of the disastrous shock. We encountered families of the poor, from the father down to the infant in arms, wandering along the Boulevards, looking at the ruins. Hundreds of women, wearing nothing but high fluted caps, who reside in the outskirts of the city, had come to share the wonderment of the wreck, and strolled about unaccompanied, in many cases, by the other sex, with an expression of awe and fear written on their countenances. A detachment of soldiers occasionally marched along and cleared the thoroughfare, but the throng soon closed in again, overflowing and surging into the various outlets. The numerous street-hawkers that dot the streets on the Sabbath, had thrown aside their wares and peripatetic declamations to mingle in the universal throng. The flower-girls had left their snowdrops at home to wither. Every idea of business was banished from the public mind. Arcades, bazaars, depots, and shops looked mournfully dismal, resembling tombs more than gay avenues of traffic. The Bourse looked rugged, cheerless, and circumspect. We met several Americans in its neighbourhood, but they seemed so gloomy, thoughtful, and dispirited that they forbore disclosing nationalities. For our own part, we deemed it dangerous to express opinions, or even ask questions. The streets were picturesque with soldiers, and a bayonet at every turn served to seal our tongue, had we ever so much inclination to project enquiries as to the state of affairs in other portions of the metropolis.

During the afternoon we sauntered into a *café* in the neighborhood of the Arc de Triomphe, where we found a number of rough, ill-dressed men relating the events that had transpired within their notice, all of which were fraught with blood and mystery. One had received a slight wound in the leg; another was on the Boulevards when the fighting commenced at the Rue de Grammont, and had seen two men dashed to pieces on the pavement; a third told a horrid tale of a man being executed at the guard-house of the Champs de Mars for carrying a red flag; while, still another, related an account of the sacking of a house, and the immediate death of several females and children by

the infantry. The entrance of a gendarme silenced these stories of contest and murder, and we observed, as long as he remained, not a word was spoken of the recent occurrences.

We left Paris the next morning, and in passing through the towns on the route to Boulogne, found the same feeling of universal gloom and terror. The military were everywhere on strict duty, and the cries of sedition had for a season been quelled. Alas, alas! what will be the fate of France?

London, December 13, 1851.

THE SHARK *versus* THE PAWNBROKER.

A Fish Page of Natural History.

BY L. A. WILMER.

Of all marine animals (except midshipmen and second lieutenants in the navy) the shark is, perhaps, one of the most unpopular. In general, it is difficult to give reason for the unpopularity or popularity of anything, but with reference to the shark, there is much reason to suppose that he has, by cruel misrepresentation, been exposed to unmerited dislike. Had he been altogether bad, it is most likely that he would have found a zealous advocate long ago; whereas, we are the first, we believe, who ever undertook to say a word in his defence. As a shark is thought to have many counterparts among the human species, we must be extremely careful how we launch our invectives at him, lest by direct implication we should abuse some of our most respectable fellow-citizens. But without affectation, we have always felt a high degree of respect for this inhabitant of the deep, to whom we may justly ascribe some very estimable and admirable qualities. In the first place, he is the great controversialist of the watery world. "If he cannot always convince," as some one said of a renowned American orator, "he never failed to silence his opponent;" and this, in the tactics of disputation, is almost as grand an achievement as convincing itself. We read that Tycho Brahe had his nose bitten off in a controversy with another distinguished mathematician. But, although the shark —provided as he is with a jaw as effective as a broad-axe—is well qualified to "chop logic," we doubt if he would be satisfied with such a paltry exploit as that which has been accredited to Tycho's snappish adversary; and, indeed, we see no use in mincing the matter when it becomes necessary to "use up" an opponent. The best advice we can give in such a case is to "go the whole hog" at once. But it is not with the controversial abilities of the shark that we have to deal at present. It was the chief design of this sketch to speak chiefly of his business habits —on which we intend to found a certain comparison that we have in our eye—and so (as Bottom the weaver, says) "to grow to a conclusion."

The shark is a great speculator in his way. He follows in the wake of the ship for days and weeks together, looking out for "a good chance.' His industry and perseverance are rewarded at last, if a poor Jack Tar happen to fall overboard; but if disappointed in his expectations of such an auspicious event, he is obliged to console himself with Jacob Faithful's excellent maxim, 'better luck next time." If, in pursuit of his object, instead of catching a jolly fat sailor, he should be hooked or harpooned himself, he philosophically considers it as a fair business transaction; for, in every speculation, somebody must suffer—the great object of all speculating skill being to decide *who* is to be victimised. Speculation, therefore, is pretty much the same thing in substance, whether it be terrene or aquatic.

Shakspeare, with his customary acuteness of observation, declares that there are "both land-rats and water-rats." Some other immortal genius has made the startling discovery that there are both water-sharks and land-sharks; and we find that in each of these generic divisions there is more specific arrangement than we have leisure or inclination to discuss. The present sketch is intended to depict one of the many varieties of the land-shark, which may be distinguished at a glance by the globular symbols at the end of the tail—the use or meaning of which has never been clearly explained, though the world has been favored with many ingenious hypotheses in relation to the subject. The common opinion is that the three balls are significative of the fact, that should the animal get possession of any of your property, it is *two to one* that you will never recover it. Others say that as balls have a remarkable facility in going down hill, they significantly point out the route you are likely to take should you venture to have any dealings with this formidable creature.

The least observation of the sketch will convince you that there is speculation in the eye of this land shark. Mark the eager expression! so much like that you may have observed in the glance of his maritime brother, as he ogled you from his billowy alcove. See the open mouth, and teeth displayed, as if prepared for a "bite." Judging from the "valence" (as Hamlet calls it,) at the bottom of the visage, we opine that this animal does not shave *himself*—though he is said to shave his victims rather closely. The beard, by the way, is regarded as a hereditary characteristic of this devouring race—the origin of which is traced to Lombardy. The ancient inhabitants of that country are called *Longobardi*, which name, some etymologists derive from Latin words, signifying long-beards. Among these unshaven gentry, it appears pawnbroking, the most remorseless kind of shaving, was first established. From this seminary of shavers, the whole world was supplied with professors—fellows remarkable for great latitude of conscience as well as longitude of beard; benevolent

fellows, too, always ready to accommodate the needy with a loan, "on the most agreeable terms"—as some of them promise to do, *per* advertisement of the present day; the phrase, "most agreeable terms," being understood to signify one hundred-and-fifty per cent. per annum! This moderate rate of interest is continued down to our own times, showing that the pawnbroker is piously attached to the usages of his ancestors, while others, in the race for improvement, are constantly trampling, with profane feet, on the ashes of the venerable dead.

"My Uncle," as the pawn-broker is affectionately called by his customers, honors the assumed relationship by loaning out his dollars to every applicant who can comply with his stipulations. In this particular, some gay, frolicsome nephew would propose him as a model for uncles in general; especially because he never requires an exact account of how the cash loaned is to be expended, nor does he seem to take it for granted that you are on the direct road to ruin because you happen to stand in need of pecuniary assistance. On the contrary he speaks of money-borrowing as one of the finest strokes of policy, and professes his willingness to lend any imaginable sum—if you are prepared to deposit some "collateral" worth about four times the amount. This being done, your generous creditor never harrasses you for repayment; you may abscond, if you choose, and proceed to California, or any other remote region celebrated for gold, or brimstone—assuring yourself that your kind "uncle" will not interfere with your departure or inquire after you when you are gone.

With all this liberality and generous forbearance, the pawnbroker is regarded as one of the most voracious of predatory animals; but be it understood that there are land-sharks compared with which he is a mere minnow, inasmuch as his operations are all on a small scale, and the figure he makes among the speculating leviathans of the day is comparatively insignificant.

SCHUYLKILL WATER-WORKS, AT PHILADELPHIA.

(See Engraving).

The Water-works of Philadelphia rank among the most noble public undertakings of the world. The paucity of water in the city first set to work the sagacious mind of Dr. Franklin, who, by will, bequeathed a portion of a long accumulated legacy to bring a greater supply of this necessary element from Wissahiccon Creek. This was found, after a while, to be insufficient; and a plan was proposed, and carried into operation, to form a reservoir on the east bank of the Schuylkill, from which water was to be thrown by a steam-engine into a tunnel, conveyed to a central position, and raised by a second engine to a higher reservoir, which supplied all the pipes in the city. An experience of ten years satisfied the corporation that a sufficient supply could not be obtained by this method. The steam-engines were liable to frequent accidents, and the derangement of one stopped the supply of the whole city. After several other futile experiments, the present extensive yet simple water-works were proposed, and three hundred and fifty thousand dollars voted, at once, by the city corporation, for the commencement of the undertaking.

The Schuylkill, opposite Philadelphia, is about nine hundred feet in breadth. It is subject to sudden *freshets* (an American word, unknown in this use in England, and meaning an overflow of a river current), but its average depth is thirty feet, at high water. It was necessary to back the river up about six miles; and a dam was then created by cribs and masonry, running diagonally across, with several ingenious contrivances to prevent damage by ice and spring freshets. An overfall of one thousand two hundred and four feet, forming a beautiful feature of the scenery, is thus created, and a water-power upon the wheels sufficient to raise eleven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours. The reservoirs, elevated above the top of the highest house in the city, crown the ornamental hill which overhangs the river at this place; and water can thus be conveyed to every quarter of Philadelphia, and made to spring, as if by a magic touch, in the highest chamber of the inhabitant. It is of a deliciously soft and pleasant quality; and those who are habituated to wash in the "city of brotherly love," are spoiled for the less agreeable lavations afforded by other towns in America.

Fair Mount is a beautiful spot; and standing, as it does, just on the skirt of the town, it serves the additional use of a place of pleasant and healthful public resort. The buildings containing the pump-rooms have considerable pretensions to architecture; and the *façades* and galleries extend along the river, forming a showy object from every point of view, but from the absence of any grand design in the whole, failing of a general fine effect, and presenting what a Londoner would call rather a tea-gardenish appearance. Steps and terraces conduct to the reservoirs, and thence the view over the ornamented grounds of the country seats opposite, and of a very picturesque and uneven country beyond, is exceedingly attractive. Below, the court of the principal building is laid out with gravel walks; and ornamented with fountains and flowering trees; and within the edifice there is a public drawing-room, of neat design and furniture; while in another wing are elegant refreshment-rooms—and, in short, all the appliances and means of a place of public amusement.

CHIT CHAT.

BOOKS IN AMERICA.—Mr. Cullen Bryant, the poet, says that they succeed each other with such rapidity that the best works have much less chance of obtaining a permanent reputation than formerly. He then remarks, in conclusion, that they (the book-crowd) are like pretty women passing by us in a great crowd; we do not see them long enough to fall in love with them. *The New-York Home Journal* thinks that this last simile is rather *strong* for Mr. Bryant. Not so we. Mr. Bryant is a poet, and all poets, the world is free to acknowledge, have a license granted them, and even were this not the case, what sooner rises to the mind of the true poet of nature, than female beauty?

PUNCH has sparkled with double lustre of late, and no individual engaged on it has contributed more to its superior excellence than John Leech, whose exquisitely comic and gracefully humorous pencil has not been for a moment idle. We confess a world of admiration for this artist, and we may faithfully state that he possesses more of what Goldsmith calls "the universal respect" of the American public than any other proficient in his line, in Great Britain. What Wilkie was on canvass, Leech is on wood. His designs bear that vigorous impress of originality and character that stamp them as the hasty work of true genius. There is no mistaking his limnings, for his style is peculiarly his own, and we do not have to glance at the chance-thrown, slovenly, don't-care-itive J. L. sometimes dragged in the corner of his works to mark their identification. Like the old Vandykes of the first class, they speak for themselves, with no thanks to a label. Long live Leech, say we, to delight mankind with the felicitous conceits of his whimsical crayons. He is one of the geniuses of the present age, and as such, belove and respect him.

ALBERT SMITH has discontinued his *Month*. We regret it exceedingly, as it was a joyous little work, brim full of wit and "rosy rascality." Friend Smith is not of an idle turn, by any means, and there is no fear but we shall soon hear from him again, in some other guise.

WYLD'S MODEL OF THE EARTH.—Every American visitor in London should make a point of seeing it.—*Verbum sat.*

AMERICAN PLAGIARISM.—We hold it to be our duty, while disseminating the works of our transatlantic brethren, at the same time to detect and expose any filching that may come under our notice. An American, by the name of Thomas Dunn English, has for a long time enjoyed laurels as the author of "Ben Bolt," and it now turns out that it was written twenty-three years ago by J. Carpenter, of London, who has shown us the original copy, as published in an old magazine. This Mr. Dunn English is a vile plagiarist, and should be well exposed on both sides of the water.

EDWARD DAVENPORT, the young American tragedian, is reaping laurels in Scotland. A late Edinburgh paper says:—"Unquestionably, the greatest performer whom Mr. Lloyd has yet introduced to our boards, or, to speak wider, who has appeared in Edinburgh for some time (we may safely say, since Mr. Macready's farewell) is Mr. Davenport, the American tragedian. Of strangers—of American celebrities perhaps more especially—the Edinburgh public is proverbially chary. Whatever amount of fame may have been achieved elsewhere forms but a slight introduction to the critical tastes of our audiences. But Mr. Davenport needed no herald to sound his praise. In person, judgment, voice, gesture — everything that constitutes the great actor—he brought his own recommendations with him, and at once achieved a decided triumph."

BROTHER JONATHAN'S SUMMARY OF WEST END THEATRICALS IN HIS PECULIAR WAY.—Wall, I guess I've been tu the theatres, 'mong other places, and I've tuk a few notes of passin' people an' things.

The Haymarket claimed my 'tention 'kase high prices ought tu be respected ef they arn't patronised. I've seed an operee here, the "Begger's Operee," I think they called it, with Miss Pyne as a nice young coman, and a very fat young gentleman in the tenor roll; I liked Miss Pyne purty well, altho' she can't come up to Greasy or Albony, nor enny of them furrenner females that I seed one night at the operee, when the door-keeper made me go home and git intew a white west. Mister Harrison's so awful gollopin fat he made me laff rite out, when he come the sentementals. Every time he walked 'cross the stage, I looked for a trap tu give way. He's got a nice voice though, when he chooses tu let it eout, and some of his high notes are sweet as treacle. Brother Jonathan's advice is fur him tu go tew Kaliforny fur one year, and hunt gold in the gulches. This kind uv exercise, with a sour diet of pickles an' salt pork, will reduce him to such a luver-like size, then when he gits back he'll du fus'rate fur the Rode-olphos and the Mass-ann-e-ellos. Mr. Morton, the "Box and Cox" man, has made up another tip-top scrougingly funny farce called the "Two Bonnycastles." Little Buckstone, or "Bucky," as his friends luv to call him, is screamin', stoopendus amusin' in it. H'd make an old cow laff, he's so good. W'en he pokes his little florid face ontew the stage there's abeout fifty corset laces bustin' and breakin' in all direckshuns. He's some, naow I tell you.

I don't like Miss Reynolds, here. She's as cold as a tub of ice, and mumbles her words eout ov her mouth jest as if she wus afraid she'd come to the bottom of her stock ov language, and then never hev a bit left for private purposes. Mrs. Stirling is a dashin' critter, and makes up fur the coldness of the 'tother one; she's as fiery as a volcanoe, and speaks jist like a book with a yaller kiver. I like Mister Murray, tew, for he's jist sich a man as the ladies like tu look at on the stage, an' besides that, he plays as ef he knew what he wus abeout, which is sayin' a heap for him in these times.

THE PRINCESS'S.—Na-ow I'm agoin' to role up my shirt sleeves, and tell the truth, fur, ef there's anythin' I can do, it is tell the truth with my jacket off. Mr. Kean is the manager of this darn snug cosy little 'stablishment, an' he's jist the man that ken manage it, tew. He's been playin' Shylock fur a short spell, and he ken dew the Ju that wanted his pound of flesh (or pound-an'-a-half, I forgit wich, for my memory's failin' me,), rite up to kill. They want tu talk abeout Mr. Kean—some of these would-be, stuck-way-up kritiks, but he's as far higher than any other man in Lundun, as the top of St. Paul's is tew a two-story heouse. *Them's my sentiments*, and yeou can't wipe 'em eout with a sponge soaked brim full of malice nor envy, ef yeou try till kingdom cum. Mrs. Keeley here is a hull six-hoss team by herself, and her husband is'nt much less, nuther. They're playin' a new piece—which is a drawin'-room kind o' producktion, as full of wit as a fresh laid egg is ov meat. Miss Mary Keeley is a tricksy, delikit nice little body, with a voice—Je-ru-salem Crinkums!—like a young nightingale, an' the way she swells it eought, when she has a mind, is a sin to G fiats, I vow! Her mother mustn't pet her tew much, an' spoil her sweet little growin' bud of beauty. There's a gentleman here, named Wigan, who plays a Polley-woos, jist like a native. He's what the larned folks call an *artiste*, or something near it, cordin' tew my calkelations.

THE ADELPHI.—"Wake, snakes, an' git op early!" I say ur this is my favurit resort, an' I tell yeou wi. Wright's

queer mugs; uncle Josh. Silsbee's down-east yarns (which remind me so much uv hum); Wool-gar's bright eyes; Kathleen Fitz's sweet voice; Honey's quiet fun; Emery's picteresque manner ov doin' things; Paul Bedford's consumptive, thin figer; and O. Smith's *devil of a way*, all kind o' sorter tickle my fancy. They been a-doin' *Paul Pry* here lately, with Mr. Wright as the 'quisitive old sarpint, and he makes the people laff so loud, Webster's thinking of hevin' the ceilin' made higher, kase they think it'll split in tew, some ov these nights. Wright's got a takin' kind o' way with him, fur he sticks his what-yeou-call-it out, and looks down intew the pit, 'mong the boys, as much as tew say, "Roar, boys, won't yeou?" and they du it, slick bang! Silsbee's hit 'em a *cleave stroke* this season, and no mistake. Jist as Robinson Crusoe wus a faithful portrayiture of a man on a desolate island, so is Uncle Silsbee the very picter of the race of Yankees. His "Get eout, yeou thar!" is as rich as Devonshire cream, and when he rolls his sass-sy little blue eyes around the boxes, the women all feel as ef a honey-suckle vine wus creepin' up their legs. Miss Woolgar looks as pert and purty in the Bloomer kostoom as a fairy drinking moon-beams out of a daylight colored goblet. If she'd unly quit see-sawin' an' swining' herself abeout she'd be as near perfection as nineteen shillin's and elevenpence ha'penny is tu a pound. Miss Fitzwilliam lets her voice kum eout liks bits of blue ribbon tied in bow-knots; while Ellen Chaplain fixes herself up, once in a while, when she wants to come eout rite strong, and then *she looks good enough to eat*. Ef Honey (what a sweet name fur a young man) goes on improvin' as he has been doin', he'll give Wright so much trouble, that *he'll think a elephant kicked him*. Honey is abeout in spots, and is up and dressed when the bell rings. Miss Collins shows her pretty teeth as much as ever, and when she drops a little of her affectation she'll git a-long as smart as ken be. She's young yit, and time will *soften* her a little.

THE OLYMPIC.—I very rarely go to this den, in Wych Street, fur it's painful tu hear old Mister Farrin try to pump up his little stream of voice. The old man's had his day, and there's no more use of his tryin' to act, neow, than there would be to suppose that five pound ten wood kiver the public debt of Great Brit-un. He ought to retire, and I'm bound to believe that the old chap's in his *second childhood* or he wouldn't lag abeout on the stage as he does. I say this more in sorrow than anger, an' I'm surprized that them two sons don't coax the old gentleman to throw up his parts, an' lay back an' enjoy his ease on a nice farm, somewhere down in Devon. His laurels have not only faded, but they're pot-black with the rust of time. It strikes me very hard that neither of the yung Farrins are cut eout for actors, for altho' they stick themselzes for'ard, they realize my ideas of players abeout as much as a lump of lead looks like pure gold. One ov 'em played Romeo 'tother night, and ef Shakespeare'd been in the house, he'd swore he never wrote the part—it wus so gigantically underdone. He played so bad, he made Juliet forget whether she was a Capulet or a Montague two or three times, an' that's sayin' a good 'eal fur the nature ov it. Mr. Compton here is as quaint as an old shoe and jist as easy. He's cast intew pieces, jist as children throw their pennys intew a box—*to save them*, and much credit is due tu him.

PUNCH'S PLAY HOUSE.—Neow this is what I call a little be-hive of industry and bustle. Mister COPELAND fires a novelty eout of his managerial gun every week, and STIRLING, the stage-manager, wuz bred and born among scenery and tinsel. John Reeve imitates every thing in natur', from a penny whistle to a primer donner, and well, tew. Miss Marshall is a pert, clever little critter, with cunnin' eyes and good-shaped legs. Success to old "Punch," enny how, sey I.

THE ENGRAVING OF BOSTON AND BUNKER HILL, in our last number, was a gem. Everybody were in raptures with it. Six numbers of our magazine, bound, will make a rich volume. The plates alone, are worth half the price asked for the work.

JOHN G. SAXE, Esq.—Read his "Rhyme of the Rail," in this number. It is a gem in its way.

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN are attracting immense audiences at Drury Lane. It was a wise stroke of managerial policy on the part of Mr. Bunn to engage them. Their Scotch tour was brilliantly successful.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

TURNED UP.—That distinguished and most respectable individual, the "oldest inhabitant," whose memory has been so often taxed in relation to the "hottest day," the "coldest day," the "largest fire," the "longest drought," the "heaviest rain," the "severest storm," the "hardest times," the "darkest day," and the "greatest run," of "mackerel and shad," has been found. He has, in point of fact, turned up—made himself visible in the flesh to the curious world, and given such indisputable evidence of his identity, that no one, not even the most incredulous, can dispute the great big fact that it is really him. He made his advent the other day before Judge Woodruff, to give his testimony for a friend and fellow-countryman who desired to become a citizen of the United States. On being interrogated by the Judge as to his knowledge of the claimant, the witness answered that he "knew him a mighty long time;" he could not, however, though closely questioned, tell for what length he knew the claimant, or the exact year when he arrived himself in the country.

The *Judge* asked How many years are you here yourself?

Witness.—Well, a great many years; I can't tell how many.

Judge.—What vessel did you come in?

Witness.—The "Mayflower."

Judge.—Indeed! that is the same vessel that brought the "Pilgrim Fathers" to this country.

Witness (with a vacant and unintelligible look).—Yes, yer honor, I came in the same ship with them!

The witness's right to vouch for his friend could no longer be doubted, and he stood confessed "*The Oldest Inhabitant.*"—*New-York Day-Book.*

LIVER NOT AGREEABLE AS A STEADY DIET.—We remember of hearing of an old lady "down East," who, after having kept a hired man on liver near a month, one day said to him, "Mr. ———, I don't know as you like liver." "Oh, yes," said he, "I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't think I should like it for a steady diet." The parsimonious old lady served up something else for the next collation.

"SOME THEORY."—A late writer says that men are all the better for the pattern of their dinner-plates—the more they are embellished, the greater their taste. When men ate without dishes, they wrote without poetry. No person was ever caught in a street broil with a clean shirt on. To educate the mind, picturesque coffee-cups are as necessary as schoolmasters. There was never a poet among the Shakers, and never will be—and for this reason, they set no value on beauty of any kind. In our opinion, no man can write a sonnet who wears a drab coat or uses low-priced tea-saucers.

FORGIVE THE PERPETRATOR.—Why ought a ballet-girl to be good at philosophy?

Because she has been accustomed to *play-tes*.

Beat that if you can; and so good-bye.

THE "LONDON TIMES" says the exports of Ireland are rags and wretchedness; her imports, Yankee newspapers and dissatisfaction. This paper is getting personal. Uncle John Bull will have to correct its sauciness by a dose of some "cooling mixture."

A LOCOMOTIVE LOVE DECLARATION.—The Editor of the *New York Knickerbocker* has had the following lines sent to a young lady friend of his. They are extremely "high pressure:"

"By those cheeks of lovely hue;
By these eyes of deepest blue,
Which thy very soul looks through,
As if, forsooth, those clear blue eyes
Were portals into Paradise;
By that alabaster brow;
By that hand as white as snow;
By that proud, angelic form;
By that rounded, classic arm;
By those locks of raven hair;
By those vermeil lips, I swear;
By the ocean, by the air;
By the lightning and the thunder;
By all things on earth or under;
By the 'lectric telegraph;
By my future 'better-half;'
By our vespers, by our dreams;
By our matins and Te Deums;
By young Cupid, by my Muse;
By—whatever else you choose;
Yes, I swear by all creation,
And this endless 'Yankee nation,'
That
I
love
you
like
tar-
na-
tion!"
(*Whistles and stops.*)

MAKING FACES AT A WITNESS.—One of the "smartest" lawyers in one of the smartest of the New England States has an unfortunate infirmity of the muscles of his countenance; and the convulsive movements, or twitches of his ponderous eyebrows, nose, and the parts adjacent thereto, are almost frightful to persons unacquainted with the gentleman, and with this peculiarity of his physiognomy. It happened, on one occasion, during a trial in which Squire H——— was engaged, that a buxom matron was placed on the witness stand. The good lady was one of the class who are not afraid to look about them; and withal, understand the use of the tongues. Squire H——— was observing her attentively while the junior counsel conducted the examination. The lady proceeded, with great volubility, in her narrative of what somebody did and said in the house, in reference to something in dispute between the parties litigant.

At length she caught the eye of Squire H———, and, red daning with anger, she stopped, but at the suggestion of the examining attorney proceeded. But she soon observed the legal gentleman's visage turned towards her again, and the eternal grimace of the unconscious lawyer upset her temper.

She stopped, looked furiously at Squire H———, gave her head a toss, fanned herself violently a minute, and then proceeded with her testimony.

Again, on looking around at Squire H———, she caught him at it, and her anger rose almost to the boiling point. She shook her fan at him, and looked as if "she would eat him up." His honor, the Judge, at length requested her to go on with her narrative. The indignant witness drew herself stiff up as a whalebone, and snapped out:—

"Please, yer honor, I *can't* as long as that ugly man sits there *a-making faces at me.*"

The gravity of the bench, bar, jury-box, and spectators' gallery, was all upset in a promiscuous heap, and everybody but Squire H——— thought it a capital joke—on the face of it.

A WHOPPER.—The *Albany Dutchman* says, that a friend in California writes us that they have fire-flies so large, in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They hang their kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose, like pot-hooks. Great country that!

SHOCKINGLY LAZY.—There is a fellow, named Jack Hole, living down East, who has a way of spelling his name, which throws Fonotype far enough into the shade. He makes a big "J.," and then jobs his pen through the paper for the "Hole." He says this saves him trouble.

TWO GHOSTS TO ONE HAMLET.—Strange things occasionally occur in a theatrical life. Some few years ago, at a benefit given to a fire company, in Philadelphia, a new aspirant for histrionic honors appeared on the boards of the Walnut Street Theatre. The play was *Hamlet*. Just before the curtain rose, the gentleman engaged to play the "Ghost" struck for wages, and the manager was forced to supply his place as best he could.

In due time, the play went on, and the "Ghost," in blue armour appeared, saying in the usual lugubrious tone—

"Hamlet, *I am thy father's ghost!*"

When, even as the Prince of Denmark was contemplating the image of his father's ghost, a voice was heard from another wing—

"Don't you believe him, Hamlet; I am your father's ghost—this fellow underbid me."

And with the word, another ghost (in blue armour, of course,) stepped on the stage.

The embarrassment of Hamlet was extreme. *Two* ghosts of *one* father, both dressed in blue armour, speaking at once, and each claiming to be the ghost, Simon Pure—as thus,

"Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost!" began No. 1.

"No, Hamlet, I'm your father's ghost!" cried No. 2.

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth," continued No. 1.

"No, Hamlet," said ghost No. 2, insinuatingly;—"it's me that's doomed to walk the earth, not him. You see he plays for five dollars a week, and I would not do it under six. I'm your father's ghost, Hamlet."

At this juncture, while Hamlet stood looking from one to the other, in most unprincely confusion, No. 1 again rallied—

"I could a tale unfold," he said.

"All fudge, Hamlet; it's me that could the tale unfold," cried Ghost No. 2. "This fellow ain't got any tale to unfold. I'm your father's ghost, my boy."

At this crisis the curtain fell, leaving Hamlet to settle the matter with the two ghosts behind the scene, while the audience were shedding tears,—but not of sorrow.

"HAVE you any fashionable hats?" enquired a stranger, stepping into a hat-store, in the month of March.

"The best in the market, sir," replied the merchant, at the same time attempting to take down a splendid beaver from the top shelf, whereupon down came the shelf and twenty hats, in great confusion, scattering themselves in every direction over the floor and counter.

The stranger turned upon his heel, and as he passed out o the door, exclaimed—

"I'm much obliged to you, sir, but I'll not look at your *fall* fashions."

OH, GENTLE TERPSICHORE!—A dancing-master, on being cast away on a desolate island, lived six months without any other food than that which he derived from "cutting pigeon wings" and stewing them. Here's a hint worth taking to sea. If learning to dance will prevent you from "*shuffling* off this mortal coil," it is the duty of every man and woman to grow wise in cotillions. So says the *New York Dutchman*.

WHAT THE PRESS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM SAY OF US!

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The second part of this magazine, which we introduced to our readers a few weeks since, supports its title to the position which we then thought it merited amongst its compeers. The present part commences with "Hobbs, the American Artizan; a stray leaf or two of adventures from his note-book, by Henry Howard Paul," a spirited sketch, which has already appeared in the *Plymouth Times*. "The Mob Cap; or My Grandmother's Trunk," by Mrs. Caroline Hentz, is the most lengthy tale in the part, but its length is not its only recommendation, for its characters are excellently drawn. "The Age we live in," by Horace Greeley, is not descriptive of the characteristics of the times, but incites to activity and perseverance. "A Chat about Tobacco," by John Neal, is a dose for smokers and snuffers, and enforces strong sentiments, if not arguments, against the habits of both these classes. We would recommend it to those who contemplate the formation of the habits rather than to those who are confirmed in them. "The Significance of Dress," by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and "Dress Excitement," by N. P. Willis, deserve perusal in the present days, when attire forms all but the most popular subject of the day. "Foot Prints of Angels," by Henry W. Longfellow, is a beautiful production. The most comical piece is entitled "Jedediah Doughkins and the Bloomers, a Yankee Absurdity," by Henry Howard Paul—it is truly farcical. The part contains many other contributions by authors of standing, amongst which are sketches of the life of Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the United States, by R. W. Griswold; and of the literary character of the late Fenimore Cooper, by Geo. P. Morris; with an engraving of his portrait. There is another steel engraving, beautifully finished—"a view of the Park and City Hall, New York." The poetry the part contains is of a high order, and altogether the *American Magazine* is an acquisition to our periodical literature.—*Plymouth Times*.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—In our last we briefly alluded to this new candidate for popular favor, and which we are confident it will receive, as it so justly merits. The articles are contributed by the most distinguished American writers, and when we mention the names of Daniel Webster, Longfellow, Bryant, N. P. Willis, Emerson, and numerous others of similar distinction among the male writers; and on the other side Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Sigourney, "Grace Greenwood," Mrs. Embury, Clara Moreton, Alice B. Neal, &c., we are certain our readers will concur with us that such a galaxy of talent must needs shed a peculiar brilliancy over any work with which they are connected. The *American Magazine* is published monthly, is printed in beautiful style, on excellent paper, and contains fifty-six pages of letterpress, at the low price of one shilling. The tales and other papers in the present part are, as might be expected, well written and interesting, and what may perhaps prove a recommendation to many, there are no continuations; each tale is perfect in itself, so that the reader has not to wait for two or three publications for the fate of the hero or heroine, or the *denouement* of the story. As an American publication would be nothing without a Jonathanism or two, the editor presents us at the conclusion with half a dozen columns of "Merry-graphs," well seasoned, and highly amusing. We wish the *American Magazine* every success.—*Waterford Mail*.

THIS is a new competitor for public favor, is tastefully got up, and the two numbers we have seen contain amusing and instructive matter from the pens of some of the most celebrated writers in America. The tales and articles have a merit which we would be glad to see followed in other publications, viz., they are complete in themselves: "To be continued in our next," is not allowed in this magazine. Each number is embellished with a steel engraving of an American subject.—*Glasgow Saturday's Post*.

THE publication of this magazine will banish many foolish notions which have prevailed in this country respecting American literature. Who, for instance, can read the articles of Horace Greeley, of R. W. Griswold, and of Mrs. C. M Kirkland, in this part, without being impressed both with the excellence of their style and sentiments. Horace Greeley's "Age we live in" is an admirably suggestive contribution. The selected poems are not less pleasing. The *American Magazine* has about it every Yankee element of popularity.—*Dundee Advertiser*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is a most able periodical. In the letter-press we have a host of capital papers on various subjects, by the first American writers, with whose works we trust the English may, through this magazine, form in future a better acquaintance than they have hitherto had an opportunity of doing. We strongly recommend the magazine to the attention of our literary friends.—*Devonport Independent, November* 29.

This work is ably conductod by Mr. Howard Paul, and can hardly fail to obtain extensive support. The articles have an American air, which gives them freshness and interest.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

A SPLENDID magazine, and one that ought to succeed.—*Sheffield Free Press*.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, edited by Henry Howard Paul, and published in London, is certainly a novelty, and one which we think is likely to command public attention and support. It is highly desirable, as the editor remarks, that a perfect harmony and good understanding should be cultivated between the communities of Great Britain and the United States; and one means of attaining that object is by the interchange of the sentiments of each people, as expressed by reliable and acknowledged writers. There are now widely circulated in the United States six periodicals composed entirely of the literature of Great Britain. In London, prior to this magazine, there has been no periodical devoted to the publication of American literature. Yet some of the best productions of American intellect appear in periodicals, which, if re-issued in this country, could not fail to be received with the favor proportionate to their merits. For this reason we are glad to notice the introduction of an American monthly periodical amongst us, and we see included in the authors of its contents the names of Daniel Webster, Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, Prescott, Emerson, Willis, Mrs Sigourney, Lowell, Paul, and others, whose writings are already more or less known to English readers, and whose contributions to American periodicals will be collected, and the choicest of them presented in the pages of this magazine. The contents are sufficiently varied, consisting of poetry, tales, articles on more serious subjects, biographical sketches, American facts, chit-chat, and a chapter of laughable occurrences under the heading of "Yankee Notions." The work is neatly got up, and each number contains a fine steel engraving of some prominent view in the United States. The two numbers under notice contain a view of the Capitol at Washington, and of the Park and City Hall, New York.—*Cornwall Advertiser*.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The third number of this now *naturalised* transatlantic serial has made its appearance, and maintains its high character, both typographically, artistically, and literally. The view of Boston and Bunker's Hill is magnificent; its subject is charming, and its execution in the first style of art. We must not, however, in our admiration of the manner in which the magazine is got up, forget its literary superiority, which places it most decidedly in the first class of publications of its kind. The reminiscences, in this number, of the great Fennimore Cooper, are redolent of powerful interest to all who remember the writings of that child of genius. We are delighted to find that the work has been so well received, and hail it as one of the proofs of the increase of that national brotherhood so deeply desired by every right-minded man. If it continues its course as heretofore, its permanent success is certain.—*The Port of Portsmouth Guardian*.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—A beautifully illustrated engraving of the Park and City Hall, New York, forms the frontispiece of Part II. of this publication, which is continued with a great deal of spirit. It is the peculiar feature of this work that every tale, poem, or paper, on whatever subject which is given, is complete in itself; no "followers" in the shape of "continued from our last" being allowed. In the number before us, we are presented with short biographies of Hobbs "the Leviathan of Locks," and of Fenimore Cooper, the Novelist, both Americans. The stories of fiction are conspicuous in the true Yankee qualities of intense comicality and moving pathos.—*Woolmer's Exeter Gazette*.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This magazine, which is got up with all the advantages of beautiful engravings, good paper and typography, and a "tarnation smart cover," ought to meet with a hearty welcome from the "Old Country," as the Yankees designate Great Britain. The selections and original articles are very interesting * * * The specimen of the poetry that we extract below is like the refrain of some fine old piece of minor music, chilling the heart with its wailing cadences. It is from the pen of Poe, and is entitled "The Raven.—*Glasgow Herald, December* 1.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.— * * * It furnishes extracts and original articles from the pens of the best American authors. There is a large quantity of matter, nicely printed for the price, and the magazine is a decided acquisition to the periodical literature of the country. Each part is splendidly illustrated.—*Windsor and Eton Express*.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is of an eclectic character, and the editor, Mr. Henry Howard Paul, has evinced both good taste and sound justice in the selections. * * * * We have great variety—tales, sketches, essays, poetry, and the whole wound up with interesting "Chit Chat" and laughable "Merrygraphs," and "Yankee Notions." This magazine will no doubt contribute to the promotion of good feeling between the people of both countries.—*Downpatrick Recorder*.

OF course, after the victories which Brother Jonathan has gained in reaping, yachting, and lock-making, it would not be just the thing, if among the many periodicals issuing from the press, there should not be one in honor of the "Stars and Stripes." This American magazine appears at a very appropriate time. It is full of fact and fiction, well selected, and altogether is a capital work.—*Cheltenham Journal*.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ADVERTISING SHEET.

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PRIZE MEDAL FOR HAVANA CIGARS

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WEIGHT, 10 OZ.



A NEWLY INVENTED WATERPROOF, made as a Coat, so light expressly to carry in the pocket, or on saddle; entirely supersedes the old-fashioned cumbersome Mackintosh or Dreadnought. *One fact alone* causes this Waterproof to be superior to any other extant (particularly for the Tropics) is the proof of mineralization testing the India-rubber to 300 degrees of heat, entirely obviating the sticking, cracking, and unpleasant smell in all previous Waterproofs. Ladies' Capes, with Hoods, &c.; Gentlemen supplied, sending length and size round the chest over the coat, direct.—Name and address stamped inside.



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GREAT AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA.

THE great value of this Medicine is, that it strengthens and builds up the system, while it eradicates Disease. Acting specifically upon the Blood, and through that upon all the Organs and Tissues of the Body, this SARSAPARILLA neutralizes the *sharp biting acids* of the system, destroys and removes all peccant Humours and virulent substances from the Blood, which cause *Blotches, Pimples, gross Eruptions of all kinds* on the *Face, Neck*, and *Breast*; removes *Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn*, and *Flatulence*; allays *Inflammation* of the *Bowels, Lungs, Liver*, and *Kidneys*, and completely sweeps out of the Body *Corruptions, Infections*, and *Disease*. It is a GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE, Having saved the lives of more than 40,000 females, during the past ten years. In *Spinal* and *Nervous Complaints, Excessive, Painful*, or *Suppressed Menses, Falling* of the *Womb, Leucorrhea*, or the *Whites*, Pain in the *Loins, Headaches, Mental Depression, Costiveness*, and *General Debility*, this Sarsaparilla is a sovereign remedy. Its purifying properties render it very efficient in curing *Scrofula, Gout, Fever, Sores, Eruptions* of the *Skin, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Sore Eyes, Salt Rheum, Mercurial Diseases, Piles, Jaundice, Cancers, Fistula*, &c.

A GREAT MEDICINE FOR FEMALES.—The peculiar nature of this Medicine eminently adapts itself to the constitution and ailments of Females. It has consequently had great and uncommon success in the cure of Female complaints. Subject as they are to a great variety of diseases, arising from a disordered state of the uterine functions, they labor under many painful disadvantages and trials which are unknown to the other sex. Thousands of women suffer untold misery from Falling of the Womb, Pains in the Back, Hips, Loins, and Groin, and excruciating distress in the Head, bearing down Pains, great Weakness, Palpitations of Heart, and Mental Depression. All such have been cured by the use of the Old Doctor's Sarsaparilla, when all other means failed. Young Females passing the age of Puberty, the Matron crossing the line, termed "the Term of Life," and all those who are in that most critical period, before and after the wife becomes the Mother, and especially the thousands who are thrown on the highway to Consumption, from derangement of the Catamenial Evacuations, either by excess or entire suppression, have made use of this Sarsaparilla, and it has invariably carried them through all danger and difficulty, removed all pains and sufferings, and given back health and happiness.

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PRIZE MEDAL - GREAT EXHIBITION—CLASS 3, No. 15.

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At Ten Minutes' Notice, a first-rate DINNER, *consisting of Soup, Fish, a Rôti, an Entrée, and a Pudding*,

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Which are the choicest productions of the markets, dressed in the most *recherché* style by a first-rate French Cook, in Vacuum Canisters, warranted to retain their freshness and flavour for an indefinite period.

Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, and Giblet Soup	**3s. 6d. per Quart.**
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Every description of MADE DISHES, &c., at prices equally reasonable, not exceeding their cost at home.

To be had of all the principal Oil and Italian Warehousemen in Town and Country, and of RITCHIE M'CALL, 137, HOUNDSDITCH.

Sample Hampers £1 each, containing an assortment, forwarded to any part of the Kingdom, on receipt of a Post-Office Order.—Detailed Price List, post free, on application.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION, AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A Purifier of the Blood, and a Sweetener of the whole System.

OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heart-burn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of camomile flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicines must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with camomile flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE—(*Continued.*)

effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstance.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body andweak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink, always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well-digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often, committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds it way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its misthievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty, than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked, their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance; being at once a most fragrant perfume and delightful cosmetic. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c.; and, by its Balsamic and Healing qualities, render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and, by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it allays the irritation and smarting pain, annihilates every pimple and all roughness, and renders the skin smooth and firm. It protects the skin from the effects of the cold winds and damp atmosphere which prevail during the winter months, and will be found beyond all praise to use as a Family Lotion on all occasions.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., with Directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

A CURE FOR THE GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

"*The Eighth Plague,*" said the learned Dr. Johnson, "*is the Gout, and that man who discovers a Medicine to alleviate its torments deserves well of his country; but he who can effect a cure should have a Monument raised to his memory as high as St. Paul's, as wide as the Thames, and as lasting as time.*"

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are sold by nearly all Medicine Vendors at 1*s.* 1½*d. and* 2*s.* 9*d. per Box; the former containing doses for* five *and the latter for* fifteen *days;* and so many individuals, who considered themselves martyrs to Gout or Rheumatism, are now ready and willing to bear testimony of the wonderful effects of Simco's Pills, that the proprietor fearlessly challenges the whole world to produce a Medicine which at all deserves to be compared to them. There are *many* instances in which persons have been restored to health and activity by taking SIMCO'S GOUT PILLS, who have suffered from Rheumatic Gout for several years, and had drawn on a miserable existence, having lost the use of their limbs, believing that death alone could terminate their sufferings.

Whilst taking the Pills, no particular rules or restrictions are necessary, as they are warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury whatever; they seldom produce perspiration, purging, or sickness, but invariably improve the general health, sharpen the appetite, and facilitate digestion. Those periodically subject to Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Fever, &c., should keep these Pills by them, as by their timely use an approaching attack may always be averted, and the tendency of these complaints to attack a vital part be effectually counteracted.

INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic Persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED FOR, AND HONOURABLE MENTION MADE OF, THE

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

See Pages 57 and 63, Class III., Jury IV., of "List of Awards," Printed by Authority of the Royal Commissioners.

Being thus doubly noticed for its "General Superiority," (a mark of Distinction conferred on no other) by the Royal Commissioners and Jury, from amongst 30 or 40 Exhibitors, sets it far above every other of its Competitors.

THE Ladies are therefore respectfully requested to make a trial of the GLENFIELD PATENT DOUBLE-REFINED POWDER STARCH, which, for Domestic Use, now stands UNRIVALLED,

AND IS NOW USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.

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"The Glenfield Patent Powder Starch has now been used for some time in that Department of the Royal Laundry, where all the finest Goods are finished for Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family, and I have much pleasure in informing you that it has given the highest satisfaction.

"M. WEIGH, Laundress to Her Majesty.

"Royal Laundry, Richmond, near London, 15th May. 1851."

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"The Lady Mayoress begs to thank Messrs. Pantin and Turner for a Box of Glenfield Patent Double Refined Powder Starch, manufactured by Mr. Wotherspoon of Glasgow. The Laundress has reported the Starch to be of very superior quality, and the Lady Mayoress will have much pleasure in recommending it.

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UNITED STATES SARSAPARILLA,

IN EUROPE OR AMERICA—THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

CLASS IX., GREAT EXHIBITION, AMERICAN DEPARTMENT.

Half Pints, 2s.; Pints, 3s. 6d.; Quarts, 6s.

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DAVID W. HOWE, GENERAL AGENT FOR EUROPE.

Half Dozen sent free by sending Post Office Order.

OBSERVE THIS CAUTION.—None genuine without the certificate of Dr. James R. Chilton on the outside wrapper of each bottle, as well as the signature of S. P. Townsend. All others should be avoided.

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Offers the guarantee of Fifteen years constant success to those who are disappointed with other so-called Dyes. It is easy to apply, perfectly safe, and imparts in a few minutes to the Hair, Whiskers, &c., a natural and permanent black or brown shade. Price 5s. 6d. and 6s.

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PREPARED under the immediate care of the Inventor, and established for nearly 40 years by the PROFESSION, for removing BILE, ACIDITIES, and INDIGESTION, restoring APPETITE, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving uric acid in GRAVEL and GOUT; also, as an easy remedy for SEA SICKNESS, and for the febrile affections incident to childhood it is invaluable.

Dr. James Johnson states, in his Review of Dr. MURRAY'S INVENTION—"PELLUCID SOLUTION OF MAGNESIA.—This very useful and elegant preparation we have been trying for some months, as an aperient antiacid in dyspeptic complaints, attended with acidity and constipation, and with very great benefit."

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With the Acidulated Syrup the Fluid Magnesia forms the most delightful of saline drinks.

Physicians will please specify MURRAY'S FLUID MAGNESIA *in their prescriptions, to avoid the danger of adulterations and substitutions.*

Sold by the Sole Consignee, Mr. BAILEY, of North Street, Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* 6*d.*, 11*s.*, and 21*s.* each. *** The Acidulated Syrup in Bottles, 2*s.* each.

N.B.—Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and see that his name is stamped on each label, *in green ink*, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

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The church bells are ringing their tones far and near;
The heart hoping fondly must hail the glad chime,
That welcomes another fair era to Time!

While all are thus indulging in the exuberance of gaiety, and general congratulations are going their periodical round, Messrs. ROWLAND & SON feel anxious to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity to return their sincere thanks to a discriminating and liberal public for its *marked extensive approbation and patronage* throughout the past year of their celebrated

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCENERY COMPARED.

BY THE LATE J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE great distinction between American and European scenery, as a whole, is to be found in the greater want of finish in the former than in the latter, and to the greater superfluity of works of art in the old world than in the new. Nature has certainly made some differences, though there are large portions of continental Europe that, without their artificial accessories, might well pass for districts in our own region, and which forcibly remind the traveller of his native home. As a whole, it must be admitted that Europe offers to the senses sublimer views, and certainly grander, than are to be found within our own borders, unless we resort to the Rocky Mountains and the ranges in California and New Mexico.

In musing on these subjects, the mind of the untravelled American naturally turns first towards England. He has pictured to himself landscapes and scenery on which are impressed the teeming history of the past. We shall endeavour to point out the leading distinctions between the scenery of England and that of America, therefore, as the course that will probably be most acceptable to the reader.

The prevalent characteristic of the English landscape is its air of snugness and comfort. In these respects it differs entirely from its neighbour, France. The English, no doubt, have a great deal of poverty and squalid misery among them. But it is kept surprisingly out of the ordinary view. Most of it, indeed, is to be found in the towns, and even in them it is concealed in out-of-the-way places and streets seldom entered by the stranger.

There are places in America, more especially in the vicinities of the large towns, that have a strong resemblance to the more crowded portions of England, though the hedge is usually wanting and the stone wall is more in favour among ourselves than it appears ever to have been among our ancestors. The great abundance of wood in this country, too, gives us the rail and the board for our fences, objects which the lovers of the picturesque would gladly see supplanted by the briar and the thorn. All that part of Staten Island which lies nearest to the quarter ground has a marked resemblance to what we should term suburban English landscape. The neighbourhoods of most of the old towns in the northern States have more or less of the same character; it being natural that the descendants of Englishmen should have preserved as many of the usages of their forefathers as were practicable. We know of no portion of this country that bears any marked resemblance to the prevalent characteristics of an ordinary French landscape. In France there are two great distinctive features that seem to divide the materials of the views between them. One is that of a bald nakedness of formal *grandes routes*, systematically lined with trees, a total absence of farmhouses, fences, hedges, and walls, little or no forest, except in particular places, scarcely any pieces of detached woods, and a husbandry that is remarkable for its stiffness and formality. The fields of a French acclivity, when the grain is ripe, or ripening, have a strong resemblance to an ordinary Manchester pattern-card, in which the different cloths, varying in colour, are placed under the eye at one glance. The effect of this is not pleasing; the lines being straight and the fields exhibiting none of the freedom of nature. Stiffness and formality, indeed, impair the beauty of nine-tenths of the French landscapes; though as a whole the country is considered fine, and is certainly very productive. The other distinctive feature to which we allude is of a directly contrary character, being remarkable for the affluence of its objects. It often occurs in that country that the traveller finds himself on a height that commands a view of great extent, which is literally covered with *bourgs* or small towns and villages. This occurs particularly in Normandy, in the vicinity of Paris, and as one approaches the Loire. In such places it is no unusual thing for the eye to embrace, as it might be in a single view, some forty or fifty cold, grave-looking, chiselled *bourgs* and villages, almost invariably erected in stone. The effect is not unpleasant, for the subdued colour of the buildings has a tendency to soften the landscape and to render the whole solemn and imposing. We can recal many of these scenes that have left

indelible impressions on the mind, and which, if not positively beautiful in a rural sense, are very remarkable. That from the heights of Montmorenci, near Paris, is one of them; and there is another, from the hill of St. Catharine, near Rouen, that is quite as extraordinary.

The greater natural freedom that exists in an ordinary American landscape, and the abundance of detached fragments of wood, often render the views of this country strikingly beautiful when they are of sufficient extent to conceal the want of finish in the details, which require time and long-continued labour to accomplish. In this particular we conceive that the older portions of the United States offer to the eye a general outline of view that may well claim to be even of a higher cast than most of the scenery of the old world.

There is one great charm, however, that it must be confessed is nearly wanting among us. We allude to the coast. Our own is, with scarcely an exception, low, monotonous, and tame. It wants Alpine rocks, bold promontories, visible heights inland, and all those other glorious accessories of the sort that render the coast of the Mediterranean the wonder of the world. It is usual for the American to dilate on the size of his bays and rivers, but objects like these require corresponding elevation in the land. Admirable as is the bay of New York for the purposes of commerce, it holds but a very subordinate place as a landscape among the other havens of the world. The comparison with Naples, that has so often been made, is singularly unjust, there not being two bays of any extent to be found that are really less alike than these. It was never our good fortune to see Constantinople or Rio de Janeiro, the two noblest and most remarkable scenes of this kind, as we have understood, known to the traveller. But we much question if either will endure the test of rigid and severe examination better than the celebrated Gulf of Napoli. The colour of the water, alone, is a peculiar beauty of all the Mediterranean bays; it is the blue of the deep sea, carried home to the very rocks of the coast. In this respect the shores of America, also, have less claim to beauty than those of Europe, generally. The waters are green, the certain sign of their being shallow. Similar tints prevail in the narrow seas between Holland and England. The name of Holland recalls a land, however, that is even lower than any portion of our own with which we are acquainted. There are large districts in Holland that are actually below the level of the high tides of the sea. This country is a proof how much time, civilization, and persevering industry may add even to the interest of a landscape. While the tameness of the American coast has so little to relieve it or to give it character, in Holland it becomes the source of wonder and admiration. The sight of vast meadows, villages, farm-houses, churches, and other works of art, actually lying below the level of the adjacent canals and the neighbouring seas, wakes in the mind a species of reverence for human industry. This feeling becomes blended with the views, and it is scarcely possible to gaze upon a Dutch landscape without seeing, at the same time, ample pages from the history of the country and the character of its people. On this side of the ocean there are no such peculiarities. Time, numbers, and labour are yet wanting to supply the defects of nature, and we must be content, for a while, with the less teeming pictures drawn in our youth and comparative simplicity.

On the American coast the prevailing character is less marked at the northward and eastward than at the southward. At some future day the Everglades of Florida may have a certain resemblance to Holland. They are the lowest land, we believe, in any part of this country.

Taking into the account the climate and its productions, the adjacent mountains, the most picturesque outlines of the lakes, and the works of art which embellish the whole, we think that most lovers of natural scenery would prefer that around the Lakes of Como and Maggiore to that of any other place familiarly known to the traveller. Como is ordinarily conceived to carry off the palm in Europe, and it is not probable that the great mountains of the East or any part of the Andes can assemble as many objects of grandeur, sweetness, magnificence, and art, as are to be found in this region. Of course, our own country has nothing of the sort to compare with it. The Rocky Mountains, and the other great ranges in the recent accession of territory must possess many noble views, especially as one proceeds south; but the accessories are necessarily wanting, for a union of art and nature can alone render scenery perfect.

In the way of the wild, the terrific, and the grand, nature is sufficient of herself; but Niagara is scarcely more imposing than she is now rendered lovely by the works of man. It is true that the celebrated cataract has a marked sweetness of expression, if we may use such a term, that singularly softens its magnificence, and now that men are becoming more familiar with its mysteries, and penetrating into its very mists, by means of a small steam-boat, the admirer of nature discovers a character different from that which first strikes the senses.

We regard it as hypercritical to speak of the want of Alpine scenery around Niagara. On what scale must the mountains be moulded to bear a just comparison, in this view of the matter, with the grandeur of the cataract! The Alps, the Andes, and the Himalaya, would scarcely suffice to furnish materials necessary to produce the contrast, on any measurement now known to the world. In fact the accessories, except as they are blended with the Falls themselves, as in the wonderful gorge through which the river rushes, in an almost fathomless torrent, as if frightened at its own terrific leap; the Whirlpool, and all that properly belongs to the stream, from the commencement of the Rapids, or, to be more exact, from the placid, lake-like scenery above these Rapids, down to the point where the waters of this mighty strait are poured into the bosom of the Ontario, strike us as being in singular harmony with the views of the cataract itself.

The Americans may well boast of their waterfalls, and of their lakes, notwithstanding the admitted superiority of upper Italy and Swit-

zerland in connection with the highest classes of the latter. They form objects of interest over a vast surface of territory, and greatly relieve the monotony of the inland views. We do not now allude to the five great lakes, which resemble seas and offer very much the same assemblage of objects to the eye; but to those of greatly inferior extent, that are sparkling over so much of the surface of the northern states. The east, and New York in particular, abound in them, though farther west the lover of the picturesque must be content to receive the prairie in their stead. It would be a great mistake, however, to attempt to compare any of these lakes with the finest of the old world; though many of them are very lovely and all contribute to embellish the scenery. Lake George itself could not occupy more than a fourth or fifth position in a justly graduated scale of the lakes of Christendom; though certainly very charming to the eye, and of singular variety in its aspects. In one particular, indeed, this lake has scarcely an equal. We allude to its islands, which are said to equal the number of the days of the year. Points, promontories, and headlands are scarcely ever substitutes for islands, which add inexpressibly to the effect of all water views.

It has been a question among the admirers of natural scenery, whether the presence or absence of detached farm-houses, of trees, hedges, walls, and fences, most contribute to the effect of any inland view. As these are three great points of distinction between the continent of Europe and our own country, we shall pause a moment to examine the subject a little more in detail. When the towns and villages are sufficiently numerous to catch the attention of the eye, and there are occasional fragments of forest in sight, one does not so much miss the absence of that appearance of comfort and animated beauty that the other style of embellishment so eminently possesses. A great deal, however, depends, as respects these particulars, on the nature of the architecture and the color of the buildings and fences. It is only in very particular places and under very dull lights that the contrast between white and green is agreeable. A fence that looks as if it were covered with clothes hung out to dry, does very little towards aiding the picturesque. And he who endeavours to improve his taste in these particulars, will not fail to discover in time that a range of country which gives up its objects, chiselled and distinct, but sober and sometimes sombre, will eventually take stronger hold of his fancy than one that is glittering with the fruits of the paint and the white-wash brushes. We are never dissatisfied with the natural tints of the stone, for the mind readily submits to the ordering of nature! and though one colour may be preferred to another, each and all are acceptable in their proper places. Thus, a marble structure is expected to be white, and as such, if the buildings be of suitable dimensions and proportions, escapes our criticism, on account of its richness and uses. Artificial; may be said of other hues, when not artificial; but we think that most admirers of nature, as they come to cultivate their tastes, settle down into a preference for the grey and subdued over all the brighter tints that art can produce. In this particular, then, we give the preference to the effects of European scenery, over that of this country, where wood is so much used for the purposes of building, and where the fashion has long been to color it with white. A better taste, however, or what we esteem as such, is beginning to prevail, and houses in towns and villages are now not unfrequently even painted in subdued colors. We regard the effect as an improvement, though to our tastes no hue, in its artificial objects, so embellishes a landscape as the solemn colour of the more sober and less meretricious looking stones.

We believe that a structure of white, with green blinds, is almost peculiar to this country. In the most propitious situations, and under the happiest circumstances, the colours are unquestionably unsuited to architecture, which, like statuary, should have but one tint. If, however, it be deemed essential to the flaunting tastes of the mistress of some mansion to cause the hues of the edifice in which she resides to be as gay as her *toilette*, we earnestly protest against the bright green that is occasionally introduced for such purposes. There is a graver tint of the same color that entirely changes the expression of a dwelling. Place two of these houses in close proximity, and scarcely an intellectual being would pass them without saying that the owner of the one was much superior to the owner of the other in all that marks the civilized man. Put a third structure in the immediate vicinity of these two that should have but one color on its surface, including its blinds, and we think that nine persons in ten, except the very vulgar and uninstructed, would at once jump to the conclusion that the owner of this habitation was in tastes and refinement superior to both his neighbors. A great improvement, however, in rural as well as in town architecture, is now in the course of introduction throughout all the northern states. More attention is paid to the picturesque than was formerly the case, and the effects are becoming as numerous as they are pleasing. We should particularise New Haven as one of those towns that has been thus embellished of late years, and there are other places of nearly equal size that might be mentioned as having the same claims to an improved taste. But to return to the great distinctive features between an ordinary American landscape and a similar scene in Europe. Of the artificial accessories it is scarcely necessary to say any more. One does not expect to meet with a ruined castle or abbey, or even fortress, in America! nor, on the other hand, does the traveller look for the forests of America, or that abundance of wood which gives to nearly every farm a sufficiency for all the common wants of life, on the plains and heights of the old world. Wood there certainly is, and possibly enough to meet the ordinary wants of the different countries, but it is generally in the hands of the governments or the great proprietors, and takes the aspect of forests of greater or less size that are well cared for, cleared and trimmed like the grounds of a park.

Germany has, we think, in some respects a

strong resemblance to the views of America. It is not so much wanting in detached copses and smaller plantations of trees as the countries farther south and east of it, while it has less of the naked aspect in general that is so remarkable in France. Detached buildings occur more frequently in Germany than in France especially, and we might add also in Spain. The reader will remember that it is a prevalent usage throughout Europe, with the exception of the British Islands, Holland, and here and there a province in other countries, for the rural population to dwell in villages. This practice gives to the German landscape, in particular, a species of resemblance to what is ordinarily termed park scenery, though it is necessarily wanting in much of that expression which characterises the embellishments that properly belong to the latter. With us this resemblance is often even stronger, in consequence of the careless graces of nature and the great affluence of detached woods. The distinguishing feature existing in the farm-house, fences, and out-buildings. Of a cloudy day, a distant view in America often bears this likeness to the park, in a very marked degree, for then the graces of the scene are visible to the eye, while the defects of the details are too remote to be detected.

The mountain scenery of the United States, though wanting in grandeur, and in that wild sublimity which ordinarily belongs to a granite formation, is not without attractions that are singularly its own. The great abundance of forest, the arable qualities of the soil, and the peculiar blending of what may be termed the agricultural and the savage, unite to produce landscapes of extraordinary beauty and gracefulness. Vast regions of country possessing this character are to be found in almost all the old states, for after quitting the coast for a greater or less distance, varying from one to two hundred miles, the ranges of the Alleghanies interpose between the monotonous districts of the Atlantic shores and the great plains of the west. We are of opinion that as civilization advances, and the husbandman has brought his lands to the highest state of cultivation, there will be a line of mountain scenery extending from Maine to Georgia, in a north and south direction, and possessing a general width of from one to two hundred miles, from east to west, that will scarcely have a parallel in any other quarter of the world, in those sylvan upland landscapes, which, while they are wanting in the sublimity of the Alpine regions, share so largely in the striking and effective.

It is usual for the American to boast of his rivers, not only for their size and usefulness, but for their beauties. A thousand streams, that in older regions would have been rendered memorable, ages since, by the poet, the painter, art in every form, and the events of a teeming history, flow within the limits of the United States still unsung, and nearly unknown. As yet, something is ordinarily wanting, in the way of finish, along the banks of these inferior water-courses. But occasionally, in places where art has, as it might be, accidentally assisted nature, they come into the landscape with the most pleasing influence on its charms. In this respect the peculiarity of the country is rather in a want of uniformity than in any want of material. To us, it would seem that all the northern states of America, at least, are far better watered than common, and that consequently they possess more of this species of beauty. As for the great streams, the largest, perhaps, have the least claims to high character in this respect in both the old and the new world. The Rhine is an exception, however, for it would be difficult to find another river of equal length and with the same flow of water, that possesses the same diversity of character or one so peculiar. At its source it descends from the high glaciers of the Alps a number of howling brooks, which forcing their way through the upper valleys, unite below in a straggling, rapid, but shallow stream, that finds its way into the lake of Constance, out of which it issues a compact, rapid river, imposing by its volume of water, rather than by its breadth, or any other advantage. Its cataracts, so celebrated in the old world, can scarcely claim to be the equal of the Cohoes, or many others of the secondary falls of this country, though the Rhine has always an abundance of water, which the Mohawk has not. On quitting Switzerland, this remarkable stream assumes many aspects, and decorates, beyond a doubt, as much landscape scenery as falls to the share of any other stream in the known world. We do not think it, however, in its best parts, equal to the Hudson in its whole length, though the characters of these two rivers are so very different as scarcely to admit of a fair comparison. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Rhine is its termination, for after embellishing and serving the purposes of such an extent of country in the very heart of Europe, it disappears, as it might be, in a number of straggling, uninteresting, turbid waters, among the marshes of Holland. This is a very different exit from that which characterises the majestic flow of the Hudson into the Atlantic.

England has no great rivers to boast of, though she has a few of singular claims to notice, on account of the great flow of the tides and the vast amount of commerce that they bear on their bosom. The Thames, so renowned in history, is as uninteresting as possible, until it passes above the bridges of London, where it becomes an ordinary pretty sylvan stream.

The Seine, another river, familiar in name, at least, to every reader, has much higher claims than its neighbour of the British Islands, in the way of natural beauty. This stream, from Rouen to the Channel, is not without some very fine scenery, as well as possessing a very variant and interesting character, with both natural and artificial accessories, to say nothing of the historical, that draw largely on the attention.

Italy has many rivers that are celebrated in song or story, but not one, we think, that should rank high, on the ground of landscape beauty. Most of her streams are so dependent on the melting of the snows in the Apennines and Alps, as to be either howling torrents, or meagre straggling pools. The Arno, the Po, the Adige, the Tiber, and all the other rivers of that peninsula, are obnoxious to these objections. Even the

Tiber, which is navigable as high as Rome, for vessels of a light draft, is either a tranquil thread, or one of those noisy, turbid streams that overflow their banks and often appear at a loss to know in which direction to pour their waters.

The day is not distant, when America must possess a vast extent of territory of a character directly the reverse of that we have described in our mountain scenery, but which, nevertheless, will not be without a certain magnificence from its extent, productions, and fertility. We allude to the great plains of the west; those which lie between the bases of the Alleghanies and the semi-sterile steppes that are known in this part of the world as the great prairies. Lombardy, teeming as she is with population, vines, and all the productions of a fertile soil, in the possession of millions, sinks into insignificance before the vast plains that are destined to be her rivals in this quarter of the world. Perhaps New York alone could furnish nearly as much of this character of country as is to be found in Upper Italy; for, stretching from the shores of Ontario towards the southern ranges of uplands, and as far east as Utica, is spread to the eye a vast extent of the most fertile plain, slightly relieved in places with a rolling surface of very respectable claims to natural beauty. We question if greater fertility is to be found in any part of the world, than is met with in the region last-mentioned, though drainage and the other works of an advanced state of husbandry, are still much wanting to bring forth both its fertility and its beauties.

New York, indeed, in the way of scenery, has very high claims to variety, gracefulness, and even grandeur, among the mountains of the counties bordering on Champlain. By grandeur, however, let there be no mistake, by receiving the term in any other than a limited sense. Any well-delineated view of a high-class Swiss scene, must at once convince even the most provincial mind among us that nothing of the sort is to be found in America, east of the Rocky mountains. Nevertheless, the Adirondack has claims to a wild grandeur, which, if it do not approach magnificence, is of a character to impress a region with the seal of a very noble nature. The lovers of the picturesque sustain a great loss by means of the numerous lines of railroads that have recently come into existence. This is true of both Europe and America. In the course of time, it will be found that everywhere a country presents its best face towards its thoroughfares. Everything that depends on art, naturally takes this aspect, for men are as likely to put on their best appearance along a wayside in the country as on the streets of a town. All that has been done, therefore, in past ages, in these particulars, is being deranged and in some instances deformed by the necessity of preserving levels, and avoiding the more valuable portions of a country, in order to diminish expense. Thus villages and towns are no longer entered by their finest passages, producing the best effects; but the traveller is apt to find his view limited by ranges of sheds, out-houses, and other deformities of that nature. Here and there, some work of art, compelled by necessity, furnishes a relief to this deformity. But on the whole, the recent system of rail-roads has as yet done very little towards adding much to the picturesque for the benefit of the traveller. Here and there is to be found an exception, however, to this rule; portions of the Erie railroad, and the whole of the Hudson river, as well as that along the Rhine, necessarily possessing the advantage of sharing in the sublimity and grace through which they pass. Time will, of course, remedy the defects of the whole arrangement; and a new front will be presented, as it may be, to the traveller throughout the civilized world. Whether human ingenuity will yet succeed in inventing substitutes for the smoke and other unpleasant appliances of a railroad train, remains to be seen; but we think few will be disposed to differ from us, when we say that in our view of the matter this great improvement of modern intercourse has done very little towards the embellishment of a country in the way of landscapes. The graceful winding curvatures of the old highways, the acclivities and declivities, the copses, meadows, and woods, the half-hidden church, nestling among the leaves of its elms and pines, the neat and secluded hamlet, the farm-house, with all its comforts and sober arrangements, so disposed as to greet the eye of the passenger, will long be hopelessly looked for by him who flies through those scenes, which, like a picture placed in a false light, no longer reflects the genius and skill of the artist.

The old world enjoys an advantage as regards the picturesque and pleasing, in connection with its towns, that is wholly unknown, unless it may be in the way of exception, among ourselves. The necessity, in the middle ages, of building for defence, and the want of artillery before the invention of gunpowder, contributed to the construction of military works for the protection of the towns in Europe, that still remain, owing to their durable materials, often producing some of the finest effects that the imagination could invent to embellish a picture. Nothing of the sort, of course, is to be met with here, for we have no castles, have never felt the necessity of fortified towns, and had no existence at the period when works of this nature came within the ordinary appliances of society. On the contrary, the utilitarian spirit of the day labors to erase every inequality from the surface of the American town, substituting convenience for appearance. It is probable there is no one who, in the end, would not give a preference to these new improvements for a permanent residence; but it is not to be denied that so far as the landscape is concerned, the customs of the middle ages constructed much the most picturesque and striking collections of human habitations. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for the mind to conceive of objects of this nature, that are thrown together with finer effects, than are to be met with among the mountainous regions, in particular, of Europe. We illustrate one or two that are to be met with in the Appenines, and the Alps, and even in Germany, as proofs of what we say. The eye, of itself, will teach the reader, that Richmond

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET LETTER."

BARTRAM, the lime-burner, a rough, heavy-looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln, at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marble, when, on the hill-side below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow, and even solemn, like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

"Father, what is that?" asked the little boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

"Oh, some drunken man, I suppose," answered the lime-burner; "some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors, lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So here he is, shaking his jolly sides at the foot of Graylock."

"But, father," said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!"

"Don't be a fool, child!" cried his father, gruffly. "You will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf startle you. Hark! here comes that merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him."

Bartram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the same lime-kiln that had been the scene of Ethan Brand's solitary and meditative life, before he began his search for the Unpardonable Sin. Many years, as we have seen, had now elapsed, since that portentous night when the IDEA was first developed. The kiln, however, on the mountain-side, stood unimpaired, and was in nothing changed, since he had thrown his dark thoughts into the intense glow of its furnace, and melted them, as it were, into the one thought that took possession of his life. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference; so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart-loads, and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower, like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hill-side, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be overspread with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feeds his daily and night-long fire, afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation; as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand, who had mused to such strange purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals, he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and, turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of heat; while without the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foregrounds a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow. And when again the iron door was closed, then re-appeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighboring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a flitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though thus far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hill-side, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

"Halloo! who is it?" cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. "Come forward, and show yourself like a man, or I'll fling this chunk of marble at your head!"

"You offer me a rough welcome," said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh; "yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fire-side."

To obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light, that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced, he fixed his eyes—

which were very bright — intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold some object worthy of note within it.

"Good evening, stranger," said the lime-burner; "whence come you, so late in the day?"

"I come from my search," answered the wayfarer, "for, at last, it is finished."

"Drunk!—or crazy!" muttered Bartram to himself. "I shall have trouble with the fellow. The sooner I drive him away the better."

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that there might not be so much light; for that there was something in the man's face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from. And, indeed, even the lime-burner's dull and torpid sense began to be impressed by an indescribable something in that thin, rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzled hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires within the entrance of a mysterious cavern. But, as he closed the door, the stranger turned towards him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way, that made Bartram feel as if he were a sane and sensible man after all.

"Your task draws to an end, I see," said he. "This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone to lime."

"Why, who are you?" exclaimed the lime-burner. "You seem as well acquainted with my business as I am myself."

"And well I may be," said the stranger; "for I followed the same craft many a long year, and here, too, on this very spot. But you are a new comer in these parts. Did you never hear of Ethan Brand?"

"The man that went in search of the Unpardonable Sin?" asked Bartram, with a laugh.

"The same," answered the stranger. "He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again."

"What! then you are Ethan Brand himself?" cried the lime-burner, in amazement. "I am a new comer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime-kiln. Well, and so you have found the unpardonable Sin?"

"Even so!" said the stranger, calmly.

"If the question is a fair one," proceeded Bartram, "where might it be?"

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

"Here!" replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow, heavy laugh, that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain-side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child—the madman's laugh—the wild, screaming laugh of a born idiot—are sounds that we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shaken as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away into the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

"Joe," said he to his little son, "scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the unpardonable Sin!"

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood, looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and his swift and light footsteps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the one only crime for which Heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the Master Sin, whatever it might be, which it was within the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bartram remembered the stories which had grown traditionary in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like a shadow of the night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have had more right to be at home, in any familiar spot, than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grisly now. According to this tale, before Ethan Brand departed on his search, he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend each labouring to frame the image of some mode of guilt which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And, with the first gleam of light upon the mountain top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire, until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with

the horror of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bartram's mind, that he almost expected to see the Evil One issue forth, red-hot from the raging furnace.

"Hold, hold!" cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh, for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. "Don't for mercy's sake, bring out your devil now!"

"Man!" sternly replied Ethen Brand, "what need have I of the Devil? I have left him far behind me on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not, because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire, like a lime-burner, as I was once."

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half-suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

"I have looked," said he, "into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passions than yon furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!"

"What is the Unpardonable Sin?" asked the lime-burner; and then he shrank further from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

"It is a sin that grew within my own breast," replied Ethan Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. "A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution?"

"The man's head is turned," muttered the lime-burner to himself. "He may be a sinner, like the rest of us—nothing more likely—but I'll be sworn he's a madman too."

Nevertheless he felt uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the wild mountain side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and the footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party, stumbling over the stones and rustling through the underbush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to infest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drunk flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters, and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers since Ethan Brand's departure. Laughing boisterously and mingling all their voices together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of fire-light that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Bartram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage-agent. The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke-dried man, wrinkled and red-nosed, in a smartly-cut, brown, bob-tail coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years before. He had great fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humor than from a certain flavor of brandy-toddy and tobacco-smoke, which impregnated all his ideas and expressions, as well as his person. Another well-remembered though strangely-altered face was that of lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy; an elderly ragamuffin, in his soiled shirt-sleeves and tow-cloth trowsers. This poor fellow had been an attorney, in what he called his better days, a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails, imbibed at all hours, morning, noon, and night, had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labor, till, at last, to adopt his own phrase, he slid into a soap-vat. In other words, Giles was now a soap-boiler, in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being, a part of one foot having been chopped off by an axe, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for, stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and fingers with as vivid a sensation as before the real ones were amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was; but one, nevertheless, whom the world could not trample, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any previous stage of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and, with his one hand—and that the left one—fought a stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personage, who, with certain points of similarity to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village doctor, a man of some fifty years, whom, at an earlier period of his life, we should have introduced as paying a professional visit to Ethan Brand during the latter's supposed insanity. He was now a purple-visaged, rude, and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly figure, with something wild, ruined, and desperate in his talk, and in all the details of his gesture and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit, and made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul; but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native gifts of healing, beyond any which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro upon his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he

visited all the sick chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were, by miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth, and, as somebody said, in allusion to his habit of swearing, it was always alight with hell-fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure the kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt —and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt— whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

"Leave me," he said bitterly, "ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shrivelling up your souls with fiery liquors! I have done with you. Years and years ago I groped into your hearts and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!"

"Why, you uncivil scoundrel," cried the fierce doctor, "is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends? Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow—I told you so twenty years ago—neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey here?"

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage, and unsteady eyes. For some years past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travellers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus-performers; and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring, or performed marvellous feats on the tight-rope.

The white-haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. "You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a grand figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she was coming back?"

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter, from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, was the Esther of our tale, the very girl whom, with such cold and remorseless purpose, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, absorbed, and perhaps annihilated her soul in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer; "it is no delusion. There is an Unpardonable Sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of cheerful light, beside the spring and before the door of the hut. A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hill-side, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire, as if he fancied pictures among the coals—these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew, travelling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain-road towards the village just as the party turned aside from it, and, in hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the showman had kept them company to the lime-kiln.

"Come, old Dutchman," cried one of the young men, "let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at!"

"Oh, yes, captain," answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft he styled everybody captain—"I shall show you, indeed, some very superb pictures!"

So, placing his box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings as specimens of the fine arts that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover, tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco-smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights; and in the midst of these would be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand—which might have been mistaken for the Hand of Destiny, though, in truth, it was only the showman's—pointing its forefinger to various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression changed to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eye of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him through the glass.

"You make the little man to be afraid, Captain," said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outline of his visage, from his stooping posture. "But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see something that is very fine, upon my word!"

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, ap-

parently; for a curious youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

"I remember you now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, captain," whispered the Jew of Nuremburg, with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, captain, it has wearied my shoulders this long day to carry it over the mountain."

"Peace," answered Ethan Brand sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder."

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great, elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto he had shown himself a very quiet, well disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the proceeding, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking, and snapping—as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgivable enmity with the other. Faster and faster roundabout went the cur; and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail; and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity; until, utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as mild, quiet, sensible, and respectable in his deportment, as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of encore, to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh, which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. From that moment, the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aghast, dreading lest the the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering one to another that it was late—that the moon was almost down—that the August night was growing chill—they hurried homewards, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings the open space on the hill-side was a solitude, set in a vast gloom or forest. Beyond that darksome verge, the fire-light glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of sapling oaks, maples, and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic corpses of dead trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath, until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

"For myself I cannot sleep," said he, "I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire, as I used to do in the old time."

"And call the devil out of the furnace to keep you company, I suppose," muttered Bartram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above-mentioned. "But watch if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!"

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and the tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they had gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood, and looking at the little spirts of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual but marvellous change that had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him—how the dark forest had whispered to him—how the stars had gleamed upon him—a simple and loving man, watching his fire in the years gone by, and ever musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated the success of his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart. The idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible: it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a star-light eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb.

He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

"What more have I to seek? What more to achieve?" said Ethan Brand to himself. "My task is done, and well done!"

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait, and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red hot and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shrivelled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited its expression: it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

"Oh, Mother Earth," cried he, "who art no more my Mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! Oh, mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! Oh, stars of Heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward!—farewell all, and for ever. Come, deadly element of fire—henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up, boy, up!" cried the lime-burner, staring about him. "Thank Heaven, the night is gone at last, and rather than pass such another, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake, for a twelvemonth. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favor in taking my place!"

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain tops; and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. Every dwelling was distinctly visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed upwards, and caught a foreglimmering of brightness from the sun-gilt skies upon their gilded weather-cocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise over the breasts of the surrounding mountains, there were heaps of hoary mist, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others, of the same family of mist or cloud, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere. Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely, which Nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage-coach was rattling down the mountain-road, and the driver sounded his horn, while echo caught up the notes, and intertwined them into a rich, and varied, and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!"

"Yes," growled the lime-burner, with an oath, "but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him if five hundred bushels of lime are not spoilt. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in his hand he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moment's pause he called to his son.

"Come up here, Joe!" said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock and stood by his father's side. The marble was all burnt into perfect, snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

"Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. "At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime, and taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him."

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.

WORTH AND ITS FAME.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

He who desires, first of all, that his works shall be renowned, seeks not the enduring but the brilliant, not depth but breadth; and, for the compact vigour of absolute character, contents himself with the elegant superficialities of conventional modes. By attempting to bring out to its utmost capacity the attractiveness of the pure gold which is in him, he beats it so thin that it loses its tough endurance, and becomes the easy prey of storm and time. His purpose defeats itself by its undue prominence; earns a blast from the trumpet of Fame, perhaps, but splits the tender metal with excess of wind: so the whole labour of his life, spent in direct endeavours after glory, is lost almost as soon as the eager hand is cold, and the dinned ear deaf to his fellows' clamorous praises. He has diffused instead of concentrating his genius. The strong breath that might have rung a peal down the utmost ages, had it been poured through the "sounding alchemy" of a great purpose, now blown into a thousand glittering bubbles, will stir no billow in the yielding air, will wake no echo in remoter years, and wreath no freshness into distant hearts.

He has but half learned the philosophy of *things*, that coarser index to the philosophy of *thoughts;* and lights the fire of his enthusiasm to a vain end, by aspiring to shine too hastily. True, the rapidity of flame is proportioned to the amount of surface which a combustible presents; so, too, is the fleetness of its decay; while the intensity of the heat and the duration of its influence are measured by the solidity of the fuel. Let fine genius blaze and flare too broadly into expansion, of whatever kind, it will glow less fervidly, less successfully, than if it poured its burning inspiration into solid bars, as of red hot steel.

The aim of ambition should not be first for renown, but for actual greatness; not to crowd up from ripening deeps of silence and solitude into hasty prominence, but like the richest pearls, that in profoundest deeps gather their great worth silently, wait till their predestined hour reveals them. Treasures rarely lie exposed and obvious, and deepest shafts strike oftener than shallow ones the ore's best veins.

We are all more impressed by the suggested than wholly visible, by ingots rather than gold-wash, the massy carving than the veneering. One solid diamond, with the concentrated fires of a million annual suns in its little orb, is prized above whole roods of shining glass, and flat acres of tinsel and tin-foil. Rude, uncultivated minds will, perhaps, choose first the gaudy colors and the largest surface. Unthinking savages might be found, who, for a fragment of some showy jar, would willingly exchange the fairest pearl which your meditative oyster had nursed, in mid solitude of ocean, for mute ages. But men pity the folly of the poor savage, while they imitate it, turning their backs neglectfully on live merit, to exalt dead sham.

What are they but barbarians exchanging pearls for beads, who suffer their rich rewards to follow the curious and trivial, while solid worth starves on the hope of posthumous fame? Your very small Tom Thumbs, for showing their pretty littleness, are overwhelmed with attention and wealth, while your grey old Haydons, after life-long devotion to a noble art, are left to escape the gulf of poverty on no better bridge than the sharp edge of a suicide's knife. While sham so prospers, worth must carry a faint heart.

The effect of letting, thus, the eye usurp the office of the judgment, and the tingled ears carry it so over the heads of sober sense, is bad, even on veritable genius. It makes a soul impatient, weary of feeding its energies for the slow maturing grandeur of some lofty work, and often tempts it to bestow that subtle fire and finishing element—which should permeate the solid walls of the whole fabric,—on the surface merely, where less heart-waste and weariness will show broader results. But when a man puts all his skill into the front of his edifice, he forgets the locomotive powers of his fellows. Let him remember that it is poverty's subterfuge, not to say hypocrisy's, to paint his house in front and whitewash in the rear; and let him also think, since he builds for the future as for the present, that some innovating engineer may survey a road straight past the back-door of his edifice, and turn the travel of thought, and custom, and taste right under his unfinished eaves. Then must his poor ghost blush to see what shame covers his works in front, if ghosts may be permitted to watch their own monuments of glory or shame.

No; away with half-worth! Let a man dare to mature, even in this age of hurry and breathlessness; let him wait to grow, though it were, oak-like, for stormy years, and be content with the tough vigor and beauty he can nourish, though a whole forest of pithless aspens run up between him and the eyes of men. When they are well up and mature, he will be in the lusty prime of his nonage, hardier and fairer than they; and, in good time, his great boughs will shake defiance to the blast that shouts over their withered trunks, ay, and when it whirls the dust of their utmost decay through his green top!

The measure of great actions, and, much more, of silent greatness, does not appear in their fame, nor in their palpable results. Feats as magnificent as those which echo to remotest times, and grandeur vast as that which has made even history eloquent, have scarcely furrowed a ripple on the surface of human affairs, going silently down, unremembered, and men say they are lost. The valor, the hardihood of a band of buccaneers is ever as heroic and enduring, in itself, as the iron will which trampled the pride of

Persia, and rescued Greece at Thermopylæ; but circumstances seem alone to determine whose victory shall ring in the world's ears for ever, and whose be consigned to oblivion or execration.

Surely, Fame stands not nicely on moral scruples, making up her jewels, while the fretful and moody Achilles grows godlike in her pæans, and the manly, heroic Hector becomes a vulgar by-word for mean and petty teasing. A goddess worthy of our costly rituals should earn first some decent respect for her justice, before she can hope for the worship she desires. Heroes have worn her laurels, to whom harsher truth would have assigned a lower band from a weed of tougher fibre; while the gibbet has borne fruit worthy of the noblest palms. We need not suppose the rivals to be evil, on either part, and yet some foreign circumstance, in no wise governable by the valor or nobility displayed, will give the deeds of one to oblivion and of the other to glory. A thousand more startling and brilliant battles than those of our own Revolution have been fought and almost forgotten, but the result, no less than the cause for which they were waged, has earned renown, instead of infamy, to our fathers. That cabalistic word "*success*," can open the locked doors of fame, when "valor," "worth," and "virtue" have been recited, in vain, before their brazen panels.

But even that is not enough to redeem the realm of renown from the sway of seeming chance. Great thoughts are drifting from an unknown whence to an unknown whither, but a Cicero or a Demosthenes alone wear the bays of eloquence. God-like creations stand in cold marble, life-like, and almost living, but their dumb lips can lisp no name of them they might glorify for ever, if those pale mouths would only speak! And will you believe that the poets who have come to us are the only noble ones who have ever lived? Is it not rather presumable, nay, is it not certain, that even the grand temple of a Homer's soul is full of echoes from unseen old bards, whose broken pæans reach us no more, save as they melt into his god-like song? Those bright creations of a bold and wise imagination, the gods and heroes, how few of them are his. They are the bright offspring of the poet's soul, brilliant picturings of the thousand-fold manifestations of nature, and the life of mind, invested with fair forms by daring genius, yet not by him. They are not Homer's children, they are foundlings whom he has fed and trained; but were richly clad already, and well alive with the projected essence of their paternal souls. Then, verily, were there mighty poets before Homer, whose works had become the common speech and faith of men; often from very age, time-hardened from their once flexile personality into petrified fossils, from which he piled the sublime walls of his own triumphal arch.

The poet who writes now of man in all his endlessness of capacity and development, has not the glory of creating his materials; their Maker is still first Poet and rhythmic worker, though doing silently his many fameless works. So they, who moulded glorious fables around god-like truths, and left them to their future poet, shall not also leave their glory to him. They were many, and if their names existed now, their fame should be divided into many stars, as, indeed, this greater star would blaze less sun-like among them.

One looks with a kind of stern pride on the unclaimed garlands which are twined by fame for nameless heroes. Their great works, all alone, as if they were separate beings, self-conscious and self-sustained, stand up and plead their own right to immortality. They seem more god-like for their self-sufficingness, and for the invisible hand which launched them into being; more as if they grew, with no dilution, nor mortal taint from human media, of the divine force which created them. The Gothic Architecture, a Venus de Medici, a Niebelungen Lied, and the rare old Ballads in our own tongue, step forth unshadowed by the egotism of a man standing between us and their simple grandeur. No impertinent *me* shows there his needless presence claiming admiration, though by marring somewhat admirable in his work.

Yet we know, when we will think, that worthy souls have gone before us, and left these noble footprints as the measure of their giant steps. We feel a great, sad pride in contemplating them in their own sublime Valhalla, grandly aloof from the smiling company of the renowned; towering up in dim and solitary vastness, careless of the wreath which glory waves over the tracks of their fugitive feet. We only know by the direction and the depth of these, how proudly the ascending god spurned back the yielding clay for his grand flight into the empyrean, but to our mind, that hint is better than the completest Boswell log-book of the whole voyage to glory.

A greatness which is perfectly obvious is too small for the grasping desire of our souls; the whole of one thing once seen we want another: no returning, diluting, expanding, or new-modelling *that* will serve us; an inexhaustible worth is the least which will suit us long, a value which time cannot touch nor change of place effect, like the perennialness of Skakspeare, of Beethoven, or Phidias, men whom no excellence can rob, no ages superannuate.

Fame is notoriously a coquette, but real greatness is a lover and queen for ever, true to her devotee as morning to the sun. The one will jilt you, the other bless you with delightful constancy. From the last you must earn the prize you get; ay, what you do to earn it, is the prize itself; from the former, you may buy cheap honours, almost as bright as the pure, for any plausible claim, or even boldly fraudulent one. As we have already suggested, the success of an action is better capital in the kingdom of Renown than its greatness or goodness. Direct force of heroism yields to contingencies, and often "the bright glory and collateral beams" of fame are warmer and fuller than its direct rays. Could we see no deeper than the apparent, moral justice would have no place given it in the balancing of human actions, for Fame, like our mushroom Mæcenases, gives her prizes by preconceived plan, or veriest accident, and not for intrinsic merit and native force,

But this fortuity is only in appearances. Everlasting justice lies at the centre of things, and gives all their due weight, and to nothing grants a factitious importance: just what native character and force is in a thing, *that* will have way, and bless or curse, to its full capacity, for good or evil. The history of the world is but meagrely written in outstanding facts and the blazonry of fame. Silently, under the deep heart of humanity, work the invisible forces which heave the world along; and only now and then the weltering surge of life throws them to the surface, and gives in words a measure of their working. A preconception of effects from causes, might teach us rightly to estimate things as they passed. "The child is father of the man," but the child's father we know not; we know little of the child. What we see around us we misread; what went before we hardly guess; what will result is in utter darkness. In to-day's existence lie wrapped the vital elements of the future, and, as unseen surroundings may determine, will take shape, but only from their internal essence will they develope a character. Circumstance affects not the centre. If a whole epic is in the soul of a boy, it will come out in the life of the man, somewhere and how; but according to the tools which are put into his hand will it be written, sword-carved, or spaded in earth, or uttered in some glorious renovation, or at the worse fate, in some sublime destruction. The fact which lies there, like a seed within him, will grow to a fair pine, "to be the mast of some great admiral," or, stunted to a gnarled shrub, feed the fire at last. The silkworm's woof, of some ungarmented thought, is in his form, but whether to be spun into an even web, or wasted upon stubborn hindrances, the surrounding world must answer; the essential fabric is the same, whether woven to success or tangled into failure.

Little events are the fathers of great ones, for everything was in close germs once. What we want is room for fulness, to grow and to do, and by some means get this little something, which we are, expanded to its right dimensions in a just maturity; not too pinched or overblown. The *where* of our growing, is of less importance than the *how;* and the name it gets, it seems to us, is of no importance whatever in estimating the result. We have but to do, wisely as we may, that which is in us to be done, and let success, victory, and the glory of doing, take their own way, and come or tarry. The man who cannot dare defeat as well as danger, is no true hero. The clanging bells and deafening huzzas of success are not the right cheers to strengthen noblest hearts; they are but the noisy clamours that drown cries of cowardice in unheroic hearts, the shouts which shrinking souls demand when walking the grave-yard of the world in the night of danger.

To the verily great, a large shadow on the wall is of no concern, while dwarfs contrive by judicious paddings, long caps and plumes, and high-heeled shoes, to make a figure, which by odd chances enough, turns out more ridiculous than large at last. The true thing is the only vital one, and stuffed seemings can never live though they float to the top of society and drive to and fro there, filling all eyes and mouths with admiration. They are good for nothing, let them perish; and the saddle-maker, with a little hair, prunella, and leather, can make just such another set; and not all the bagged winds of Æolus for lungs, could put a breath of life into them. But the true thing is powerful, to the true measure of its greatness, whether it moves the deep-down, silent under-current of events, or by chance whirls to the surface to lead on their noisy van.

Truth's lover is not Fame's courtier. He is content to live by the faith he has in trueness, though he sees no stormy wake to mark his path. He is not so blind and fearful that, like the man in the church-yard, he needs to "whistle to keep his courage up," or that he will have no assurance of his soul's life, till its speech comes back in clamours. He knows his worth before he speaks, and can poise his words fitly as worlds are balanced in the blue. He knows the meaning of silence. God is silent; the deepest influences from God and nature are from the noiseless, and make the recipient dumb till the fulness of his time. What does *he* care for fame, who can dare to be still? What boots your noisy praise of to-day when he is content to wait till the slow ages can pass sentence on him?

Do we want fame for evidence of our work? Poorly have we wrought then, and without any right summons to the task. We need not doubt of the good done if we know of the good put forth. Nothing earnest is lost in the blank air. If it is small as seed, its fruit will be small as fruit; for all that is done will produce results to the limit of its vitality. The voice which utters these words, vibrates the whole ether to the end of the heavens:—so shall a thought, uttered in word or work, stir all the deeps of life to their extreme verge, and if it is great and good enough, it will be felt in individual distinctness down to the last cycle of human existence.

Everything prompts faithfulness to the fact, as the surest path to the reputation of it, whether it be of heroism, poesy, or virtue, or whatever else. Even oblivion, with conscious worth, is better than unearned renown. Are you verily something—flowers, and not weeds, with any sweetness to shed anywhere?—fear not to "waste it on desert air!" It cannot waste, when heaven's pure warmth has called it forth. Let it flow and bless whatever God and nature may direct across its path. This we may know, if it is true, that there is in us some just aim, some native energy and will, to do our work; but we cannot know if men shall praise or blame judiciously, when we do well or ill; why should their suffrages affect our doing, then? We may know, too, that what is well done, will abide, yet have no fond assurance that our names shall be united to the deed, since largest works have lived beyond the echo of their founder's names.

Even frigid stoicism might teach, what nobler faith has often urged in vain, that this is an idle and foolish anxiety, this dogging of our work to its result in fame, this inverted egotism, self-satisfaction turned modest and nervous at every step which we put forward. The shrinking

timidity of approbativeness is no less selfish and distasteful than the bully swagger of self-esteem.

We doubt if we do well when we need to see what comes of our doing. Harvests belong to the future, while to sow is ours. Is our seed-kernel good? wait not to pluck berries of its growth, nor for the songs of a gratulant world's Harvest-Home, before we can trust the work we have done. If we *can* pluck fruits, and all its fruits, we have done little, oh! very little, or yet very illy; for great good strikes its roots deep and spreads its branches wide, before its slow blessing is mature. We must know our trueness by its bloom, nay, by its germ, or we shall have small patience to await the ripening. We must be content with doing in long silence, or we shall not be worthy of renown. The garland of fame will cling firmer to the head all shaggy and moist with the earnest hurry of work, than the smoothest locks of oiled and lavendered idlers, who have spent their whole lives in shaping them to the set of a crown. Alas! it slips away, after all, and we laugh at their blank wonder.

A BENEDICT'S APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Double! double!'—*Shakspeare*

Dear Charles, be persuaded to wed,
For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed,
And muffins and coffee for two!
So have done with your doubt and delaying,—
With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbors are saying
'Tis singular you should be single!

Don't say that you hav'nt got time,—
That business demands your attention,—
There's not the least reason nor rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish,"
Your duty is done when you buy 'em,—
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em!

Don't listen to querulous stories
By desperate damsels related,
Who sneer at connubial glories,
Because they've known couples mismated.
Such people, if they had their pleasure,
Because silly bargains are made,
Would decree it a rational measure
To lay an embargo on trade!

You may dream of poetical fame,
But your wishes may chance to miscarry,—
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!
And here I am willing to own,
After soberly thinking upon it,
I'd very much rather be known
For a beautiful son, than a sonnet,

To Procrastination be deaf,—
(A homily sent from above)
The scoundrel's not only "the thief
Of time," but of beauty and love!
Oh delay not one moment to win
A prize that is truly worth winning,—
Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,
And sadly prolific of sinning!

Then Charles bid your doubting good bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms,—
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye
'Tis your duty to have in your arms!

Some trim little maiden of twenty,
A beautiful azure-eyed elf,
With virtues and graces in plenty,
And no failing but loving yourself!

Don't search for an "angel" a minute;
For, granting you win in the sequel,
The deuce, after all, would be in it,
With a union so very unequal!
The angels, it must be confessed,
In *this* world are rather uncommon;
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest
You'll be better content with a woman.

I could furnish a bushel of reasons
For choosing a conjugal mate,—
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
And gives you a "double estate!"
To one's parents 'tis (gratefully) due,—
Just think what a terrible thing
'Twould have been, sir, for me and for you,
If *ours* had forgotten the ring!

Then there's the economy—clear
By poetical algebra shown,—
If your wife has a grief or a fear,
One half by the law is your own!
And as to the joys—by division,
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said,
(Though I never could see the addition
Quite plain in the item of bread.)

Remember, I do not pretend
There's anything "perfect" about it,
But this I'll aver to the end,
Life's very imperfect without it!
'Tis not that there's "poetry" in it,—
As, doubtless, there may be to those
Endowed with a genius to win it,—
But I'll warrant you excellent prose!

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed,—
For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed,
And muffins and coffee for two;
So have done with your doubt and delaying,—
With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbors are saying
'Tis singular you should be single!

PHILOSOPHY OF FURNITURE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

In the internal decoration, if not in the external architecture of their residences, the English are supreme. The Italians have but little sentiment beyond marbles and colors. In France, *meliora probant, deteriora sequuntur*—the people are too much a race of gad-abouts to maintain those household proprieties of which, indeed, they have a delicate appreciation, or at least the elements of a proper sense. The Chinese and most of the eastern races have a warm but inappropriate fancy. The Scotch are *poor* decorists. The Dutch have, perhaps, an indeterminate idea that a curtain is not a cabbage. In Spain they are *all* curtains—a nation of hangmen. The Russians do not furnish. The Hottentots and Kickapoos are very well in their way. The Yankees alone are preposterous.

How this happens, it is not difficult to see. We have no aristocracy of blood, and having therefore as a natural and indeed as an inevitable thing, fashioned for ourselves an aristocracy of dollars, the *display of wealth* has here to take the place and perform the office of the heraldic display in monarchical countries. By a transition readily understood, and which might have been as readily foreseen, we have been brought to merge in simple *show* our notions of taste itself.

To speak less abstractly. In England, for example, no mere parade of costly appurtenances would be so likely as with us to create an impression of the beautiful in respect to the appurtenances themselves—or of taste as regards the proprietor:—this for the reason, first, that wealth is not, in England, the loftiest object of ambition as constituting a nobility; and, secondly, that there, the true nobility of blood, confining itself within the strict limits of legitimate taste, rather avoids than affects that mere costliness in which a *parvenu* rivalry may at any time be successfully attempted. The people *will* imitate the nobles, and the result is a thorough diffusion of the proper feeling. But in America, the coins current being the sole arms of the aristocracy, their display may be said, in general, to be the sole means of aristocratic distinction; and the populace, looking always upward for models, are insensibly led to confound the two entirely separate ideas of magnificence and beauty. In short, the cost of an article of furniture has at length come to be, with us, nearly the sole test of its merit in a decorative point of view—and this test, once established, has led the way to many analogous errors, readily traceable to the one primitive folly.

There could be nothing more directly offensive to the eye of an artist than the interior of what is termed in the United States—that is to say, in Appallachia—a well-furnished apartment. Its most usual defect is a want of keeping. We speak of the keeping of a room as we would of the keeping of a picture—for both the picture and the room are amenable to those undeviating principles which regulate all varieties of art; and very nearly the same laws by which we decide on the higher merits of a painting, suffice for decision on the adjustment of a chamber.

A want of keeping is observable sometimes in the character of the several pieces of furniture, but generally in their colors or modes of adaptation to use. *Very* often the eye is offended by their inartistical arrangement. Straight lines are too prevalent—too uninterruptedly continued—or clumsily interrupted at right angles. If curved lines occur, they are repeated into unpleasant uniformity. By undue precision, the appearance of many a fine apartment is utterly spoiled.

Curtains are rarely well-disposed, or well chosen, in respect to other decorations. With formal furniture, curtains are out of place; and an extensive volume of drapery of any kind is, under any circumstances, irreconcilable with good taste—the proper quantum, as well as the proper adjustment, depending upon the character of the general effect.

Carpets are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still very frequently err in their patterns and colors. The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must be* a genius. Yet we have heard discoursing of carpets, with the air "*d'un mouton qui rêve*," fellows who should not and who could not be entrusted with the management of their own *moustaches*. Every one knows that a large floor *may* have a covering of large figures, and that a small one *must* have a covering of small—yet this is not all the knowledge in the world. As regards texture, the Saxony is alone admissible. Brussels is the preterpluperfect tense of fashion, and Turkey is taste in its dying agonies. Touching patterns—a carpet should *not* be bedizzened out like a Riccaree Indian—all red chalk, yellow ochre, and cock's feathers. In brief—distinct grounds, and vivid circular or cycloid figures, *of no meaning*, are here Median laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well-known objects of any kind, should not be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or tapestry, or ottoman coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque. As for those antique floor cloths still occasionally seen in the dwellings of the rabble—cloths of huge, sprawling, and radiating devices, stripe-interspersed, and glorious with all hues, among which no ground is intelligible—these are but the wicked invention of a race of times-servers and money-lovers—children of Baal and wor-

shippers of Mammon—Benthams, who, to spare thought and economise fancy, first cruelly invented the Caleidoscope, and then established joint-stock companies to twirl it by steam.

Glare is a leading error in the philosophy of American household decorations—an error easily recognised as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified. We are violently enamored of gas and of glass. The former is totally inadmissible within doors. Its harsh and unsteady light offends. No one having both brains and eyes will use it. A mild, or what artists term a cool light, with its consequent warm shadows, will do wonders for even an ill-furnished apartment. Never was a more lovely thought than that of the astral lamp. We mean, of course, the astral lamp proper—the lamp of Argand, with its original plain ground-glass shade, and its tempered and uniform moonlight rays. The cut-glass shade is a weak invention of the enemy. The eagerness with which we have adopted it, partly on account of its *flashiness*, but principally on account of its *greater cost*, is a good commentary on the proposition with which we began. It is not too much to say, that the deliberate employer of a cut-glass shade, is either radically deficient in taste, or blindly subservient to the caprices of fashion. The light proceeding from one of these gaudy abominations is unequal, broken, and painful. It alone is sufficient to mar a world of good effect in the furniture subjected to its influence. Female loveliness, in especial, is more than one-half disenchanted beneath its evil eye.

In the matter of glass, generally, we proceed upon false principles. Its leading feature is *glitter*—and in that one word how much of all that is detestable do we express! Flickering, unquiet lights, are *sometimes* pleasing—to children and idiots always so—but in the embellishment of a room they should be scrupulously avoided. In truth, even strong *steady* lights are inadmissible. The huge and unmeaning glass chandeliers, prism-cut, gas-lighted, and without shade, which dangle in our most fashionable drawing-rooms, may be cited as the quintessence of all that is false in taste or preposterous in folly.

The rage for *glitter*—because its idea has become as we before observed, confounded with that of magnificence in the abstract—has led us, also, to the exaggerated employment of mirrors. We line our dwellings with great British plates, and then imagine we have done a fine thing. Now the slightest thought will be sufficient to convince any one who has an eye at all, of the ill effect of numerous looking-glasses, and especially of large ones. Regarded apart from its reflection, the mirror presents a continuous, flat, colorless, unrelieved surface,—a thing always and obviously unpleasant. Considered as a reflector, it is potent in producing a monstrous and odious uniformity; and the evil is here aggravated, not in merely direct proportion with the augmentation of its sources, but in a ratio constantly increasing. In fact, a room with four or five mirrors arranged at random is, for all purposes of artistic show, a room of no shape at all. If we add to this evil, the attendant glitter upon glitter, we have a perfect farrago of discordant and displeasing effects. The veriest bumpkin, on entering an apartment so bedizened, would be instantly aware of something wrong, although he might be altogether unable to assign a cause for his dissatisfaction. But let the same person be led into a room tastefully furnished, and he would be startled into an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

It is an evil growing out of our republican institutions, that here a man of large purse has usually a very little soul which he keeps in it. The corruption of taste is a portion or a pendant of the dollar manufacture. As we grow rich, our ideas grow rusty. It is, therefore, not among *our* aristocracy that we must look (if at all, in Appallachia,) for the spirituality of a British *boudoir*. But we have seen apartments in the tenure of Americans of modern means, which, in negative merit at least, might vie with any of the *or-molu'd* cabinets of our friends across the water. Even *now*, there is present to our mind's eye a small and not ostentatious chamber with whose decorations no fault can be found. The proprietor lies asleep on a sofa—the weather is cool—the time is near midnight; we will make a sketch of the room during his slumber.

It is oblong—some thirty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth—a shape affording the best (ordinary) opportunities for the adjustment of furniture. It has but one door—by no means a wide one—which is at one end of the parallelogram, and but two windows, which are at the other. These latter are large, reaching down to the floor—have deep recesses—and open on an Italian *veranda*. Their panes are of a crimson-tinted glass, set in rosewood framings, more massive than usual. They are curtained within the recess, by a thick silver tissue adapted to the shape of the window, and hanging loosely in small volumes. Without the recess are curtains of an exceedingly rich crimson silk, fringed with a deep network in gold, and lined with the silver tissue, which is the material of the exterior blind. There are no cornices; but the folds of the whole fabric (which are sharp rather than massive, and have an airy appearance) issue from beneath a broad entablature of rich gilt-work, which encircles the room at the junction of the ceiling and walls. The drapery is thrown open also, or closed, by means of a thick rope of gold loosely enveloping it, and resolving itself readily into a knot; no pins or other such devices are apparent. The colors of the curtains and their fringe—the tints of crimson and gold—appear everywhere in profusion, and determine the *character* of the room. The carpet—of Saxony material—is quite half an inch thick, and is of the same crimson ground, relieved simply by the appearance of a gold cord (like that festooning the curtains) slightly relieved above the surface of the *ground*, and thrown upon it in such a manner as to form a succession of short irregular curves—one occasionally overlaying the other. The walls are prepared with a glossy paper of a silver gray tint, spotted with small Arabesque devices of a fainter hue of the prevalent crimson. Many paintings relieve the expanse of the paper. These are chiefly landscapes

of an imaginative cast—such as the fairy grottoes of Stanfield, or the lake of the Dismal Swamp of Chapman. There are, nevertheless, three or four female heads, of an ethereal beauty—portraits in the manner of Sully. The tone of each picture is warm, but dark. There are no "brilliant effects." *Repose* speaks in all. Not one is of small size. Diminutive paintings give that *spotty* look to a room, which is the blemish of so many a fine work of Art overtouched. The frames are broad but not deep, and richly carved without being *dulled* or filagreed. They have the whole lustre of burnished gold. They lie flat on the walls, and do not hang off with cords. The designs themselves are often seen to better advantage in this latter position, but the general appearance of the chamber is injured. But one mirror—and this not a very large one—is visible. In shape it is nearly circular—and it is hung so that a reflection of the person can be obtained from it in none of the ordinary sitting-places of the room. Two large low sofas of rosewood and crimson-silk, gold-flowered, form the only seats, with the exception of two light conversation chairs, also of rosewood. There is a pianoforte (rosewood, also), without cover, and thrown open. An octagonal table, formed altogether of the richest gold-threaded marble, is placed near one of the sofas. This is also without cover—the drapery of the curtains has been thought sufficient. Four large gorgeous Sèvres vases, in which bloom a profusion of sweet and vivid flowers, occupy the slightly rounded angles of the room. A tall candelabrum, bearing a small antique lamp with highly-perfumed oil, is standing near the head of my sleeping friend. Some light and graceful hanging shelves, with golden edges and crimson silk cords with gold tassels, sustain two or three hundred magnificently-bound books. Beyond these things there is no furniture, if we except an Argand lamp, with a plain crimson-tinted ground-glass shade, which suspends from the lofty-vaulted ceiling by a single slender gold chain, and throws a tranquil but magical radiance over all.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE is an epithet of frequent occurrence in the writings of Chesterfield which suggests the nature of his philosophy of life—it is the word *shining*, which he applies to oratory, character, and manners, with an obvious relish. We have the greatest faith in the significance of language, especially in regard to the habitual use of certain adjectives as illustrative of individual opinions, temperament, and disposition. Brief sentences, thickly interspersed with the first personal singular, is a style indicative of egotism; dainty verbal quibbles of effeminacy, and a copious, prolonged and emphatic combination of words, seem equally native to a full and earnest mind. It may be a fanciful idea, but this our experience frequently confirms—that the constant use of the word designating a quality is an instinctive sign of its predominance in character. Chesterfield's idea of excellence was essentially superficial, for his praise of solid acquirement and genuine principles is always coupled with the assertion of their entire inutility if unaccompanied by grace, external polish, and an agreeable manifestation. He omits all consideration of their intrinsic worth and absolute dignity; their value to the individual, according to him, is wholly proportioned to his skill in using them in a social form. It is seeming, not being, he extols: rhetoric, in his view, far transcends reflective power; manners have more to do with human welfare than sentiment, and tact achieves more satisfactory conquests than truth; it is not depth, elevation, or extent, the permanent qualities—but those of a temporary kind, that belong to the surface of life, upon which he relies. Accordingly, to shine in oratory, conversation, and behaviour, is to realize the highest points both of nature and study; the casual scintillation of reflected light is more attractive to him, because more dazzling to the eyes of the world, than that which is evolved from primal and indestructible sources. The eulogy of his biographer has, therefore, a literal justice, when he says that Chesterfield was one of the most shining characters of the age. Thus we might be content that it should pass in a mere gallery of traditionary protraits. But the theory upon which it was based, the system according to which it was formed, have been elaborately unfolded by Chesterfield himself with epistolary art; and, although he never designed publicly to advocate them, yet the fact that his letters have been not only for many years a manual of deportment, his name a synonym for attractive elegance, and his writings—within a short time revised and edited by an English historian*—is sufficient reason for applying to him, and the school he proverbially represents, the test of that impartial scrutiny, challenged by whatever practically acts upon society, and exercises more or less prescriptive influence. Character may be divided into two great classes—the one based upon details, and the other upon general principle; and all history, as well as private experience, shows that elevated harmony and permanent influence belong only to the latter. And this is true of the various forms as well as the essential nature of character. The philosopher differs from the *petite maître*, and the poet from the *dillettante*, by virtue of the same law—the view of the one being comprehensive, and the other minute. In art, also, we recognize true efficiency only where general effects are aptly

* Lord Mahon.

seized and justly embodied—the artist of mere detail ranks only as a mechanician in form and colour. But the most striking truth involved in these distinctions is that the greater includes the less; the man of reliable general principles in literature, art, or life, is in point of fact master of all essential details; he combines them at a glance, or, rather, they insensibly arrange themselves at his will; he can afford to let them take care of themselves. The great sculptors and painters busied themselves only about the design and finish of their works, for intermediate details were wrought by their pupils; and if the overseer, whether of domestic or public affairs, establish order and integrity as the principles of his establishment, he need not give his time or thoughts to the minutiæ of finance. If we apply this principle to social life, the sphere which Chesterfield regarded as the most important, a similar result result is obvious. No one, even in that artificial world called society, ever achieved a satisfactory triumph by exclusive mastery of details. All that is involved in the term manners, is demonstrative, symbolic—the sign or exponent of what lies behind, and is taken for granted; and only when this outward manifestation springs from an inward source—only when it is a natural product, and not a graft—does it sustain any real significance. Hence the absurdity of the experiment of Chesterfield to inculcate a graceful address by maxims, and secure a winsome behaviour by formal and minute directions, as if to learn how to enter a room, bow well, speak agreeably to a lady, dispose of unoccupied hands, and go inoffensively through the other external details of social intercourse, were to ensure the realization of a gentleman. That character—as it was understood in chivalry by the old English dramatists, and according to the intelligent sentiment of mankind everywhere—is as much the product of nature as any other species of human development; art modifies only its technical details; its spirit comes from blood more than breeding; and its formula, attached by prescription to the body without analagous inspiration of the soul, is as awkward and inefficient as would be proficiency in military tactics to a coward, or vast philological acquisitions to an idiot. Yet Chesterfield, with the obstinacy that belongs to the artificial race of men, persisted in his faith in detail, would not recognize the law from which all genuine social power is elaborated, and apparently lived and died in the belief that the art of pleasing was the great interest of life, and an absolute means of success and personal happiness. All his views, habits, and career were impregnated with this artificial creed; phrenologically speaking, he was an incarnation of approbativeness; his zest of life came through this his predominant organ; and, judging from consciousness, he believed it to be the only one in others which could be universally appealed to. Unblinded by self-love, he had but to reflect upon his own experience to realize the fallacy of his doctrine. Everywhere and always he consulted explicitly the oracle of public opinion, and conformed to it with a fanaticism unworthy his intelligence. He confesses to the very son whom he strove with such zeal to make the "glass of fashion," that in college he was an absolute pedant, and thought great classical knowledge the test of all excellence; that, emancipated from the atmosphere of learning, and thrown among young men of fashion, he led a life of slavery by conforming to habits which were alien not only to his constitution and tastes, but even to his desires; and that, in mature years, the requisitions of the *beau monde* held him in equal vassalage; while his old age, we are told, "was cheerless and desolate." There are men who regard the artificial as a necessary evil in social life, while they repudiate it altogether elsewhere; but, in the case of Chesterfield, it was deliberately advocated as a general principle; it influenced not only his theory of manners, but his literary taste, political opinions, and entire philosophy. Thus he laid aside the Anglo-Saxon direct and robust temper, and gave in so completely to French manners and superficiality, that in Paris he was considered one of themselves, and prides himself upon the distinction. In literature, the only branch which he thoroughly appreciated was oratory, and that chiefly for the rhetorical artifice to which it gives scope. Not as a noble inspiration founded on loyalty to instructive sentiment, or aimed at the cause of humanity, but as an elegant accomplishment whereby to exercise influence and gain applause, did Chesterfield cultivate oratory. It seems perfectly natural that he should excel in its studied graces, and equally so that such a cold *virtuoso* as Horace Walpole should have preferred him to Pitt. It is, too, not less characteristic of such a man, that he should choose diplomacy as a profession. Believing, as he did, only in elegance and cunning, in politic self-control, veiled with agreeableness, the "smooth barbarity of courts" was admirably fitted at once to employ his ingenuity and gratify his refined selfishness. Thus devoid of earnestness on the one hand, and wedded to artificial graces on the other, we cannot wonder that in his view Dante, the most intensely picturesque of poets, could not think clearly; and that Petrarch, the beautiful expositor of sentiment, would appear only a lovesick rhymer; nor can we reasonably feel surprise that he quoted Rochefoucault and Cardinal de Retz with emphatic respect, while he could be only facetious in his allusions to Milton and Tasso. Among the books he most cordially recommends his son are a treatise on the "Art of Pleasing," and the "Spectacle du Nature," the very titles of which reveal his dominant ideas—for the end of being, in his opinion, was to please, at whatever sacrifice of honesty, comfort, or truth; and nature to him was but a spectacle, as life itself was a melodrama. He distrusted the motives of Fenelon, and thought Bolingbroke admirable. Even in more highly-prized classical attainments, which we should imagine were endeared by personal taste, the same reference to external motive appears. He admires the Greek chiefly because it is a less common acquisition than Latin; and the translation of striking passages of eloquence as a means of forming style and storing the mind with desirable quotations. Indeed, in his view, the

process of culture, instead of an end was a means—not to perfect or enrich the individual character, but to obtain the requisites of social advancement. In accordance with his faith in the details of outward conduct, and obtuseness to the influence of the great natural laws of character in their social agency, Chesterfield advocated power over others as the lever by which to move away the impediments to personal success; not that legitimate power decreed by original superiority, and as certain in the end to regulate society as gravitation the planets—but a studious, politic and artificial empire won by dissimulation and attractiveness. In urging this favourite theory upon his son, he seems to have been unconscious of the painful discipline involved in the process, the long and weary masquerade, and the incessant danger of losing, in a moment, the influence gained by months of sycophancy; neither does he take into view the wholly unsatisfactory and unreliable nature of the relations thus established; and fails to see the inevitable result of the short-sighted policy of detail—in the temporary sway thus acquired—the permanent is sacrificed to the immediate, and, by addressing the most insatiable and capricious of human propensities, his system entails not an hour, but a life, of social fawning. He recommends the study of character, in order to discover the ruling passion, and then a skilful use of his key-note in order to play upon the whole for private benefit; forgetting that, as in the case of the indignant prince, a suspicion of such base friendship will lead to scorn and rejection—"Do you think I am easier to be played upon than a pipe?" To this watchful observation he would have united a power to conceal our own emotions in order to give no advantage to our companion, and a facility in appealing to self-love as the best means of throwing him off his guard. The temper, the opinions, the tastes, and even the most gentle and noble sentiments, are to be kept in uniform abeyance; self-possession and adroit flattery are the two great requisites, in his view, for success in life; distrust in others the guarantee of personal safety; and the art of pleasing, the science of the world. History, philosophy, and the prevailing instincts of enlightened humanity teach another lesson. These maxims, so often quoted as sagacious, are in fact extremely shallow; instead of seeing more deeply into human nature, Chesterfield only saw its superficial action. If there was no sphere for character but promiscuously-filled elegant drawing-rooms, no more stable law operating on society than fashion, and no method of acting on human affairs but that of diplomacy, such advice would have a higher degree of significance. It applies to but few of the actual exigencies of life, and has reference only to partial interests; all men should be social adventurers, and all women aim exclusively at social distinction, to give any general utility to precepts like these. They are essentially temporary and occasional, even when true, and utterly false when elevated into principles of action. Hence we deny Dr. Johnson's assertion that, setting the immorality of Chesterfield's letters aside, they form the best manual for gentlemen; the character repudiates the term; its elements are no more to be "set in a note-book" than the spirit of honour or the inspiration of art. The views of Chesterfield, practically carried out, would make a pedantic courtier or a courteous pedant; they trench too much upon the absolute qualities of manhood to leave substance enough in character upon which to rear enduring graces; they omit frankness and moral courage—two of the most attractive and commanding of human attributes—and substitute an elegant chicanery incompatible with self-respect, upon which the highest grace of manner rests; their logic is that of intrigue, not of reason; their charms are those of the dancing-master, not of the knight. Their relation to a true philosophy of life is no more intimate than the *concetti* of the Italians to the highest poetry, or the scenery of a theatre to that of nature; for to cultivate grace of manners is not to supersede, but only to give expression to nature in a certain way; it is not imitation from without, but development from within.

"For God's sake," writes Chesterfield, "sacrifice to the graces; keep out of all scrapes and quarrels; know all ceremonies; maintain a seeming frankness, but a real reserve; have address enough to refuse without offending; some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teazed into a thing." By his own statement, this course secured him only a life of refined servitude and a desolate old age, for the official dignity he enjoyed was pettishly abandoned from disappointment as to its incidental benefits. It is not, however, in a moral, but in a philosophical view, as a question of enlightened self-interest, that we demur to the authenticity of his doctrine. Its real effect is narrowness, the exaggeration of certain principles of action, an inharmonious view of the relation between character and behaviour, an undue importance attached to secondary interests—in a word, an artificial system in absolute contradiction to prevalent natural laws; and it is chiefly worthy of refutation, because, instead of being advanced as a judicious formula in specific instances, or details of conduct to be acquired once and habitually exercised afterwards, it is presented as a great leading principle, and a regular system altogether expedient and universally applicable, which can be true of no theory, either in literature, art, or life, which is based on mere dexterity and address, for Jesuitism can no more permanently advance the interests of society than it can those of religion, science, or any real branch of human welfare.

Chesterfield's editor dwells upon his classical learning and his benevolent policy while Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland, where his rule is declared to have been second only in its benign influence to that of Lord Ormond; but neither of these graces seems to have originated in disinterested impulse. His acquisitions were chiefly valued as a means of display, and sources of an efficient culture; and he advocated schools and villages to civilize the Highlands after the Rebellion, instead of more cruel measures, because, on the whole, clemency was the most politic course to pursue. It was this barrenness of soul, this

absence of manly enthusiasm—and fanatical reliance on the technical facilities of society—that deprived both the career and the precepts of Chesterfield of all claim to cordial recognition. A friend may have spoken of him with literal truth when he declared that he possessed "a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute," in a masterly style, what he attempted; but the beauty and desirableness of these endowments are much lessened when we perceive that the exquisite machinery was set in motion by motives so entirely selfish, and its action regulated by views destitute of intellectual scope and generous sympathies; when we hear the man thus gifted declare that "a never-failing desire to please" is the great incentive of his mind, and that the finest mental and moral qualities cannot win his love to one awkward or deformed.

Chesterfield, like all votaries of detail, repeats himself continually; he announces, with oracular emphasis in almost every letter, proverbs of worldly wisdom and economical shrewdness, with an entire confidence in their sufficiency worthy of old Polonius, of which character he is but a refined prototype. The essence of these precepts is only a timid foresight utterly alien to a noble spirit. What, for instance, can be more servile than the maxims—never to give the tone to conversation, but adopt it from the company, and that no business can be transacted without dissimulation? Conformity and adaptation were his avowed means of success—the alpha and omega of his creed; both useful and sometimes necessary alternatives in social intercourse, but always inferior and secondary—never primal and enduring. When allowed to supersede the loftier and more genuine instincts, they not only fail of their end, but are absolutely incompatible with the character of a gentleman. Not by such a course did Sydney, Raleigh, Mackintosh, Robert Burns, or any one of nature's nobility, impress, and win their fellow-creatures, but rather by ingenious self-assertion, mellowed and harmonised by kindly and sympathetic feelings, that gave a grace "beyond the reach of art" to their conversation and manners.

But Chesterfield's disloyalty to nature and devotion to artifice are more signally betrayed in his views of the two great sources of actual refinement in social life—music and women. The first may be considered as the natural language of the soul, the cultivation of which is one of the most available means of acquiring that harmonious development and sense of the beautiful which round her angles and elicit the gentle influences of human intercourse. Chesterfield peremptorily forbade his son to cultivate music, at the same time that he strove to preach boorishness out of him by rules of breeding—a process which might have been vastly facilitated by the study of any one of the fine arts for which he had the least tendency. But even in gallantry—not to profane love by thus designating his idea of the relation of the sexes—even in that which owes its zest and utility to gratified sympathies, he leans on the broken reed of prescription and expediency, counselling his son to choose a fair companion, not as a being to inspire, through natural affinity, his sentiments and conduct, but as an approved model and guide in fashionable life. How little did this shrewd man of the world know of the benefit, even in manners, of an intelligent youth, derivable from even one reality in his social relations. Indeed, from the affectionate disposition that appears to have belonged to Philip Stanhope—his good sense and general acquirements—the only chance for him to have realised his father's hopes in point of expression, bearing, costume, address, and all the externals of character, would seem to have been a genuine attachment. He was so organised as to be unable to attach that importance to the graces his father adored, which would lead him to court their favors; for this he needed the stimulus of a powerful motive, and such an one would have been naturally supplied by a real devotion to a fine woman; or the effect of such a feeling would have gradually softened and elevated his tone and air so that he would have become as insinuating as his elegant parent desired, and that, too, from instinct and not by rule. The great evil of teaching the details of behaviour is that, even when acquired in all their perfection, there is a want of unity in the result; they are exercised without the crowning grace of all manner, from the rhetorician's gesture to the courtier's salutations—unconsciousness. There is no happy fusion between manhood and manner; the one hangs objectively on the other like two parts of an ill-adjusted machine.

Nature is apt to vindicate herself upon the ultra-conventional by entailing disappointment upon their dearest hopes. Her laws are as inexorable as they are benign. Chesterfield seems to have been more in earnest in the education of his son than in any other object in life; but true parental affection had little to do with this assiduity; he constantly reminds him that he has no weak attachment to his person, that his pecuniary supplies depend upon the respect paid to the instruction he receives, and that the estimation he will hereafter enjoy from his father will depend upon the degree in which he realizes the expectations formed of him. In all this we see only a modification of self-love, but no true parental feeling. The object of all this solicitude well repaid the care lavished upon his mental cultivation, but he never became either elegant or fascinating; his good qualities were solid, not shining, and his advancement was owing to his father's personal influence. The latter's "will" is characteristic; he provides that, if his son ever engages in the vulgar amusement of horse-racing, he shall forfeit five thousand pounds to the Dean of Westminster, who is satirised in the compliment—for Chesterfield thought himself overcharged by him in a pecuniary transaction, and wished to leave this evidence of his reliance upon his grasping disposition.

During his life, a high position and good sense enabled Chesterfield to reap advantages from polished and sagacious urbanity, which naturally led to an exaggerated estimate of its value under less auspicious circumstances. Having studied with marked success at Cambridge, through the influence of a relative he was appointed gentle-

man of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards elected to Parliament by the borough of St. Germain in Cornwall. His first speech established a reputation for oratory, and is described as quite as remarkable for able reasoning as for elegant diction. He seems to have retained the good opinion thus acquired, while in the House of Lords; to his father's seat in which assembly he duly succeeded. His judicious management, while ambassador to Holland, in 1728, saved Hanover from a war, and, for this service, he was made Knight of the Garter. Subsequently he filled, with apparent success, the offices of lord-steward of the household, in George the Second's reign, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Secretary of State. Upon resigning the seals, he retired from public life, and deafness soon confined him to books and a small circle of acquaintance. The *prestige* of official rank, and the allurements of an elegant address having passed away with his life, we must turn from the orator and statesman to the author for authentic evidence of his character. His fate in this regard is somewhat curious. The elaborate speeches and sketches of character which he gave to the public have, in a great measure, lost their significance. The style of writing has so much advanced since his time that we recognise in him no such claims to literary excellence as his cotemporaries awarded. His name is now almost exclusively associated with his letters to his natural son—letters written in the most entire parental confidence, and with the vain hope of converting, by specific instructions, an awkward and apparently honest-hearted and sensible fellow into an accomplished, winsome, and shrewd man of the world. It has been said, in excuse for the absolute stress laid upon external qualities in these letters, that the youth to whom they were addressed, was lamentably deficient in these respects; but there can be no doubt that they form the most genuine expression of Chesterfield's mind—the more so that they were never intended for the public eye. By a not uncommon fortune, in literary ventures, these estrays and waifs of private correspondence alone keep alive the name and perpetuate the views of Chesterfield.

It would be unjust not to ascribe the worldly spirit and absence of natural enthusiasm in those epistles, in a degree, to the period that gave them birth. It was an age when intrigue prospered, and wit, rather than sentiment, was in vogue. There was a league between letters and politics, based wholly on party interests. It was the age of Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke. The queen governed George the Second, Lady Yarmouth the queen, and Chesterfield, for a time, Lady Yarmouth. Agreeable conversation, an insinuating manner, and subtlety of observation, were then very efficient weapons. High finish, point, verbal felicity, the costume rather than the soul of literature, won the day. Neither the frankness and undisguised overflow of thought and feeling that mark the Shaksperian era, nor the earnest utterance and return to truth ushered in by the first French Revolution, existed; but, on the contrary, that neutral ground between the two periods, whereon there was the requisite space, leisure, and absence of lofty purpose, to give full scope to the courtier, the wit, and the *intriguante*. It was, comparatively speaking, a timid, time-serving, partisan, and showy epoch. The spirit of the times is caught up and transmitted in Horace Walpole's letters, and quite as significantly embodied, in a less versatile manner, in those of Chesterfield.

Instead, therefore, of regarding courteous manners as a mere necessary appendage to a man—a convenient and appropriate facility, like current coin, or the laws of the land—Chesterfield attempts to elevate them into the highest and most comprehensive practical significance. He would have manner overlay individuality, and goes so far as to declare that a soldier is a brute, a scholar a pedant, and a philosopher a cynic without good breeding. If, for the latter term, feeling were substituted, those and similar broad inferences would be far more correct. Some of the greatest brutes, cynics, and pedants we encounter in the world are perfectly well-bred; they refuse an act of humanity with a graceful bow, smile good-naturedly while exposing the ignorance of a sensitive companion, and engross with an affable and even respectful air all the privileges at hand. It is common to see a Frenchman salute in the most polite manner those who enter a public conveyance, pass round his snuff-box, and entertain the company with agreeable remarks; but, if it suits his pleasure, he will at the same time gormandize a reeking *pâté*, put on his night-cap and snore, or refuse to yield his seat to an invalid, with a complacent egotism that would astonish an American backwoodsman, who, without a particle of Monsieur's external courtesy, obeys the laws of chivalric kindness from instinct and habit. "The understanding is the *voiture* of life," says Chesterfield, and, apparently, he infers that it is to be put at random on any track, and to move at any speed which the will of the elegant majority dictate—an axiom wholly at variance with that independence which some one has nobly declared to be the positive sign of a gentleman. Absence of mind in company, so often the indication of superiority, he considered only as evidence of weakness; and so enervated was his taste that he preferred the cold proprieties of the artificial French stage to the violated unities of robust English tragedy. It is characteristic of such a man to believe in chance more than truth; and his unconquerable love of play accords with the blind philosophy that controlled his life. His conceit of knowledge of human nature was based upon the most inadequate and one-sided observation; he associated chiefly with women of fashion and men of state, and therefore saw the calculating and vain, not the impulsive and unconscious play of character. For the game of conventional life, therefore, are the best of his maxims adapted. In that latent sphere of truth and nature, familiar to more ingenious and genial spirits, where candour, intelligent sympathy, and spontaneous taste luxuriate, they are as irrelevant as they are unnatural.

DESTINY IN A ROSE-BUD.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

READER mine, gallant sir, are you a clairvoyant? "Not given to anything of the kind?" Good, you will assume that character for once, and for a purpose, will you not? So now we are *en rapporte*, we must go back a dozen years or so into the past. We are approaching a country village; we stop at the prettiest cottage it contains; we enter the blooming garden; we hear a low murmur of voices in that summer-house; we draw near, and peer through the clustering vines.

"Ha, what a superb girl! rather youngish, but a divinity, by Jove!"

"But, la, sir, don't you mark the youth at her side? a very Antinous!"

"He! ah, yes, passable, barely passable, madame."

"Sir, where is your taste? look again; what a magnificent brow! what glorious eyes! what lips! what hair! and what a form! But they are reading, and from one book; what can it be? for the young man looks sad, and the girl's dark eyes are glistening with tears. Let us catch a glimpse of the title—'Paul and Virginia.'"

The town of R——, in the interior of Massachusetts, has one of the sweetest parsonages in the world. I do not believe it can be surpassed by anything short of some of those lovely English rectories, about which our travellers go into ecstasies. It is nested in foliage and flowers, and hung about with a perfect drapery of vines. At the same time we have taken for the commencement of our sketch, it was occupied by a family of rare taste and refinement, consisting of the Rev. Charles Grey, a man of great learning and devoted piety; his wife, an excellent and lovely woman; and her niece, a beautiful girl of sixteen, but for whom the cottage home would have been comparatively desolate, for the Greys were childless.

Madeline Temple was the sole and orphan daughter of the only brother of Mrs. Grey, and was an heiress. Mrs. Grey, who had received a highly finished education in her native city, Boston, was herself Madeline's teacher in all feminine accomplishments, while her husband atended to the "classics."

I have said that Madeline was beautiful; but her beauty was of a peculiar type. It was not *attractive;* it was too proud and spirited for that, except to the few who loved her, and whom she loved. Her presence, even at that early period, was *imposing;* tall, fair and serene, she walked, rode, danced and conversed, with the quietest dignity and most exquisite grace; a child in years, but an elegant woman in her ways. One powerful and predominating trait ruled and moulded her entire character; and this was *pride*, lofty, unyielding uncompromising pride. And yet was Madeline Temple in heart most womanly; true and warm in her affections, even to passionateness, yet carefully concealing all under a manner cold and at times forbidding. But when she smiled; ah, when she smiled, everything princess-like and chilling, everything which kept one from loving her, vanished in an instant, and Madeline was bewitching.

There was one who, though not a member of the minister's family, had been from his childhood a constant visitor there. This was Edward Lawrence, the eldest son of a small farmer living just out of the village. Mr. Grey, with whom Edward was a great favorite, had had the sole charge of his education, having undertaken to make up for the young man's want of a collegiate course, and after Madeline's arrival the two pupils had pursued their studies together. Lawrence was handsome, strikingly so, but otherwise he was only distinguished for a modesty and delicate sensitiveness almost feminine. No man ever made poorer use of remarkable gifts of person. At the time when we introduced him to our readers, he had reached his twentieth year, and yet went his ways, utterly and strangely unconscious that he was one to be gazed after, envied, and loved adoringly.

But there was one who saw his beauty, who knew his worth, who felt that there was a double fascination in his unconsciousness; and this was Madeline Temple. Ere she herself, in her proud unimpressiveness, guessed such a thing, her heart was irrecoverably his. Slowly, but warmly and rosily, stole the morn-rise of love up the twilight sky of a life before all cold and colorless.

And Edward—from the first year spent in Madeline's society, he had loved with more of intense passionateness than she was capable of, and with the deepest and tenderest devotion. But years passed by, and he sought no return. Madeline was rich, and he, though not altogether portionless, was no match for her on the score of wealth; and a morbid fear of the charge of mercenary motives, joined to his natural diffidence, effectually sealed his lips. Day after day, he was with her he loved, and with books, and flowers, and music for his powerful and eloquent aids, and yet he never spoke of love. His manly pride, like a cold hand of iron, seemed crushing down his heart.

At length, when Madeline was just eighteen, her relatives in Boston, a family of wealth and high standing, became desirous of having her with them, in order to introduce her to fashionable society. Madeline was in love, but Madeline was a woman, and the brilliant life thus opening before her had its fascinations; she was also very much inclined to test in that way the strength of the passion which had been engrossing her heart and thoughts for so long a period.

The last night of Madeline's stay had arrived, and Edward was at the parsonage to take leave. It was a summer's evening, and when he rose to depart, Madeline, at his request, strolled with him toward the gate, as she had often done.

When they reached the termination of the walk, she paused, and held out her hand as usual. She was very pale indeed, but with her proud head thrown back, and with regal composure, she said farewell to the man whose love she prized in her inmost heart above all the triumphs and gaieties of the fashionable world. Lawrence bent over that hand, pressed it fervently to his lips, murmured a "God bless you!" and was gone.

Madeline Temple slept but little that night; she wept till almost daybreak, proud creature though she was; wept as bitterly as any meek, sorrowful, dear little maiden could have wept, at parting with the first love of her heart.

The year that followed her return to Boston was indeed a brilliant one for Madeline Temple. With accomplishments, beauty of a rare order, and fortune, it was little wonder that immediately on her *début* she had become the rage. The history of some of the triumphs of her belle-hood even reached her old friends, in their quiet, rural retreat, and greatly were the chastened hearts of the good clergyman and his wife troubled, because of the temptations which must beset the pathway of the inexperienced girl. But if they feared lest Madeline should suffer from the unworthy and mercenary, through her affections, they little knew her. One only love, hidden and striven against, yet living and unconquered, was an angel guarding the portals of her heart, and she was safe.

During the first summer of Madeline's absence, Edward Lawrence lost his father, and found himself regarded as the head of a family of younger brothers and sisters. What with sorrow for the dead and care for the living, he found no time to indulge his love with the passionate fervor and wild abandonment of romantic lovers in general; but he was nevertheless truly constant to her whose lightest word could once sound the lowest depths of his soul, and whose smile had been the sunshine of his life. She was not always in his thoughts, but she ever glided to his side when

> "Sweet evening was bestowing her soft dew
> Upon the earth, and shutting up the flowers
> With her moist fingers, for the sleeping hours."

And when the night stole on,—

> "The glorious night,
> When hearts beat warm and true,"

her eyes looked on him with the stars—"her face was on his sleep."

Madeline had been gone a twelvemonth from R——, when mercantile business, in which he was engaged, called Lawrence to Boston. He there became known to a distant relative and former friend of his father's, a wealthy merchant and importer. This gentleman took a lively interest in the handsome and enterprising young man, and with his wife and daughters speedily introduced him to the most aristocratic circles of the "Athens of America," and there he again met Madeline, met her as the triumphant belle, followed, flattered, and adored.

"Ah, then was the spell broken; then did the dream vanish!" anticipates my reader. But no; after all that is said, few men have any decided objection to seeing the woman they love the fashion; it is an agreeable voucher for their individual taste, and as for Lawrence, he found himself more irreclaimably in love than ever. Yet still his intense pride, his shrinking fear of the charge of unworthy and sordid motives, kept him from an open declaration of his honest sentiments. Madeline, who saw with keen but carefully concealed pleasure his fervent growing attachment, was piqued at its long delayed avowal, for she did not know her lover sufficiently to understand his pride and high sense of honour. But an unlooked for event occurred to hasten matters to a crisis. The merchant friend of whom we have spoken desired to send out an agent with one of his vessels to some foreign port, and offered the situation, which was a very lucrative one, to Lawrence. The poor young man was in an embarrassing position. For the sake of his family, who stood in need of his assistance, he knew that he ought to go, but if he went he must be absent two years; and his *love*, "ay, there was the rub!" He at length concluded to seek Madeline, and let her decide for him, resolving, if he went, to go only as a rejected man.

It was a lovely June evening, when Edward Lawrence slowly and thoughtfully turned his footsteps toward the splendid mansion which was Madeline's city home. On his way he chanced to meet a little flower-girl, who begged him to purchase something from her basket. The bouquets were nothing elegant, but the child had a sweet voice, and a beautiful blue eye, and he bought one bunch of her simple flowers. He was then surprised to find among the reddest roses, blown to the last extremity, common violets, and stiff sweet-williams, one fresh and most exquisite moss rose-bud, standing out like a little princess from a crown of plebeians. Detaching this, and flinging the others aside, he bore it as a trifling present to Madeline. He found her lightly and elegantly attired for a ball, which was to be given at one of the fashionable hotels by the navy officers then in port. Lawrence had received an invitation, but had forgotten it, and he was now half angry with himself that he could not be the knight in attendance upon Madeline, she having engaged to accompany Lieutenant S——, a brave sailor and gallant gentleman, to whom the *world* had long ago affianced her.

But Madeline received her lover's simple offering with a smile, and this he interpreted as a favourable omen. The hour for the ball was drawing nigh, he saw that there was no time for delay, and immediately and somewhat abruptly acquainted her with his friend's generous offer. Madeline, for once thrown off her guard, quickly, and feelingly exclaimed,

"But you will not go, dear Edward, you surely will not go!"

The face of the lover shone with sudden joy, and taking her hand tenderly in his, he replied,

"No, Madeline, I will not go, if you bid me stay for your sake. I must tell you now what for long years I have tortured myself to conceal. My purposes and hopes all centre in you; my very life is bound up in yours! I love you,

Madeline, wildly, adoringly; must it be in vain? Speak—answer me, dearest!

But Madeline was silent. This long delayed triumph, this deep and unmeasurable joy, seemed to have rendered her speechless, and there sat Edward, still holding her unresisting hand in his, and gazing upon her with his dark, passionate eyes, vainly striving to read her glowing and tumultuous heart through her pale, calm face.

"Lieutenant S—— has called for Miss Temple," said a servant, entering. Lawrence started up and hurriedly said,

"I cannot press you for a reply at this time, but if I have not presumed too far, let me see you wearing *my* rose-bud to-night."

Madeline raised her eyes, smiled, and — the lieutenant at that instant entered the room. Lawrence, after briefly passing the compliments, took his leave, and Madeline greeted the new comer with her usual serene smile, admirably preserving her tranquil and duchess-like demeanor.

"A splendid looking fellow that," said the lieutenant, "an old acquaintance of yours, I hear, Miss Temple?"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence is a handsome man, and we were school-mates in our childhood."

"Ay, ay, I understand, when you were boys together, 'How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood?' Shall we go?"

One word as to the lieutenant. In person he was a man of mark, superbly formed and strikingly graceful; a fine dancer, an admirable waltzer, and he sat on a horse like a cavalier of old, and very unlike a sailor. His face was not regularly handsome, but it was frank, manly, and *sunshiny*. There was no denying that he was a little too wild, rash, and rattle-headed, rather too much given to flirtations and gallant speeches, but he was, after all, a noble fellow in the main.

When Lawrence reached the ball-room, he found Madeline, as usual, surrounded by a group of admirers, and looking more brilliant and joyous, more gloriously beautiful, than he had ever seen her. As he drew nearer, he marked, with a thrill of joy, amid the rich folds of lace which fell over her magnificent bust, his own moss rose-bud, its red lips eloquent of love and hope. Seeing that she had not observed his entrance, he leaned against a pillar, at a little distance, and gazed upon her with a new and exquisite feeling, the consciousness of *possession*.

Suddenly came a peal of music, thrilling to the hearts of amateurs and the heels of dancers, and the next moment Madeline Temple and Lieutenant S—— were whirling in the waltz. Lawrence was not precisely jealous, but he felt hurt and amazed that she, whom he considered his betrothed, could join with another in that dance which seems to have been invented for lovers alone, and wearing, as she did, that type of accepted love, that rose-bud, on her breast. Ah, Edward Lawrence never learned the waltz, he knew nothing of its wild fascination, he never felt the "dizzy delight" known to the enthusiastic waltzer. Look at us, we may be languid or literary; finding fault with the weather, or quoting Carlyle; the air vibrates with the notes of a favourite waltz; and away we go round and round, like gay barques in a whirlpool of delicious intoxication! or like mad planets, swiftly circling in an orbit of light and music. "Oh! who can tell how hard it is to keep off the floor, with fine waltz music tugging at one's heels;" a flirt will sooner take a round or two with her brother, a fashionable man with his wife. Had Lawrence known all this, he would, doubtless, have taken Madeline's waltzing with his rival less to heart; but as it was, after following her with his eyes for a few moments, he turned away and sought composure and cool air on the balcony of the hotel. Madeline, who had first seen him as he left the crowd which surrounded the waltzers, guessed with womanly tact the cause of his evident uneasiness, and soon requested to be led to her seat. A changed being was she, as she sat thoughtful and troubled, watching the gay figures, as they whirled by her in a kaleidoscopic succession of rich dresses and brilliant uniforms. She grew dizzy at last, and, casting down her eyes, missed the precious rose-bud from its place!

She had dropped it in the dance, and she gazed about her for it, eagerly, but in vain. Presently, however, the lieutenant, who had quitted her for a few moments, returned, and a glance showed her the lost flower conspicuously hanging from a button-hole in the immediate neighbourhood of that gallant officer's heart.

"I believe that is *my* flower," she said, holding out her hand.

"It *was* yours, I know; I found it on the floor, yonder, and you surely will not take it from me, now that you have worn it and hallowed it; unless, indeed," he added, "it is some floral pledge of love: there is often more than perfume wrapped up in a rose-bud."

Madeline was startled; the old instinct of proud reserve was roused, and she carelessly answered,

"No, indeed, it is of no consequence, keep the flower if you wish," and turning, she began chatting merrily to a superannuated beau at her side. But suddenly she looked around again with a start, for she heard the lieutenant say,

"Look here, Lawrence, see what a trophy I have won! I challenge any one to show a like favour received from the belle of the evening."

"You are, indeed, fortunate," replied Lawrence," casting on Madeline a glance of scornful reproach, such a glance as one of her haughty spirit but ill could brook. She saw at once that her lover was putting a harsh though natural construction on his rival's possession of the flower, and, feeling herself wronged and humiliated by his judgment, her eye flashed on him indignantly, while her fine lip curled with a smile of infinite scorn. "He thinks me a heartless coquette," to herself she said, "and never shall he see me stoop to convince him of his error."

Once only during the remainder of the evening did Edward find opportunity to speak with Madeline, and then it was he said, in a tone of startling estrangement,

"I should have hoped, Miss Temple, that, in rejecting the offered love and devotion of a life,

you would have chosen a mode less painful and a place less public. Your triumph is, however, complete."

"I do not comprehend you, sir," she coldly replied; then suddenly changing her manner, she added with mock gaiety, "By the way, if you are troubled about that poor little rose-bud, the lieutenant will doubtless return it to you; but don't let it blow out into a duel, I pray you."

And thus they parted, those two proud, unyielding beings, mistaken, estranged, and miserable at heart. Once again did Madeline see her lover; on leaving the ball-room, an indefinable feeling prompted her to look back, and standing directly beneath the brilliant light of a chandelier, she beheld Lawrence. His face no longer wore a look of anger, not even of reproach; it was intensely sad, touchingly, hauntingly mournful, and this last expression was present to her dreams that night, was before her when she waked, and left her never.

But on reaching her home, Lieutenant S——, who had seen that something was wrong between Lawrence and Madeline, and had a shrewd suspicion of how matters stood, and that the rose-bud was indeed of value to the lady, returned it playfully, saying,

"I fear I have been presuming and selfish in keeping this little flower. Pardon me, and accept it again, though it is now sadly withered." And she took it without a word.

The next day Madeline did not go out, but sat listening nervously to every ring of the bell, confidently expecting the speedy coming of her fiery-spirited lover, to seek a reconciliation after the painful misunderstanding which had been brought about in a manner so unexpected, and by means apparently so trifling. But she did not yet know Lawrence. She had to deal with a nature as proud as and far more sensitive than her own; and so hours wore on, and he did not come, and days went by and she received no message, until a whole week of suspense and unhappiness had passed.

At length, on returning one afternoon from a ride, the servant handed her a card, saying,

"The gentleman called while you were out."

Madeline saw that it bore the name of Edward Lawrence, turned it over, and found these words pencilled on the back:

"I called to make my adieus. The Orient sails to-morrow. I have been spending a week at R——. Your friends there are well. God bless you! E. L.

Madeline sought her room, and for the first time gave way to bitter and remorseless sorrow. She viewed herself in the most unamiable of lights, no longer blamed Lawrence for his rashness, and the mad jealousy which but proved to her his love; and before she slept, she wrote, though only after many unsuccessful efforts, a meek, loving, and most womanly letter of *recall*.

This at breakfast-time she handed to a servant, with directions to convey it immediately to the ship. For a full hour sits Madeline at the window, watching for the return of her messenger. At last she sees him turn the corner of the street. Oh, how slowly he loiters along! He stops a moment to speak to an orange-woman — now to read a play-bill — will he ever come?

"Yes, he is at the gate, and Madeline bounds down the steps to meet him—he reaches out a letter—O Heaven, it is her own!"

"The Orient sailed this morning at sunrise, madam."

* * * * * *

Two years had passed, and Madeline was still unmarried. She was now less of a belle, less bloomingly beautiful than formerly, but she was still a surpassingly lovely woman. And Madeline was constant to her first love; constant, though she never heard from her lover, except casually and indirectly, through his friends at Boston, or hers at R——. Madeline Temple was not a miserable woman; in the life which she led, she had little leisure for the indulgence of sorrow, neither had her proud spirit so utterly forsaken her; but she was not happy, she was not *at rest*, and, after all, perfect *repose* best expresses the happiness of woman. She found most pleasure in looking forward to the return of the Orient, and a succeeding reconciliation with the only man whom she had ever loved. It was early autumn, and she heard that the Orient was expected daily.

'Twas night, and Madeline Temple was splendidly attired for a fashionable party. She had arranged the last ringlet, clasped the last bracelet, and it was not yet time.

"Bring me up the evening paper, Janet," she said to her maid. It had been her custom of late to look carefully over the daily arrival of vessels in the port. The journal was brought, and the first announcement which met her eye was that of the arrival of the Orient, from a two years' trading voyage. Joyful, hopeful, a young-hearted being once more, Madeline thankfully lifted her eyes to heaven, then dropped them to the paper again, to see if the blessed intelligence was indeed there. Alas! they fell upon a paragraph of a different nature. Gasping for breath, she read the following:—

"Disaster at Sea.—During the late storm off our coast, the ship Orient had two of her seamen swept overboard, and in endeavouring to save them, a gallant young man, Mr. Edward Lawrence, lost his life. It adds to the melancholy interest of this event to know that Mr. Lawrence, who was in the employ of the ship's company, was just returning from a two years' absence from his friends and country, and perished in sight of land."

When they sought Madeline, to bear her to the brilliant *soirée*, they found her sitting with despair upon her brow, unutterable anguish at her heart, the mocking gems flashing in her hair and on her bosom, and the paper she had been reading grasped convulsively in her jewelled hand. She wept not—she saw not those around her; but, at length, shriek after shriek broke from her lips, and she fell prostrate. They laid her on her bed, and weeks passed before she rose again. When sufficiently recovered, she desired to be conveyed to her friends at R——, and ere long she was under their peaceful roof once more.

Impelled by an intense yearning for sympathy

in her affliction, Madeline Temple paid an early visit to the widowed mother of Edward Lawrence. The good woman at first received her somewhat coldly, but when Madeline told of her fond and faithful love for the lost one, explained their misunderstanding, meekly confessed her own error, and revealed the grief which was wearing away her life, the stricken woman wound her arms tenderly around her, leaned the young mourner's head upon her bosom, and they wept together.

"Oh, my mother," said Madeline, looking up; "on *that night*, one frank word of explanation, one smile of affection from me, and all would have well. But my sinful pride drove him from his country, and has at last broken your heart and mine."

Edward, who had always made a confidant of his mother, had spoken freely to her of Madeline in his letters, but always as though he could not believe that she had ever loved him. In the last one received from him was the following passage, which the mother read to Madeline, at her earnest request.

"I wrote to Madeline Temple, dear mother, as you advised. When I first loved her, when we both were very young, we once read 'Paul and Virginia' together. I wrote to her after visiting 'the lone Indian Isle,' the scene of that most exquisite romance, and inclosed a flower from the grave of Virginia. On that mournful spot, which in spirit I had often visited with her, my heart went back to the sweet days of old; Madeline came before me, mother, the being I once believed her, all loveliness and truth, and not what I afterwards found her, a beautiful incarnation of unwomanly coldness and pride; and for the first time since my boyhood, I wept, for I seemed to be standing over the grave of my own love."

"I never received that letter! God knows I never received it!" cried Madeline, her whole frame quivering with anguish.

* * * * * *

In an arbor whose clustering vines are just tinted with the gorgeous hues of early autumn, in the garden of the parsonage of R——, sits Madeline Temple, now grown exquisitely ethereal in her waning beauty. On a light-stand before her is placed an elegant rose-wood box, filled with precious things, beautiful keepsakes, and costly jewels. There is the magnificent diamond, the modest pearl, the sparkling ruby, the serene sapphire; but not on these she gazes, with those sad, tearful eyes. From beneath them all she has taken a small and much worn volume; it is the romance of St. Pierre, "Paul and Virginia." She opens where, pressed between its leaves, lies a frail and colourless thing, a rose-bud faded and withered. On *this* are fixed her mournful eyes, and as she gazes, her thoughts go down far, far into the blue depths of the ocean, to where sleeps a beloved one, with the sea grass waving o'er him. His pale, sad face is turned upward, and the swell of the waters lightly lifts his dark brown hair, and the cold, white hand, which lies across his breast. And she, that desolate one, faintly murmurs, "Oh, my first and only love; my poor, lost Edward! in this little rose-bud once were folded your destiny and mine."

VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS, ON THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.*

BY PROFESSOR C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too!
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses—his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly;
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down off a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

* This little poem is a great favourite in the United States; and, if we mistake not, Professor Moore is an American. The pleasing fable, although in great vogue with Trans-Atlantic children, is of German origin.—[Ed. A. M.]

A BRIEF SKETCH OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

William Cullen Bryant was born on the third of November, 1794, in the village of Cummington, Massachusetts. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant of that place, one of the most eminent physicians of the day, was possessed of extensive literary and scientific acquirements, an unusually vigorous and well-disciplined mind, and an elegant and refined taste. He was fond of study, and sought to infuse into the minds of his young and growing family those habits of intellectual exertion which had been to himself a source of so much exalted pleasure. It was fortunate for the subject of this notice, that such was his character; for when his own genius began to discover signs of its power, he found in his father an able and skilful instructor, who chastened, improved, and encouraged the first rude efforts of his boyhood. That parent did not, like the father of Petrarch, burn the poetic library of his son, amid the tears and groans of the boy; nor, like the relatives of Alfieri, suppress, for nearly one-third of his existence, the poetic fervor which consumed his heart; but, looking upon poetry as a high, perhaps the highest of arts, and poetic eminence as the noblest fame, he nourished with cheerful care the least indications of its presence, and supplied the youth with the means of its culture and growth. Nor were his services unrewarded, as it appears from Mr. Bryant's solemn hymn to Death, by the subsequent gratitude and success of his pupil.

When only ten years of age, Mr. Bryant produced several small poems, which though of course marked by the defects and puerilities of so immature an age, were yet thought to possess sufficient merit to be published in the newspaper of a neighbouring village—the "Hampshire Gazette." His friends, though pleased with these early evidences of talent, did not injure him with injudicious flattery, but in the spirit of Dryden's simile treated them—

> "As those who unripe veins in mines explore
> On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
> Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
> Knowing it would be gold another day."

Mr. Bryant acquired the rudiments of his school education under the care, first of the Rev. Mr. Snell of Brookfield, and then under that of the Rev. Mr. Hallock of Plainfield, Massachusetts. They found in him a sprightly and intelligent pupil, better pleased to lay up knowledge from books, and the silent meditation of nature, than to join in the ordinary pastimes of children. He was quick of apprehension, and diligent in pursuit. He rapidly ran through the usual preliminary studies; and in 1810, then in the sixteenth year of his age, was entered a member of the sophomore class of Williams' College. In that institution he continued his studies with the same ardor and enthusiasm. He was particularly noted for his fondness for the classics, and in a little while made himself master of the more interesting portions of the literature of Greece and Rome. But he had not been in college more than a year or two, when he asked and procured an honorable dismission, for the purpose of devoting himself to the study of the law. This he did in the office of Judge Howe, of Worthington, and afterwards in that of the Hon. William Baylies, of Bridgewater, and, in 1815, was admitted to practice at the bar of Plymouth.

But, during the period of his studies, Mr. Bryant had not neglected the cultivation of his poetic abilities. In 1808, before he went to college, he had published, in Boston, a satirical poem, which attracted so much attention, that a second edition was demanded in the course of the next year. "When it is remembered," observes Mr. Leggett, "that this work was given to the public by an author who had not completed his fourteenth year, it cannot but be considered a remarkable instance of early maturity of mind. Pope's 'Ode to Solitude' was written at twelve years of age; but it possesses neither fancy nor feeling, and except for the harmony of its versification, is entitled to no particular praise. His translation of Sappho to Phaon is indeed an extraordinary production, and has uniformly received the warmest commendation from the critics. Yet, it is but a translation, while the poem of our author, written still earlier in life is an original effort, and as such cannot but be received with greater surprise, on account of the wonderful precocity of judgement, wit, and fancy it exhibits. Like Cowley's 'Poetical Blossoms,' it must have been composed when the writer was little more than thirteen; but, in point of merit, it is decidedly superior to these effusions of unripened genius." Certain political strictures on Mr. Jefferson and his party, which this poem contained, have given rise, since Mr. Bryant has become conspicuous as an ardent friend of democracy, to charges of political inconsistency and faithlessness. They are charges, however, that require no refutation; and we refer to them now only to remark, that it is a singular evidence of Mr. Bryant's integrity and discernment, that the only point of attack which embittered enemies have found in his whole life, are his unconsidered utterings when a stripling of only thirteen, living in times of high political excitement, and among a people who were all of one way of thinking. How few pass through life with characters so pure and unassailable!

But what chiefly contributed to give Mr. Bryant rank as a poet, was the publication, in the "North American Review" of 1816, of the poem of "Thanatopsis," written four years before, in 1812. That a young man, not yet nineteen, should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, and so beautiful in execution, so full of chaste language, and delicate and striking imagery—and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy—may well be regarded as one of the most wonderful events of literary history. And the wonder is increased, when we learn that this sublime lyric was followed, in the course of the few next years, by the "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood,"

written in 1813, and published in the "North American" in 1817; by the "Waterfowl," written in 1816, and published in 1818; and by the "Fragment of Simonides," written in 1811, and published in 1818. In 1821, he wrote his largest poem, "The Ages," which was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and soon after published at Boston, in a small volume, in connection with the poems we have already mentioned, and some others. The appearance of this volume at once established the fame of Mr. Bryant as a poet.

In the same year Mr. Bryant married a young and amiable lady, Miss Fairchild, of Great Barrington, Mass., whither he had removed to prosecute his profession. He was both skilful and successful as a lawyer, but the labor of the vocation clashing with his poetic and moral sensibilities, induced him, after a ten years' practice, to remove, in 1825, to the city of New York to commence a career of literary fame. His fame, which had preceded him, soon procured him the editorship of the "New York Review," which he managed, in connection with other gentlemen, with great industry and talent. About the same time he joined Mr. Gulian C. Verplonck, Mr. Robert Sands, and Fitz-Greene Halleck, and several young artists of the city, in the production of an Annual called the "Talisman," which, for beauty and variety of contents, has not been surpassed, even in these more prolific days of Annuals. Some of Mr. Bryant's contributions to it place him as a prose writer beside the best of any nation. The narrative of the "Whirlwind," for accurate description, condensed energy and eloquence of expression, and touching incident, has always struck us as one of the master-pieces of writing.

In 1827, Mr. Bryant became an editor of the New York "Evening Post," and since then, with the exception of the years 1834 and 1849, when he travelled with his family in Europe, has had the almost exclusive control of that journal. It is by his conduct in this capacity, that he has acquired his standing as a politician.

We have cause, then, to speak of Mr. Bryant's political character. When he first undertook the management of the "Evening Post," that paper had taken no decided stand in the politics of the day. Its leanings, however were towards the aristocratic party. Mr. Bryant soon infused into its columns some portion of his native originality and spirit. Its politics assumed a higher tone, its disquisitions on public measures became daily more pointed and stirring, and finally it declared with great boldness on what was considered the more liberal side. From that day to this, it has taken a leading part in political controversies, and exerted a controlling influence over public opinion. In the fierce excitement kindled by General Jackson's attack upon the United States Bank, in the hot debates of the tariff and internal improvement questions, and in the deeply-agitating, almost convulsive contest which prostrated the banking system, the "Evening Post" maintained the strongest ground, was generally in advance of its day, and never faltered or flinched in the assertion of the severest tenets of the democratic creed. Unlike most journals, it did not satisfy itself with an undiscriminating defence of the temporary doctrines of party, but, regardless alike of friend and foe, yet cautiously and calmly, it expressed the whole truth in its length and breadth.

The manner in which Mr. Bryant has conducted these controversies is in the highest degree honorable to him. He has disdained the miserable arts by which small minds achieve the triumphs of their party or their own profit. Drawing his principles from the independent conclusions of his own mind, he has not shifted with every wind of doctrine. He has regarded politics, not as the strife of opposing interests, nor as a factious struggle for party supremacy, nor yet as a predatory warfare for the spoils of success, but as the solemn conflict of great principles. He has studied it as a comprehensive science, in which the rights and happiness of millions of men are interested, and which has issues and dependencies spreading over the events of many years. In this light, he has sought to teach its truths, with conscientious fidelity.

His intellectual adaptation to his calling is in many respects a striking one. With a mind of quick sagacity, strong reasoning powers, ready wit, and an inexhaustible fertility, he has been able to perform its incessant and laborious duties with signal success. Disciplined, as well as enriched by severe study, he has added to the learning of books the attainments of extensive observation and travel. His style is remarkable for its purity and elegance, no less than for the felicity of its illustrations. In controversy, he most frequently resorts to a caustic but graceful irony. He is playful without being vulgar, pointed without grossness, sharp as a Damascus blade, and just as polished. Nor are the compactness and strength of his expression less to be admired, than his uniform perspicuity and ease. That he is sometimes unnecessarily cutting, as some complain, is a fault, if it exist, that springs from the native integrity of his mind, and the secluded and refined nature of his pursuits. It has seemed to us, however, that this alleged severity is no more than the spirit of justice as it manifests itself in a pure and honest mind. For we doubt if a man more perfectly just, and less liable to be warped by the questionable compliances of society, ever lived.

In private intercourse, Mr. Bryant is what all his writings, poetical as well as prose, indicate. His life is that of a student of elegant and lofty literature. He is reserved in his manner, almost to repulsiveness, yet in the social circle is witty, amiable, and affectionate. When his sympathies are interested, the spirit of tenderness and benevolence gleams like a flame from his eyes, and plays around his features in a beautiful radiance. In his opinions of men, he endeavors to be just; but when he is not just, the leaning is towards the side of mercy. A strong natural irritability has been disciplined by stern effort into the subjection of reason; and his tastes and habits, though refined by careful culture, are as simple as those of a child. Those who know him best, are at a loss which most to admire, the superiority of his faculties, or the modesty of his deportment.

BALTIMORE, THE CAPITAL OF MARYLAND.

(See Engraving.)

BALTIMORE, the capital of the State of Maryland, is a commercial city situated on the Patapsco River, fourteen miles from the bay. It is the third city in point of population, and the fifth in point of commerce, in the United States. It owes its location to the principle that "second thoughts are best." The two brothers of Lord Baltimore, one of whom, Leonard Calvert, had been appointed Governor of the province, landed with his two hundred colonists on the north side of the Potomac in 1534, and there founded the town of St. Mary's, the intended capital of Maryland. Little remains of St. Mary's now, though it enjoyed its prospective honours for several years; and, as the historian says, "the worthy burghers cleared the adjacent lands, lived at peace with their Indian neighbours, and dozed away life, amid their tobacco-fields, with a comfortable and satisfactory sense of their own mark and importance." The principal event in its history is an attack upon it by a certain Captain Ingle, who, in the course of a rebellion, seized upon the public records, and drove the governor over the Potomac into Virginia.

Baltimore is celebrated for its "monuments," and has several colleges, academies, and 47 churches. The Cathedral is a magnificent edifice, and the Exchange, City Hall, &c., are large and fine buildings. The city is supplied with water from Jones' Falls. The commerce of the city is very extensive, the foreign arrivals being, in 1849, 558 vessels, and the clearances 698 vessels, besides which 1,275 vessels arrived coastwise. Manufactures are becoming very important. It is one of the great flour markets of the Union, and exports largely of this staple. The city was founded in 1729. Population 169,012.

The State of Maryland contains an area of 13,959 square miles, and a population of 576,000. The western part of the State is mountainous. The soil is well adapted to wheat and tobacco, and some cotton of inferior quality is raised. Iron ore and bituminous coal are inexhaustibly abundant near the upper waters of the Potomac, and produce immense wealth to the miners.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

BY HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

IT is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France? Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist for ever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers? They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last for ever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

Our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country, depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled; and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children, that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty of as solemn a nature as man can be called upon to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as himself; and that every man, and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that, in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND.—THE PANTOMIMES.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

CHRISTMAS in England and Christmas in America differ slightly in various points, though in the general phases of the festivities of the day there exists a close and, we may say, a copied resemblance. The English delight in perpetuating the customs of their fathers. While other nations in the strife of popular progress forget old traditions, and neglect time-honoured usages, the true Briton still cherishes that which his ancestors decreed, and, by conforming with their whimsical old notions, displays a trait of ancestral regard and unswerving faith, rather to be admired than otherwise. Other nations kick down the fashions of past days without even advancing in the scale of progressive enlightenment. Look on the continent of Europe, and we find a tardiness and incertitude absolutely painful. The French are too vivacious and transient to honour old customs; the Italians too lazy; the Spanish too ardent in passing events; and the Russians by far too inert. We may, perhaps, except the Germans, who stick to "faderland" and its opinions with a stolidness and inflexibility quite refreshing. Commercial enterprise and a social revolution might serve as excuses for forgetfulness of the antiquated reminiscences of the past, but we note nothing of this sort on the Continent; and yet England, with all her wealth, power, and onward spirit of advancement, still finds time, now and then, to devote to the pastimes and enactments of the venerated dead. Experience has taught us that there is a solidity and dependable-ness about the real John Bull that characterise no nation on this side of the blue Atlantic. A Scotsman will sometimes change his kilt, the blarney of an Emeralder puzzles us, but in dealing with an Englishman we know exactly where to find him. He rarely changes his views of friendship, unless some unaccountable circumstance interposes to enforce a sterling reason.

We commenced talking of the Christmas festivities. We like the mode of conducting these sports in "merrie England," We like the decorations of holly with its pretty red berries, the legend of the misletoe (especially that portion of the legend that allows one to kiss any pretty girl found under it), the adornments of verdure and the careful display of sweets and outlandish lollypops in the shop windows, the little festive deception of Kriss Kingle practised on the juveniles, the turkeys and plum-puddings (Ah! how nice), the games of blind-man's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, and the fairy Christmas-bowl; but above all, the pantomimes at the theatres. It is the pantomimes that thrill the hearts of the juveniles, and even the children of larger growth. It is such glorious fun to see clever Mr. Clown slap poor old decrepid Pantaloon, and then witness their joint endeavours to entrap agile Harlequin, who, first kissing graceful Columbine, shakes his head from side to side in defiance, quivers his bat, and then leaps with one miraculous bound and disappears through a clock-face.

If ever London puts on a suit of—not sables—no, but gaudy habiliments, it is just a week before what is termed "Boxing-night"—the night after Christmas, when all the Pantomimes come out. The huge metropolis is plastered up to its neck with mammoth show-bills, incredible posters, and frightful announcements of the forthcoming pieces. The Strand, Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, Oxford-street, Holborn, and the various important thoroughfares, are crowded with bulletins in red, green, and black letters, telling of the "Magic Mince-pie" at such a place; the "Harlequin Tim Bobbin" at another; the "Fairy Florinda and the Swans of Pearl," at another; and so to the end of the chapter. From Chelsea to Epping Forest, if one were to glance at an old wall in hopes of finding a cheap tailor's advertisement whom you remembered advertised liberally, and therefore must be everywhere, ten to one but the ominous words "GREEN MONSTER," the "Cream-coloured Imp of the Infernal Darkness," or something else just as ugly and suggestive, would stare you wickedly and unflinchingly in the face. If a stranger who knew nothing of holiday pantomimes and their idiosyncracies could just one fine day before Christmas be dropped down in London—say in the neighbourhood of Lambeth-walk on the Surrey side of the River—and commence reading the titles on the playbills without pursuing the context, he would quickly make up his mind that he had made a pilgrimage to some sanguinary, enchanted hot-bed a little this side of the moon, instead of the largest capital of the first kingdom of the civilised world. We mean to say that if his sensibilities were to any extent acute, and his misapprehensive ignorance correspondingly opaque, he could not be less alarmed than was the Baron Munchausen when he saw his horse dangling to the church-spire, as recorded in the scarcely-to-be-believed adventures of that extraordinary personage. It is a delicate point to touch on, but if we were a married man, and the silken knot had been tied only half-a-dozen months, we should really fear our dear little wife's appearing on the promenade just at this time, for if she were susceptible to the impulses of strange impressions, who knows but what our first-born would have a harlequin's patch on its arm instead of a "strawberry," or a miniature cartoon of a link of sausages graven on the small of its back, to eternally remind our wife when she washed her "dear little offspring," of the Clown swallowing those elongated but suggestive edibles. We would not dwell on this subject so long if the anxious managers confined the blowing of their spectacular trumpets to bill-boards,

old walls, the arches of the bridges, or even the interior of Hansom cabs; but their zeal not stopping here, manifests itself in a crowd of overgrown one-horse vans, with letters the size of a Life Guard, until one is bewildered with titles and magic-ized almost to death. In attempting to cross a street in a hurry one is compelled to wait until a panoramic "Willow Pattern Plate," a "King Charming," a "Queen Quiddles," and "Harlequin Bowsprit," all in a row, dawdle out of the way, and to go into an omnibus with the hope of avoiding the bills would be like going to Newcastle to dodge coal-fires.

We have heard the proportions of the mastodon extolled for their amplitude; an elephant, viewed through a powerful microscope, would "come out" considerably gigantic, if the glasses were in good order. It is rumoured in conchological circles, that there are certain fish-monsters residing in the vasty deep, the bulk of which would make even a philosopher open his eyes with wonder, but we never yet heard of any, thing on land, or in the sea, or even amphibious for the matter of that, which could compare in point of magnitude and hugeness with the combined promises of the managers of London respecting their holiday efforts. Were each promise only a grain of sand, so numerous are they, that at a moderate calculation there would be sufficient to make a new beach for Brighton; and, further, it is our humble opinion, if it were possible to convert each promise into a slab of some very hard stone, and they could be laid carefully one upon another, the pile would soon be lost in the clouds; and, afterwards, there would be enough superfluous slabs left laying about to build an edifice the size of the Bank of England. We trust this will afford the reader *some* idea of the vastness and extent of the joint promises of the London managers about Christmas. And now a word as to the "titles." Mother Goose's melodies were consumed long ago, the prolific Countess d'Anois is undergoing consumption by Planché (the king of punning rhymesters), the "Arabian Nights" have very few leaves left, Count Hamilton's mythical twists of fairy imagination, and the pert sayings of the day, are or have been called into requisition in furnishing (or rather suggesting) material for scenic illustration. The airy-brained dramatist and his co-labourers then go to work in good earnest, and the consequences are at this season, posters and pocket-money in profusion.

Suppose, just for a bit of fun, we digress here, and go behind the scenes of the playhouse, and see what those strange folks that go in and out of the little door are doing. Have you ever been there? No? Then come along; we have, and you shall have the benefit of our experience. We pass that cross, sour-countenanced man, sitting in a stuffed seat at the stage door. He is the hall-keeper, and is much feared by spruce young gentlemen who come to enquire about the pretty little ballet-girls that bewitch t'other sex with their tights and spangled tunics. It *has* been told us, that when fast young men have called to leave three-cornered *billet-doux* for their female acquaintances of the chorus, that they have slily slipped small coins into his hand, and without even so much as looking at the donations, he has simply, unaffectedly, coughed, and promised that "they should he sure to get 'em." These human Cerberuses could tell queer stories if they were disposed to "unlock the secrets of the prison-house," and we were thinking that the revelations of a stage-door would not be a bad notion if the idea was well managed. Albert Smith is at liberty to use the hint if it strikes him.

Not to digress in a digression, we take no notice of the ill-grained remark that the hall-keeper made as we passed him, and threading a long avenue, full of what can be best described as "one thing and another," we find ourselves among a number of "flats," pieces of old forests, bits of castles, and "one-halfs" of mansions, shops, chambers, and the deuce knows what. In fact, we are at the "wings" of the stage, and looking around we see a number of well-dressed people of both sexes chatting and laughing in a careless off-hand manner, while here and there a ray of cloudy light (like a sunbeam tarnished, if such a thing could be), struggles through the crevices of a wilderness of what are technically termed "travellers" and "sky borders," suspended over the stage, shedding a dull, sickly, glare on the objects around. There is a single man—who is near-sighted and wears spectacles—in the orchestra, humming a melody, and by the aid of a gaunt, unsnuffed stump of candle, transcribing it on a half-a-sheet of greasy music paper. He is the *répétiteur*, and is ransacking his memory for scraps of popular airs to introduce in the "comic business" of the pantomime, a duty which the leader has left to his assistant because he has displayed much tact at adaptation. A small table is standing near the foot-lights at the "prompt side" of the stage, near which the stage manager—a chunky, pot-stomached person, with a gruff voice and bright eye—is standing with his arms folded looking up the stage. A half-shabby man in a slouched cap and round jacket, which smells *loudly* of turpentine and varnish, is standing by his side engaged in conversation. It is rude to listen to folks' talk, but as they are evidently conversing on nothing private or special, we will violate Chesterfield for once, and draw near and hear what they are saying. The stage-manager has infused a deal of importance in his manner, and now speaks. He addresses the property-man.

"Remember, Mr. Brown (property men rarely have fanciful names), to get those masks as hideous as possible for the second scene. Don't spare the rose pink and Dutch metal in the least, for those masks are—mark—the *telling points* of the introductory scenes. Tell Wilson (Wilson is the head carpenter), to see that those sinks run easily, and all the grooves had better be oiled. The gauzes, too, must be overhauled, for when we used them in the 'Spirit of the Fountain,' they looked very shab." (Meaning shabby, but the stage-manager has a habit of clipping his words). He continues, "Let me caution you now, while I think of it, in this castle scene to blend the fires as much as you can. Don't get too much red on the water-set, nor too much green on the towers. That 'goblin oak' had better

come down to the second 'groove,' and let the shadows fall back, bang against the wall." During these remarks, the stage manager makes a great variety of motions with his hands while in the act of pointing, several of which are imitated by the clown in the forthcoming piece, who is standing at the wing, and who being a great wag, and considered apt at imitation, is always on the alert to signalise himself. Clowns, too, have another knack of pretending to bump themselves against doors, much to the surprise of innocent strangers, which clever deception, they perform by dexterously rapping the aforesaid doors, useen, with their knuckles. The manager, in happy unconsciousness of the imitation, struts up to a "trap" which is undergoing repairs, and, after looking carefully down it, again joins the property-man.

"Where's Wilson?" he asks.

"He's gone to see about lumber for a pair of 'flats,' sir," is the reply.

"Have you heard him speak of the changes?"

"They're monstrous slap-up," replies the other, picking a fleck of Dutch metal from the side of his nose. (It will be observed that this useful person is not very choice in his language.) Some of the 'tricks' are stunnin', and 'll make 'em open their heyes. That barley-sheaf turnin' into a Yankee yacht is reg'lar bobbish; and when the butter-firkins changes to silver teapots there'll be a dead yell all over the 'ouse. (Here the property-man points to some object in the 'flies,' and drops a remark touching a shower of Cupids during the representation of the "Floral Realms of Light," but as we did not quite catch the sense of the expression, we cannot conscientiously hazard a detailed account of this portion of the dialogue.) He pursues his conversation—"I was in the paint-room just now, to see that set of clouds that Charley Thompson's a doin' of—there's not hanythink can touch 'em, sir, an' the Cave of 'Orrors is as black as the Docks."

A tall, slender man at this juncture passes across the stage at the back. He has on canvass overhauls, garnished with miscellaneous daubs of colour, as if he had been a target for painted bullets. The stage-manager beckons him, and they retire to their room to talk over certain "matters and things" concerning the scenery and pictures of the pantomime. The property-man has gone to that dingy, long, low apartment which is the *sanctum* where he manufactures canvass legs of mutton, stuffed sticks, perpetually red-hot pokers, golden goblets, rag babies, and sham puddings by the gross. We will peep in and see what can be defined in the dull haze that pervades the room. A pot of glue is smoking over a spirit-lamp on a table, and close beside it are a number of little books containing gold-leaf, or something resembling it, and chips of bright foil. A cart-load of paraphernalia is "kicking about" on the tables, under them, helter-skelter —anywhere. There are wooden legs (generally used by the old commodores), jockey caps, old spurs, bits of sponge (much affected by the villain of the melodramas, to supply the blood when he meets his end), fictitious harps (on which many sweet imaginary melodies have been played), Indian calumets and tomahawks, Chinese lanterns, dancing jacks, parti-coloured umbrellas (useful for "Paul Pry" or pantomimes), artificial icicles (warranted not to melt), crowns and cushions, beadles' staffs and fairy wands, canes, snuff-boxes, papier maché pound-cakes, deceptive lemons, drawerless cheffoniers, ingeniously suppositious fowls ready trussed, pocket-books containing countless sums of imaginative bank-notes (always carried by the old uncles from India in the comedies), and if we were to examine closely we would see almost every article, only more or less *sham* in its construction, met with in real life.

It is scarcely necessary for us to ascend to the paint-room, where several artists are outlining, laying on the colour, filling in, and creating landscapes and "realms of bliss" in short order. We would only get our trousers smeared if we went up, and perhaps interrupt the workmen; so, first glancing at the front of the house, which is covered with strips of muslin, and pausing for an instant just to get a peep at the face of that pretty girl the *première coryphée*, who is practising a *coup* in short skirts and faded round-toed slippers, we will once more seek daylight and leave the folks to rehearse the pantomime with a clear stage.

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Boxing night! the theatres are besieged with applicants for box, pit, and gallery. It is not only the rabble mob that have turned out, but the flower of the nobility arrive in close carriages and tigered broughams. The private boxes sparkle with diamonds—the pit is a sea of heads—and the gallery reminds one of the clatter that

"The shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest."

Rows of pretty, plump, cherry-cheeked children are seen around the family range of boxes, teasing their mammas with questions, and laughing in joyous anticipation of the "fun to come." Tradesmen and their "nice-looking" daughters abound in the upper boxes, tall young men, with daintily-combed whiskers, and very large seal rings on their fingers, are making good use of their lorgnettes in the "stalls;" the gallery is a bewildered medley of dustmen in ancle-jacks, servant-maids, wet-nurses out of place, hawkers, and green-grocer boys. All have come with the one sole object of having a good long laugh, and they generally accomplish it. The gallery-folks, who are unfortunately remindful of such points, have taken care to provide themselves with flasks of gin and spirits, which they consult frequently during the evening. The more elegant-bred private-box company have had little hampers supplied at "Fortnum and Mason's," and, in the shape of Neufchatel cream cheese, potted shrimps for sandwiches, some marmalade and red-currant jam for the children, with perhaps just a dozen nicely-pressed biffins, they enjoy a portable and savoury refreshment.

The English understand the art of being comfortable under all circumstances, and of all their holiday entertainments the yearly pantomime seems to possess more charms than the simple pastimes of domestic life. This is the only spot on the globe where the drafts of the firm of Clown, Pantaloon, &c., are freely honoured at

sight;" and in no country that we have yet visited, did Harlequin strike us as more agile, Pantaloon never tottered with more maudlin step, Clown was never half so droll, and Columbine more serial and graceful, than here. In these respects England is truly "merrie." Martial's proverb, "*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est,*" is very good in its way, but like many other musty apothegms, it loses its point at the Christmas period. "*Ride si sapis,*" is much better, and to be preferred; therefore let us smile, and

"With mirth and laughter,
Let old wrinkles come."

WINTER.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Now sits the twilight palaced in the snow,
Hugging away beneath a fleece of gold
Her statue beauties, dumb and icy cold,
And fixing her blue, steadfast eyes below,
Where in a bed of chilly waves afar,
With dismal shadows o'er her sweet face blown,
Tended to death by eve's delicious star,
Lies the lost day alone.

Where late, with red mists bound about his brows,
Went the swart Autumn, wading to the knees
Through drifts of dead leaves shaken from the boughs
Of the old forest trees,
The gusts upon their baleful errands run
O'er the bright ruin, fading from our eyes,
And over all, like clouds about the sun,
A shadow lies.

For, falling asleep upon a dreary world,
Slant to the light, one late October morn,
From some rough cavern blew a tempest cold,
And tearing off his garland of ripe corn,
Twisted with blue grapes, sweet with luscious wine,
And Ceres' drowsy flowers, so dully red,
Deep in his cavern leafy and divine,
Buried him with his dead.

Then, with his black beard glistening in the frost,
Under the icy arches of the north,
And o'er the still graves of the seasons lost,
Blustered the Winter forth—
Spring, with your crown of roses budding new,
Thought-nursing and most melancholy Fall,
Summer, with bloomy meadows wet with dew,
Blighting your beauties all.

Oh heart, your spring-time dream will idle prove,
Your summer but forerun the autumn's death,
The flowery arches in the home of love
Fall, crumbling, at a breath;
And, sick at last with that great sorrow's shock,
As some poor prisoner, pressing to the bars
His forehead, calls on Mercy to unlock,
The chambers of the stars—
You, turning off from life's first mocking glow,
Leaning, it may be, still on broken faith,
Will down the vale of autumn gladly go
To the chill winter, Death.

Hark! from the empty bosom of the grove
I hear a sob as one forlorn might pine—
The white-limbed beauty of a god is thine,
King of the seasons! and the knight that hoods
The brow majestic, brightest stars enweave—
Thou surely canst not grieve;

But only far away
Makest stormy prophecies; well, lift them higher,
Till morning on the forehead of the day
Presses a seal of fire.

Dearer to me the scene
Of nature shrinking from thy rough embrace,
Than Summer, with her rustling robe of green,
Cool blowing in my face.

The moon is up—how still the yellow beams
That slantwise lie upon the stirless air,
Sprinkled with frost, like pearl-entangled hair,
O'er beauty's cheeks that streams.
How the red light of Mars their pallor mocks.
And the wild legend from the old time wins,
Of sweet waves kissing all the drowning locks
Of Ilia's lovely twins.

Come Poesy, and with thy shadowy hands
Cover me softly, singing all the night—
In thy dear presence find I best delight;
Even the saint that stands
Tending the gate of heaven, involved in beams
Of rarest glory, to my mortal eyes
Pales from the blest insanity of dreams
That round thee lies.

Unto the dusky borders of the grove
Where gray-haired Saturn, silent as a stone,
Sat in his grief alone,
Or, where young Venus, searching for her love,
Walked through the clouds, I pray,
Bear me to-night away.

Or wade with me through snows
Drifted in lose fantastic curves aside,
From humble doors where Love and Faith abide,
And no rough winter blows,
Chilling the beauty of affections fair,
Cabined securely there.

Where round their fingers winding the white slips
That crown his forehead, on the grandsire's knees
Sit merry children, teasing about ships
Lost in the perilous seas;
Or listening with a troublous joy, yet deep,
To stories about battles, or of storms,
Till weary grown, and drowsing into sleep,
Slide they from out his arms.

Where, by the log-heap fire,
As the pane rattles and the cricket sings,
I with the gray-haired sire
May talk of vanished summer-times and springs,
And harmlessly and cheerfully beguile
The long, long hours—
The happier for the snows that drift the while
About the flowers.

Winter, wilt keep the love I offer thee?
No mesh of flowers is bound about my brow;
From life's fair summer I am hastening now,
And as I sink my knee,
Dimpling the beauty of thy bed of snow—
Dowerless, I can but say—
Oh, cast me not away!

THE NATIONALITY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

A NATIONAL literature, to be worthy of the name, must exhibit the strong, peculiar traits, embody the feelings, partake of the prejudices, and illustrate the originality of a people. The opinion has been propounded with much seeming honesty by critics, both at home and abroad, that we have no *material* for a national literature, and therefore, as a very clear and indisputable deduction, we have not, and cannot have a literature of our own.

We beg leave to appeal from this decision, believing, as we do, that the *material* for the structure is in no wise lacking, and that there are not wanting the hands of the builders; that if we have no national literature (which we by no means admit), it arises from other causes than these.

While we have all that material which is common to the children of genius everywhere and in every age, we shall endeavour to show that we have much of a superior and peculiar excellence, which is either indigenous and exclusively pertaining to us, or found in original and striking combination here. We have the finest and most enduring *stones*, that need only to be set in their appropriate places, under the protection of equal laws and fostering institutions, to rise in chaste and stately proportions,—a magnificent temple, unsurpassed in splendour, stability, and beauty; compelling the admiration of mankind, and defying in its massive strength, "the tooth of time and rasure of oblivion." Wherever God has created human beings with hearts to feel—souls to aspire—and energies to achieve—*there* is material for the poet, scholar, and philosopher. No critic would deny that the human heart exists here, in all its moods, and passions, and strange workings; here are all the varieties of that complicated being, man, exhibiting his mental qualities, his individual traits, peculiarities, and eccentricities, as prominently, as poetically, as sorrowfully, and as ludicrously, as in lands beyond the seas. If we lack the *material*, it is not because man's heart, with its feelings and its passions, is changed,—it is not because men are essentially different *now* from men of a former age,—it is not because our struggling multitudes do nothing, think nothing, worthy the recording pen of the poet, the analyzing thought of the philosopher, or the deep investigations of the scholar.

There *is* material for our literature in the human heart—in the *American* heart.

There is, likewise, *material* for our literature in American *history*. Much has been said of its barrenness—of our want of traditionary lore and fabulous story, sources from which so much of the literature of the old world has been derived. It is true we have no dark and mysterious origin, no dimly-seen ages, peopled by fancy with mythological absurdities and monstrous gods. We have no Jupiter shaking Olympus with his nod,—no Venus born from the froth of the sea. We have no painful records of barbarian rule, when fear reigned supreme, the weak were the prey of the strong, and all acted upon

> ——"The simple plan,
> That they should take, who have the power,
> And they should keep, who can."

We have no records of civilization sinking into disastrous darkness, and almost extinguished by the leaden weight of stagnant ages. We have no crumbling and ivy-clad castles, telling us of feudal pomps and sovereignty,—no knight-errantry, nor holy wars. These, and such as these, are themes for the *European* muse, who hears the voices of hoar antiquity as they steal along the echoing arches of palaces,—through the dim vaults of cloistered cells,—in the rustling of the crusader's banners,—in the rush of steeds and the clash of lances; and who takes up the wild strain as it glides down the past, waking his harp of song to martial melody.

The themes for our muse are holier far,—themes that touch the heart with a *softer* influence, and waken *tenderer* feelings. Looking back into our past, far in the dim years, we behold that mysterious people who inhabited this continent long before the advent of our fathers, and whose origin is wrapt in profound oblivion. We see them in their might, exercising undisputed dominion over this land,—and we see them in their weakness wasting away like the mist, and rolling back toward the shores of the Pacific. Here is a theme, both for song and for historical research. Immense tribes of people, who lived and died with all the varied passions and emotions of man in all time—whose dust has enriched the earth for succeeding generations of a strange people destined to sweep them from the land. Where our temples arise, consecrated to the one living and true God, their aspirations rose to the Great Father of their race, from the dusky aisles of a forest sanctuary. How much room is here for speculative thought, that takes hold upon the great problems of national origin and the divisions of the human family! How many broken links has the antiquarian to unite,—how many fragmentary inscriptions has the scholar to decipher, and complete, and interpret! How many broken strains stealing through the air, from the "mute lyre" of the poet of the past, has the American poet to treasure up and combine in new and ravishing strains, that shall fall upon the ears of remote posterity,—the voice of a buried world!

Much, very much, has been said and sung of this unfortunate race, who have passed away with their primeval forests, in the pathway of the advancing white man, and to some the story of their fate seems trite. Still, we believe there are chords yet to be added to the American harp

of song that shall vibrate to the mournful tale. Those mysterious mounds, which rise like mighty mausoleums all over our western plains,—the ancient castles of the dead,—call upon the poet to give them, at least, a fanciful origin; half-obliterated footsteps of the past are stamped upon the soil of the new world, that the poet's eye must decipher; like the trained Indian hunter, he must tell from the just visible impress, where the unseen stranger passed, and who he was. It may be that his fanciful ideal is yet to interpret the mysterious letters of the past, that the eye of the scholar turns from in despair. Fancy has at times guided the slow footsteps of science to brilliant discoveries.

Our own past, though not hidden in the mist of remote antiquity, contains seeds of thought which have yet to be drawn into a growth, which we cannot now fully conceive and depict, and will bear flowers and fruit for the admiration, the instruction, the healing of the nations. While a high poetic grandeur surrounds the events of our history—recent though it be—those events bear within themselves the germinating principles which shall engage the highest power of human investigation, take hold upon the deepest interests of humanity, and penetrate the frame of human society in all lands for ages to come. Romance may revel in the dim walks of the forest, and in the struggles of advancing civilization, and find noble themes in the contest that separated us from the sway of European power. There she has already found a wide realm, and will continue to subjugate new fields in which to display her magic power. But, pre-eminently, as the fountain of political and moral principles exhibited in marked contrast to the decaying policy of the old world, and shooting out on a wider theatre than the olden time has ever afforded, the history of this nation will offer a problem deepening in interest with every year of existence, that shall challenge the powers of the philosopher, and modify the political science of the world. The independence of these states was a new creation, and many a telescope will be hereafter pointed at this constellation, whose circles many have feared to trace, in doubt whether to deem it a doleful host of disordered meteors or the revelations of a new firmament. As its light has travelled through the sky with increasing steadiness, power, and beauty, it will awaken thought, and compel the sages who would understand the high relations of the world to note and investigate the laws of its motions. Thus, "till the last syllable of recorded time," new interest will cluster around the Mayflower, the Rock of Plymouth, "the Cradle of Liberty," "the Hall of Independence," the grave of Washington.

As a theme for description—as a source of poetic inspiration—as a powerful force in moulding the mind, the imagination, and the affections, natural scenery holds a high place. The unequalled beauty and magnificence of nature's gifts to this land, and the prodigal variety with which they are poured forth, need only be mentioned. That was an unanswerable question which was propounded to a fretful Englishman, whose disparaging bitterness and national self-sufficiency were not suspended even by a thunderstorm among the Alleghanies. His American friend, who had listened to his complaints for a long time, half-amused and half-vexed, quietly asked, "Have you got any better thunder and lightning than that in Old England?"

We have dwelt upon this point, that America has materials within herself for building up a native literature, because it seemed necessary to reply to those who have made it a matter of doubt, and not because it can have a conclusive effect either way in determining the main question. For ourselves, we must avow the belief that there is much of unworthy cant in some of our popular criticism. American writers are severely censured, because they do not confine themselves to "native themes," and it is more than intimated that it is no part of their "mission" to illustrate European history and literature. Every such enterprise, how daring and skilful soever, is laid to the account of imitation, and made to detract from the originality of our authors.

But why? If an American artist happens to form a statue of Italian marble, is not the work his own as much as if it were quarried from the hills of New England? And if our mountains had unhappily been destitute of marble, must monumental triumph have been wrought only in brass and iron, in order to be "native?" We might as rationally shut ourselves up from all communication with the rest of the world—erect a Chinese wall in order to keep ourselves from foreign influence. Originality is not so easily lost, that it need be hermetically sealed. He who in birth, education, habits, feelings, and principles, is a true American, if he have within him the powers of genius, may gather spoil of all people, and tongues, and nations, and it will be his own and his country's for ever.

By being Americans we do not cease to be MEN. Whatever has interest for humanity is ours. Every theme that respects the happiness, the interest, the passions, the affections of human nature, has a claim upon us; and we believe that nowhere will that earnest feeling of human brotherhood be more freely acknowledged, more tenderly felt, and more powerfully acted on, than in America. In common, then, with those of every age and clime, American authors, as their genius may prompt them, will enter upon the wide fields of philosophy, theology, science, poetry, criticism and history; will aid in pushing investigation toward the farthest bounds of attainable knowledge, and do their full share in the work of advancing civilization and refinement, both in this and other lands.

Our criticism should no longer place American mind in a false position. Let no one think of confining the energies of our gifted sons to this continent. Mind overleaps geographical boundaries, and breaks political barriers, as easily as Samson snapped asunder the strong cords of the Philistines. Beautifully and truly are we told of the REPUBLIC of letters. Literature is a common field, where perfect equality reigns, and no position can be exclusively assigned to any man, but all are at liberty to range through the whole domain, "at their own sweet will."

Thus, whether we look at that which peculiarly opens itself as the field of effort for American authors, or assert their essential equality and perfect title to compete with all others, the empire of the mind and heart, there is abundant material for the upbuilding and perfection of our literature.

There are also the builders, in whose hands we may feel an assurance that the work will go forward with skill and power.

The American character is the result of an admixture of various national elements, in a new land, in the midst of scenery the most sublime, and of events calculated to form and develope the highest strength and beauty. All the nations of Europe were sifted to furnish the seed from which this nation has sprung up. English, French, German, and other blood, have mingled together in a rich combination, and form a stream of peculiar vitality and healthfulness. Of the component qualities that go to make up the American character, much the greater and more valuable portion is derived from the English. England settled most of the original colonies, and of the new states at the west of New England has been the mother and founder. Our manners and customs were learned in the ancestral halls, by the cheerful hearths, on the village greens of "merrie England." We share in the triumphs of English arms in the Crusades, on the fields of France, and on the ocean, in the olden time, for they were wrought by *our* fathers. The rights which our revolutionary sires claimed in 1775, were "the rights of Englishmen," secured ages before at Runnymede, embodied in the Petition of Right presented by the commons to the faithless Charles—the violation of which overturned the monarchy, and the peril of which caused the second revolution of 1688. Speaking the same language, we claim, and rejoice in, the fame of Shakspeare and Milton, and of Hampden, Cromwell, Russell, and Sydney. We have the civilisation of England transplanted and enriched by tributary streams from all other nations.

And, what is of more importance, the foundations of our country were laid by the very elect of nations, by the purest and noblest of the earth. They were banished men, whose crimes were independence of thought, fearlessness of opinion, integrity of art, and inflexible adherence to the lessons of truth and the dictates of conscience. They were men of whom the Old World was not worthy. Others came through a love of adventure, too hardy and vigorous in their frames and energetic in their spirits to be contented in the stereotyped society of Europe. Composed of such materials, how should we fail to find here those qualities which insure success in the pursuit of every excellence? Cast in such a favoured home, under the purest and noblest tuition of nature, with the quickening influence of freedom and equality, the high impulses that struggle in American bosoms will make their way, in spite of opposition, to the utmost limits of human power.

In this late period of the history of the world, time has brought down and poured in upon us the accumulated treasures of ages. Our literature bears the impress of time; it is moulded by the influence of the sages and poets of old. We distinguish in it the Doric and Ionic accent, to whose musical cadence, ages ago,

> "Ilissus pure devolved his tuneful stream
> In gentlest murmurs."

Goth, Saracen, and Provençal, have aided in some degree in its structure; and, in late years, who can say how much it has been fed by the overflowing stream of German philosophy and song?

These diverse elements incorporating themselves into our literature, while they invigorate it and add to its compass, cannot detract from its originality. It will be American, because all these spoils of time are gathered by active and energetic minds, who know how to assimilate them and make them their own. They will be cast into a furnace of burning thought, and that concentrated heat will fuse them into one stream of molten gold, ready to be moulded into forms of original beauty.

Such are the materials of American literature, and such, we may claim, are the men who are destined to employ them in a manner that shall make our land as illustrious in letters as she bids fair to be in freedom and power.

And what has been the fruit of all this? What has America done to add to the intellectual treasures of the race? This question we are bound to ask and to answer. If two hundred years since the settlement, and seventy-five years since the independence, of the United States have flown by, bearing no traces of intellectual and imaginative power upon their wings, it is but a sad commentary on our reasoning. This question we are prepared to answer, and, we hope, satisfactorily.

Literature, in its largest signification, includes all the productions which go to make up the intellectual food of men,—all that is read for instruction or amusement. In a more limited sense, the term is employed to denote that portion of the mass of reading which is polite and refined; as poetry, criticism, fiction, characteristic and descriptive essays. We are content to use it in either sense.

From the establishment of the first printing-press on this continent to the present time, a large and increasing portion of the books read in this country have been of American authorship. An inspection of the public and private libraries, of the critical press, and of the most familiar quotations, proves this. Such a fact forms a strong *primâ facie* proof of independent and original literary productiveness. This has not arisen from the scarcity of foreign books. Competition has been free. Foreign authors have no copyright here, but, free as the air and the sunshine, their works have been reprinted from the first, and have overflowed the whole land. Yet our authors have not been swept away and lost in this competition. They have borne up against the flood and maintained their rank, some of them with not a little honour and profit, and have sent an answering stream of thought across the Atlantic. Their names are the property of mankind.

America, then, produces books; there is the

outward sign of a literature. What is their character?

Conspicuous among the causes of American emigration, religious persecution must be ranked. The first settlers of New England, and of some other colonies, were banished for conscience' sake. Their minds rested with a more hearty devotion on religious truth; it engaged their thoughts and feelings more exclusively than any other. Theological literature, therefore, stands fisrt; and, in this department, no nation has gone beyond us, unless it be Germany. Jonathan Edwards, by the confession of British critics, was the greatest theologian of modern times. With his name may be joined those of Dwight, Hopkins, Bellamy, Griffin, Emmons, Channing, and of those now upon the stage—Stewart, Robinson, Alexander, Beecher, Barnes, Taylor, and a host of others. In fact, theological science is so rapidly advancing (and in this advancement America leads), that it is perhaps more embarrassing to speak of living names than in any other department.

Metaphysics has been so allied to theology, and ethics still more so, that we must repeat the names of Edwards and Emmons, and join those of Upham, Wayland, Marsh, and Tappan.

Closely allied to this in the order of time and of interest come politics. If religion, as the moving cause of their emigration, claimed the first place in the regard of our fathers, their disputes with the mother country, their independence, and the establishment of new systems of government, compelled them to engage in the careful study of political science. Necessity having originated the pursuit here, the minds of the people have never been diverted from it; and nowhere on the whole face of the earth has there been exhibited such earnestness and constancy in the investigation of this subject. The writings of Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Marshall, Ames, Jefferson, and Adams, the fathers or defenders of the Constitution, are invaluable contributions to political science; and Story, who has just departed, and Kent, and statesmen yet living among us as pre-eminent, have been deemed worthy successors of the venerable founders of the republic.

Of historians, we will but write the names of Marshall, Prescott, Bancroft, Bradford, Wheaton, and Irving; and of biographers, their name is legion. Marshall and Sparks have each gained an enviable rank; and one almost doubts whether or no the latter should also stand among historians, for, as contributions to historical science, his biographies are unrivalled. Irving and Cooper, also Paulding, Mackenzie, Bush, Knowles, and a crowd whose names would "cumber the ground," have gained an honourable name.

Fiction, poetry, and that almost indefinable species of writing yclept "Essays," are naturally of a later growth. They are the result of increased wealth and leisure—if not in writers—in the nation. But from the beginning these have been cultivated to an extent honourable to the nation. The essays of Franklin, Hopkins, Dennie, and Ames, gave pleasing promise of a better future, which the productions of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Brown, Hawthorne, the Everetts, Ware, Sedgwick, and the host of miscellanists who sustain our periodical press, sufficiently fulfil.

If any are not satisfied with the present, we can only say that if they will but wait with patience, they shall be amply satisfied ere long. "Patience wanted a nightingale, Patience waited, and the egg sang."

Of poetry, we have as much as could be expected, of "the most favoured nation." We have, it is true, no great epic; and England, in all her centuries, has produced but *one* that lives. The remainder, of which Southey spawned four or five, may be preserved in libraries and collections, like so many insects impaled in museums, but they will not be read. Neither have we any great amount of dramatic poetry; and in this department, though modern England has done considerable, we may be permitted to express a doubt whether any large portion of her productions in this kind will take a permanent place in the literature of the world. And besides, the moral and religious press of this country, and nearly all our ecclesiastical influence, has been so strongly exerted against theatres, as to lie with a heavy weight upon the pursuit of dramatic fame.

This is not, however, so capital an omission, as to detract from our claim to a distinguished place for the poetry of America. That is the best portion of a nation's poetry, which serves to bind to the hearts of all its people the history of its early greatness, to quicken the keen sensibilities of patriotism, to kindle the affections, to purify the feelings and invigorate the virtues of all. If Shakspeare and Milton had never lived, or if their immortal lines had been condemned to oblivion, severe as the loss must have been, the literature of Great Britain would still continue a noble monument of greatness; and we should still hang enraptured over the lovely conceits of Cowley, the tender lays of Waller, the weighty and vigorous lines of Dryden, the polished and witty essays of Pope, the beautiful, cherished pictures of Thomson, who is the bosom companion of every lover of nature; and we should bind to our hearts the lines so full of sweetness, human tenderness, and engaging melancholy of Gray, Cowper, and Burns. And not less should we rejoice in the effulgent lights of the century, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, and the goodly number of our cotemporaries, whom we have not space to mention.

And we have a goodly portion of the verse which is the dearest music of the heart,—lyrics, that stir the bosom and awaken thoughts, "too deep for tears;" majestic meditative poems, that take hold upon the inmost and most subtle chords of the soul: love poems,

> "Drawn from a few familiar things,
> The fibres of the heart,"

and descriptive verse, that has all the grandeur of American nature. We might bring to our aid the highest of all proofs,—that of detailed quotation; but we cannot trespass too far upon the patience of the reader. A particular statement of some of the achievements of American

genius will be expected, and we are ready to specify some names and works that are the rarest and most estimable treasures of our land.

BRYANT has a European as well as American fame, and he deserves it. He is the poet of the American forest, of the wild flower, and the falling leaf; of the "glazed and gleaming snow of winter," and the evening wind of summer, to which he talks as to a "familiar friend." He is the poet of the "sad and solemn night," and of day's "beautiful, boundless firmament." In his descriptions, we cannot fail to perceive how wonderfully true he is to every phase of nature, and his more wonderful personification of things inanimate. This it is which gives a high energy to his verse, that few can equal. When he tells us that the autumnal woods "have put their glories on," "the sun has *drank the dew*," "the young twig has *spread* its *plaited tissues* to the light," "the glorious hosts of light *walk* the dark hemisphere;" and when he bids us lose ourselves

> "In the continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> *Save his own* dashings!"

we feel that we are in company with a most powerful spirit, who infuses into his utterance the vital energies of all living nature.

Yet it is not so much in describing, as in interpreting nature, that Mr. Byrant excels. He links natural forms to the moral feelings, and draws lessons of purity, hope, and joy, from every running stream, and falling leaf, and springing flower. In the unvarying courses of the stars, he reads the expression of Heaven's unchanging law of duty, and in his hymn to the "North Star," one of the brightest emanations of his genius, how calmly does he repose on that watch-star of creation, as

> "A beauteous type of that unchanging God,
> That bright, eternal beacon, by whose ray
> The voyager of time should shape his heedful way!"

And "Thanatopsis," who can mark its mingling of delicate beauty, with as truly liturgical solemnity, without feeling that he listens to one who is indeed "of nature's inner shrine the priest!" His severe taste, his delicate choice of words, his purity and modesty, are unrivalled. With pride we claim William Cullen Bryant as *ours*, and his works as a noble contribution to American literature.

As a lyric poet, few can compare advantageously with HALLECK; and to his imaginative power and sparkling wit we owe some of the most delightful verse that was ever woven out of the English language. He has the art of versification, by which the utmost power of articulate harmony is secured, in richer measures than almost any other poet in the world. The tones of his lyrics peal upon the ear alternately with the martial swell of a trumpet, and with the dissolving sweetness and wild whisper of the Æolian harp. His fame is doubly sure, for while he is idolized at home, and will be cherished wherever the English language is spoken, he is enthroned in the affections of strange people. The Scotsman will never forget him who "wrote so beautifully of Burns," nor can Greece fail to reverence and love him, so long as she treasures up the name and fame of Marco Bozzaris.

How beautifully WILLIS weaves into his verse the choicest expressions of our Saxon mother tongue! The refinement and delicacy with which he depicts *emotions*—the exactness with which he embodies thoughts, and sets before us the workings of the mind, as distinctly as if they were furnished with a corporeal investure—his evident congeniality with both man and nature, both society and solitude—show altogether a most singularly original combination of brilliant qualities, that make him, in his peculiar walk, unrivalled. If the perfection of art is the concealment of art, Mr. Willis has certainly attained to it.

For the finest images from nature, invested by the light of a glowing imagination; for thoughts wrought with a master's skill, "out of the very marble of the mind;" for beauty arrayed in the simplicity dictated by a most severe taste, commend us to the writings of LONGFELLOW. We would rather have his chances for immortality as a poet, than those of any other in the land, Bryant and Halleck excepted; and the time may come when all exceptions will be superfluous.

We would gladly speak at length of DANA, PERCIVAL, SPRAGUE, the melancholy BRAINARD, WHITTIER, PIERPONT, of STREET, a perfect master of minute description, faithful as the daguerreotype; and not least, because last mentioned, the lamented painter-poet, WASHINGTON ALLSTON. But we have lingered too long in the company of these shining ones.

Our notices of literary achievements of this land have necessarily been brief, a mere catalogue of names and books. And we have not attempted anything more than to show that *something* has been done, and worthily done, to vindicate our literature from the derogatory aspersions of malignant, and the weak admissions of hesitating criticism. In general, we may sum up our observations on this point, by remarking that we can point to as large an amount contributed by Americans for the instruction, refinement, and enjoyment of mankind, as has been shown by any other nation in the same space of time, taking into account disparities of population and wealth. We have aided in the cultivation of the natural, metaphysical, ethical, and theological sciences; and in every department have produced works that will endure—have set set up standards for all posterity of all nations. In geography, we may here fitly mention the discoveries effected by our Exploring Expedition—the researches into sacred geography, which have received the warm applause of the old world, and the constant efforts that are made to throw light on this and other kindred subjects.

In history, we have first, as was our duty, gathered up that of our settlement and independence. We shall trasmit the tale to future ages, and to foreign lands, not only as a literature, but as a great acted drama, in which the world was interested and the whole human race were spectators. We have cultivated the history of other nations on this continent, and of the tribes from

whom the nations of mother Europe descended —the barbarian conquerors of Rome. We have contributed to the history of Spain and modern Greece, and of the Oriental nations, and our labours herein have but just begun.

And in that class of productions that can hardly be generalized—in Poetry and Romance, of which every original production may be said to exhibit a new creation—we have added much to the stock of pleasing and original characters, of living thoughts, of beautiful pictures, and of songs that echo to the whispers of the human heart in every clime.

True, many beardless, and some grey-headed critics, very summarily pronounce our authors imitators, and their works the dim reflection of the lights of other lands and other days—in particular, that they imitate British originals. It is marvellous how often this has been repeated (and at the same time never attempted to be proved) by men who exult in, and by men who deplore, the alleged want of an American Literature. We call for specifications. What British author's did Jonathan Edwards imitate? Who framed the model of Cooper's Leatherstocking? Where is the original of Thanatopsis?—of the Skeleton in Armour—of Rip Van Winkle, and the Dutch dynasty of New Netherlands? Nowhere but in the minds of their authors. They are as original as the "Archangel Ruined," Hamlet, Sir John Falstaff, or Sir Roger de Coverley.

It is unfortunate that the pride with which our authors have been regarded, has led to the use of a phraseology, foolish enough in itself, but which lends a colour to the charge of imitation. We refer to some nicknames that are thought to be highly honourable, but are in truth, almost too silly to be repeated. Mr. Irving has been called the American Goldsmith, Mr. Cooper, the American Scott, Mr. Bancroft, the American Gibbon, and Mrs. Sigourney, the American Hemans. We have heard, too, of an "Elia" (*he* must be a curiosity—an American "Christian, Englishman, Londoner, Templar!"), and an American Dickens! Now it is true that both Goldsmith and Irving exhibit a genial humour, kindness of feeling and playful wit; Scott and Cooper are both famed as novelists; Gibbon wrote a history, and Mr. Bancroft is engaged (or ought to be) in finishing one; Mrs. Hemans is a poet—so is Mrs. Sigourney. "If you look," says Fluellen, "on the maps of the world, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth. 'Tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both."

In the present condition of American literature there is much that should inspire hope and confidence in the future. The spirit of investigation is abroad and is excited to intense activity. The intelligence of the people secures, in the immense number of readers, a patronage which is as much superior to that of royal and noble hands, as the awards of justice are superior to the doles of charity. Our criticism is gaining independence, and our increased self-reliance and lofty national pride are perceptible in the minds of all our citizens. We feel bound, however, to mention two things which are of evil omen, which need to be rectified, and to which the public attention should be diverted by the warning voice of every lover of American letters. These are, the attempts made to decry the pursuit of classical studies, and the want of an international copyright.

Of the value of the Greek and Roman classics it is superfluous to speak to those who are familiar with them; and to others, we fear our words would be vain. They have nourished the minds of Europe and America—they have chastened and refined the literature of all modern Christendom—and deep traces of their modifying power exist on every page which genius has illumined for centuries.

American scholars should hold firmly to their ancient benefactors of the human mind, and drink deep at the pure fountain they opened of old, whose waters have lost nothing of their clearness and medicinal virtue. We rejoice that our best minds have heartily engaged in the cause of classic learning, and can only hope that their influence may not be vain.

Of our international copyright what shall we say that has not been said? When politicians agree for a political tariff, they do not deny its tendency to international rivalry and strife, and their strongest argument has respect to interests exclusively American. But here, without wishing to disparage commercial regulations for our country's benefit, we may point to a measure which justice to other nations and to our own alike requires.

Justice to foreign authors is the highest interest of our own. In the name of American literature we ask that our brethren abroad should no longer be made the *unwilling* instruments of injury to ourselves—that a system which robs the noblest Englishman, only to leave our own intellectual noblemen—nature's aristocracy—neglected and depressed, should cease at once. The subject should be "kept before the people," and we are confident that their self-respect will no longer suffer the present unequal laws of copyright to rest like a nightmare on our authors.

The advancement which has been made in the fine arts is auspicious to our literature. Poetry, painting, and sculpture are sisters, and support one another. So long as they exist, they exist together, and we may look upon our native artists as excellent securities for the progress of our literature. Every creation of artistic and imaginative beauty, while it adds to the honour of the land, becomes a source of inspiration to our ingenious and ardent minds, erects the standard of excellence higher, and gives new and increasing literary and critical independence.

The arts of design we may believe well rooted here, and every year gives evidence of their expanding growth. We rejoice in them for what they furnish to adorn our civic temple, and for what they promise in time to come.

And finally, the increasing power, wealth, and dignity of our government, give sure token that every national attribute shall receive greater homage from mankind. Founded in much weak-

ness—regarded with indifference and contempt by the old world, this nation has risen to the elevation of a "first-rate power." Its influence is unmistakeable, its power cannot be denied or concealed, its policy affects the world, and its movements must be studied by every political astrologer. It will speedily be the commanding planet in the great national horoscope. Every year, as it adds to our strength, multiplies our influence, and the *American author* may find in that title a claim to the respect of the world, and gain continually-augmenting motives to urge him forward in the endeavour to enwreath the banner of his country with unfading laurels, being confident that the one shall insure the immortality of the other. He need not faint nor be discouraged, but, firm in his reliance on himself, his motives, his country and his country's destiny, may build a monument more durable than the pyramids. He may well be glad who can say, and give others cause to say, "Thank God! I, too, am AN AMERICAN!"

THE MORNING VISIT.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A SICK man's chamber, though it often boast
The grateful presence of a literal toast,
Can hardly claim amidst its various wealth
The right, unchallenged, to propose a health;
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at least,
As prisoned damsels, locked from lover's lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their finger's tips.

The Morning Visit;—not till sickness falls,
In the charmed circle of your own safe walls;
Till fever's throb, and pain's relentless rack,
Stretch you, all helpless, on your aching back;
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter in your neighbour's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip up stair, inquire, inspect and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.
But when at length, by fate's transferred decree,
The visitor becomes the visitee,
Oh then, indeed, — it pulls another string,
Your ox is gored, — and that's a different thing!
Your friend is sick; phlegmatic as a Turk,
You write your recipe and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
And somstimes worse with which your draught goes down;
Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs,
Rhei, Jalapæ, ana grana sex,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris Ipecac.;
And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
Cool as a sportman banging at his snipes.

But change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself the "interesting case,"
You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn,
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance,—pleasing creatures quite,
Try them,—and, bless you,—don't you find they bite?—
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
But be yourself the great sublime it draws,
And trust my statement, you will not deny,
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish Fly!
It's mighty easy, ordering when you please,
Infusi Sennæ, capiat uncias tres;
I'ts mighty different when you quackle down,
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
Pilula, pulvis,—pleasant words enough,
When other jaws receive the shocking stuff;
But oh, what flattery can disguise the groan,
That meets the gulp which sends it through your own!
Be gentle, then, though art's unsparing rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools;
Use them not rashly—sickness is enough—
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal nature cures;
Of those remaining, 'tis the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious art;
But simple *kindness* kneeling by the bed,
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn;
Kindness—untutored by our grave M.D.s,
But nature's graduate, whom she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with their voice and smile,
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

Once more, be *quiet*—coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard below.
Whatever changes there may greet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise;
It's not your business by your face to show,
All that your patient does not want to know;
Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist;
If the poor victim needs must be percussed,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;
(Doctors exist within a hundred miles,
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer piles.)
If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials and ignore the rest,
Spare him: the sufferer wants of you and art
A track to steer by, not a finished chart;
So of your questions—don't in mercy try
To pump your patient absolutely dry,
He's not a mollusc squirming in a dish,
You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face*,
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.
Each look, each movement, every word and tone,
Should tell your patient you are all his own;
Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the *Visit*, that from day to day
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
I give *his* health, who never cared to claim,
Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame;
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best!

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT KOSSUTH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE great Magyar's first impression of Broadway—if he was cool enough to lay it away with tolerable distinctness—will be as peculiar material for future dream and remembrance as any spectacle in which he could ever have taken part. The excessive brilliancy of the weather made a novel portion of it, to him. They do not see such sunshine nor breathe such elastic air where the world is older. It was an American day, juicy and fruity—a slice, full of flavour, from the newly cut side of a planet half eaten. But there were features in the pageant, beside, which were probably new to the Magyar. A town all dressed out with flags and transparencies, and streets crowded with people, he may have been welcomed by, before. Poles and bunting are easily made enthusiastic, and so are the crowds afloat in a large city. We went out, for one, expecting these demonstrations only. What was new—what gave the Magyar a welcome unforeseen and peculiar—was the two miles of French bonnets and waving cambric pocket-handkerchiefs through which he passed—two miles of from three to six-story houses, and every window crowded with fair faces, and alive with gloved hands waving the perfumed white flags of individual admiration.

The *ladies* of America have received Kossuth as their hero—and this is not a trifle. It might readily have been foreseen, however. The dominant intellect and purpose that can control the mind of a nation, and the perseverance that can follow its cause to imprisonment and exile, make a statesman and patriot worth seeing—even if that were all. But Kossuth is, *besides*, "potent with sword and pen"—he is, *besides*, eloquent beyond all living men—he is, *besides*, heroic-looking, courteous and high bred—and he is, *besides all this*, a faultless husband and parent. That he dresses picturesquely in furs and velvet, wears "light kid gloves" and a moustache, and has a carefully set feather in his hat, may be disparagements among the men—but not among the ladies. He is, to them, all that he could be or should be—nothing that he should not be. And when we remember what the ladies are, in our country—free to read, and expand in intellect, while their husbands and brothers drudge and harrow—we can safely repeat what we say above, that the *lady-constituency* which welcomed Kossuth to America, and will sustain him here, is by no means a trifle.

It was really curious (to leave speculation and confine ourself to description, that is more amusing) to be one in the crowd on the reception day, and observe the character of the enthusiasm. We followed the carriage of Kossuth, from the Astor House to Leonard Street—half-a-mile—and can speak of Broadway for that much of his progress. In this country (where there is no window-tax, and every wall is as full of windows as a sieve is full of holes), the houses look like flat-sided beehives, to a foreigner's eye; and the sudden outbreak, apparently, of every brick with a pocket-handkerchief, as he rode along, must have seemed to Kossuth very extraordinary. The houses looked hidden in snow-flakes of immense size. It was an aisle between walls of waving cambric—and, either from the oddity of this phenomenon, or from the attractive glimpses of the smiles behind them, all eyes were on the windows and handkerchiefs, none on the side-walks and soldiers. As far as we saw, it was a show of elegantly-dressed ladies, throughout; and of the beauty and taste of the city, the discriminating Magyar can have received no indifferent idea. We did not know (or had "forgotten, in the press of business") that so much loveliness was around us, and we are very sure that Kossuth will never see so much assembled in any city of Europe.

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NEAR VIEW OF KOSSUTH.

THE eye has opinions of its own. Pour into the mind, by all its other avenues, the most minute and authentic knowledge of a man, and, when you *see him*, your opinion is more or less changed or modified. This is our apology for adding another to the numberless descriptions of Kossuth. Having been favoured with an opportunity to stand near him during the delivery of one of his most stirring speeches, we found that our previous impression of him was altered, or rather, perhaps, somewhat added to. Trifling as the difference of our view from that of others may be, Kossuth is a star about whom the astronomy can scarce be too minute; and our distant readers, who are in the habit of hearing of new planets from us, may be willing to see how also the Magyar looks, through the small telescope of our quill.

It has been difficult, without some official errand, to approach near enough to the Magyar to distinguish the finer lines of his face, and we were beginning to despair of this privilege, when the Delegation arrived from Baltimore, and, from friends among them we received an invitation to go in at the presentation of the *silver book*.

On reaching the Irving House at the hour when the silver book was to be presented, we found the hotel in a state of seige, inside and out. Broadway was packed with people, and the staircases of the hotel were hardly passable. One Hungarian officer, in brilliant uniform, stood sentry at the drawing-room door, and here and there a Magyar hat, with its go-against-the-wind-looking black feather, wound through the

crowd; but, by the numerous "highly respectables" in body-coats, and important expressions of countenance, there were evidently uncounted committees waiting to get audience *within*, while flags and bands of music indicated the more popular deputations whose hopes were on the balcony *without*.

There seemed little chance of any special reception by the Magyar, when Howard sent word that he could give the Baltimore Delegation his own private parlour, where Kossuth would presently come to them. We took advantage of the "presently" to get a look into the street from one of the front windows. It was a sea of upturned faces, with hats all falling one way, like shadows—Kossuth the light. He stood on the balcony. The many-coloured flags of the "European Democracy" throbbed over the crowd—Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Poles—the refugees of all nations standing gazing on the prophet of Liberty. It was a scene, and had a meaning for history. Yet it was but the *one hour's event, in a day all occupied with such*. A band of one hundred of the clergy had linked an imperishable testimonial to *the hour before*. The reply to the Baltimore Delegation contained truths that will radiate through all time *from the hour after*. Truly a man's life may be so high and so deep, that to measure it by its length is meaningless.

The Baltimoreans made their way to the room appointed, which was immediately crowded by privileged spectators and reporters for the press, with a small party of ladies in the corner. We were kindly urged to take our place directly behind Judge Le Grand, who was the central figure of the Delegation group, and, as Kossuth stood but four or five feet distant, during his reply to the addresses, and with his eye upon the Judge almost unvaryingly, we were so fortunate as to see him with every advantage of the closest observation.

The crowd near the door parted at last, and Kossuth entered. The gentleman on whose arm he leaned led him to the centre of the room, and presented him to the Delegation.

He bowed, with grave and deliberate deference, at each introduction. It had been communicated to the gentlemen in the room, that, from the injury of movement to his chest, after the hemorrhage of the morning, he must be excused from shaking hands, and he bowed only—assuming the attitude of a listener, with an immediate earnestness which showed that he felt little strength for more than the main purpose of the interview. He stood in the centre of the room, motionless, and the reading of the addresses proceeded.

The surprise of a man who had placed himself at a window to watch for the coming of a stranger, but discovers, after a while, that the stranger has been for some time enjoying the welcome of the household within, may vaguely express the feeling to which we awoke, after looking for five minutes at Kossuth. He had been, from the first instant, in full possession of our heart, and yet the eyes that we had set to scrutinize him had not noted a single feature. It was the strongest instance we had ever experienced, of what we knew to be true, by lesser examples, that the soul, *with neighbourhood only*, makes recognitions of what could neither be painted nor sculptured, neither uttered or written. His mere *presence* opened to him the door, told who he was, and set the heart, like Mary, to the washing of his feet. We loved and revered the man—why, or with what beginning or progress, we could not have explained. But, let us describe what we afterwards called upon the eye to take note of.

Kossuth is of medium height, with hollow chest, and the forward-brought shoulders of a sedentary life. His head is set firmly, not proudly or aristocratically erect, upon his neck. He stood so long and so tranquilly immoveable in single postures, that it raised a question in our mind whether he could be of the nervous construction which men of great intellect oftenest are; and, on looking at the hand, that tablet of nervous action, we saw that he was not. The broad smooth back of it was unwritten with needless suffering, and the thumb joint projected, like that of a man used to manual labour. It was a hand, had we seen its like elsewhere, from whose owner we should have expected nothing more poetical or heroic than a well-considered vote. We found a subsequent confirmation of this, we may mention, in the singular immovableness of the sockets and lids of his eyes, during the eloquent outpouring of his heart which followed. When his lips were compressed, and a quivering movement in his chin showed that emotion was restrained with difficulty, his eye was immovably serene, and its largely spread lids were as tranquil as the sky around a moon unclouded. We were strongly impressed with these outer signs of the two natures of Kossuth. He has a heart like other men—his exquisitely moulded chin and lips of exceeding physical beauty and expression sufficiently show. But, from all that can reach these, his intellect is islanded away. The upper part of his face is calmly separate, not only from the movement, but from the look of emotion. It is a mind unreachable by nerves—a brain that thinks on, as the sun pursues its way across the heavens, unhindered by the clouds that may gather beneath. A face, in the lower part of which sensuous beauty is so remarkably complete—and around the temples and beneath the brow of which is so stamped the divine impress of an intellect high above weakness, and human by limit only—we had never before seen.

It was quite evident that Kossuth had entered the room simply to fulfil a duty—feeling unequal to it from his illness of the morning and the fatigues he had already undergone—and with no idea of making more than the briefest acknowledgment of courtesy for what he should hear from the committee. Even his dress showed that he was not prepared for "an occasion." He wore a brown cut-away coat (which must have been selected for him by a waiter, sent to a ready-made clothes shop with a verbal description of the gentleman to be fitted), a black waistcoat buttoned to the throat, no shirt visible, and

trousers of uninfluenceable salt-and-pepper. That the mien and bearing of an Oriental gentleman, as well as the dignity of a prophet, were as fully and impressively recognizable through these Edward-P.-Fox-ables, as through the braided cloak and under the black plume of the Magyar, is a standard, though a homely one, by which some may be helped to an estimate of the man.

We have seen repeated mention of the "perpetual smile" of Kossuth. This conveys a wrong impression. He may smile often and easily when receiving introductions or bowing to the cheers of a crowd; but it is a demonstration which, habitually, he keeps very much in reserve, and which, of all the visible weapons of his eloquence, is the most rarely and aptly introduced, the most captivating and effective. We are inclined to think his heavy moustache accidentally favours this, by aiding the unexpectedness of the smile, and by leaving its fading glow to the imagination; but, at moments when the lips of another orator would be cloud-wrapt in the darkest expression of solemnity, a gleam, like the breaking away for a transfiguration, comes suddenly over the lips of Kossuth—as beautiful and inspired a smile certainly as was ever seen on the face of a human being—and the effect is in the peculiar triumph that he achieves. Love irresistibly follows conviction.

As we said before, Kossuth had evidently no idea of making the speech which was drawn from him by the Baltimore Delegation—drawn from him, we think, by the superior cast of the gentlemen who formed it, and by the fitness, both of the manner and accompaniments of the honors they paid him. He spoke altogether extemporaneously, and with difficulty and hesitation at first; but, with one or two brilliant and successful illustrations, his words grew more fluent, and in the following passage he became fully and gloriously aroused. It was the first mention he had yet made to the world of his intention to return to Hungary *a soldier!*

"As for the future, I shall devote my life to the resurrection of my native land. I will endeavour to wrest Hungary from the power of tyrants and despots, to procure for her her sovereign rights, and the fundamental rights which belong to every nation. Should Providence assign me a place in the accomplishment of these great designs, I will take care that they shall receive no injury from me. I will here remark, that I have always been extremely anxious not to assume or take upon my humble shoulders any duty which I had not a positive conviction would not answer me, or which I could not perform. Though I was never in actual military service, I was ready to help my country in every way I could. I was not able to be in every place at the same time, and I had not the boldness to take the practical direction of the military operations because I feared I was not sufficiently familiar with military tactics to do so. I thought that if it so happened that anything should go amiss, and my people be defeated, that I should not only be condemned by my countrymen, but that my conscience would torture me with the feeling that, if I had not undertook to do a thing which I did not understand, the fall of my country would not have taken place. This was my conviction. *I was not master of the practice and strategy of war, and I gave the cause of my country thus far into other hands.* I have seen that cause destroyed, and become a failure, and I weep for my country, not for my own misfortunes. *Since I have been in exile, I have tried to improve my intellect from the movements of the past, and to prepare myself for the future:* and I rely on my people, whose confidence in me is not shaken by my misfortunes, nor broken by my calumniators, who have misrepresented me. *I have had all in my own hands once, and if I get in the same position again, I will act.* I will not become a Napoleon nor an Alexander, and labor for the sake of my own ambition, but I will labour for freedom."

These are not his words, though they embody the sentiments expressed. His own language was as much finer, and as different from this as a poem is from its story told in prose. The reporters are not to blame, taking their notes standing amid a crowd as they do—but (let us say here) the public should give Kossuth credit for incomparably more eloquent speeches than they read. An admirable passage, left out in what we have quoted, for instance, followed the allusion he made to his disappointment in Georgey, the traitor, the shock it gave to his belief in the power in one man to read the soul of another, and the lonely *trust in himself only*, to which it had driven him. To the words and the manner with which he repeated the declaration that he *believed in himself*, we do not think we shall ever hear the parallel for impressive eloquence. Those who heard it would believe in Kossuth—against the testimony of angels.

Kossuth is too heroic a man to be over cautious; and, from the kind of freshly impulsive and chivalric energy with which he spoke of holding the army in his own hand on his return, we were impressed with the idea that this evidently unpremeditated giving of shape to his thought for the future, had another element in its momentum. *It was the reading aloud of a newly turned-over leaf of his nature.* In prison, he says, he prepared himself for the next struggle of Hungary by making "the science and strategy of war" a study. Profound and careful, of course, must be the *theory* of war—but its *practice* is with trumpet and banner; and, ever so abstruse though the *tactics* are, they are tried, even for the holiest cause, with those accompaniments of personal daring and danger, which have, to all lofty minds, a charm irresistible. Of the statesman and hero united in Kossuth, the *statesman* has been more wanted, hitherto—but there is a call now for the *hero*—and, if he betrays joy and eagerness long suppressed (as we mean to say he did), in answering that he is ready, what American will "wish he had been more careful?"

In farther illustration of what we are saying, the reader will permit us to change the scene of our sketch, and speak of Kossuth as we saw him more recently, addressing the five thousand of our soldiery in the amphitheatre of Castle Garden. It was not *there* the pale, carelessly dressed, and slightly bent invalid of a few days

before. Oh, no! Neither in mien nor in dress would he have been recognised by the picture we have drawn of him above. The scene was enough to have inspired him it is true. Five thousand brilliantly equipped men, with but one thought under every plume and belt, and that thought the cause whose highest altar was in his own bosom, were marshalled beneath his glance, waiting breathlessly to hear him. His look that night will never be forgot by those who saw it. He wore a black velvet frock with standing collar, and buttons of jet—the single ornament being the slender belt of gold about his waist, holding a sword gracefully to his side. The marked simplicity of this elegant dress made his figure distinguished among the brilliant uniforms of the officers upon the stage; but his countenance, as he became animated, and walked to and fro before that magnificently arrayed audience, was the idealization of a look to inspire armies. When Captain French (to whom we make our admiring compliments) rose in the far gallery, and insisted on being heard, while he offered a thousand dollars from the Fusiliers to the cause, would any one have doubted that the life's blood of those fine fellows *would have come as easy* with opportunity.

We stop with this mere description. The Kossuth questions are discussed sufficiently elsewhere. Our object has been to aid the distant reader in imagining the personal appearance of the man whose thoughts of lightning reach them, gleaming gloriously, even through the clouds of impoverished language on which they travel. We close with a prayer—*God keep Kossuth to take the field of Hungary!*

WASHINGTON AND THE UNION.*

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Above all, and before all, in the heart of Washington, was the Union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address, in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them, in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations," avoiding both "inveterate antipathies, and passionate attachments," towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality; those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal, the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the Union of the States. "It is of infinite moment," says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event*, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, *the Union in any event*, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries, and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mournful centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union; and let us recognize, in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation for ever! Let the column which we are about to construct, be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun,—till that sun shall set to rise no more,—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic.

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his country. Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art;

* Extract from a speech on the laying of a corner stone of a monument to the memory of the immortal Washington.

you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column, the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honour to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts, and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall any where pant, or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE FALLS OF THE BOUNDING DEER.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

"GOOD news! great discovery! new falls!" broke out in full chorus, boys and girls, at a party given by Jobson, in Monticello.

"How did you happen to find them, Mayfield?" asked Allthings.

"I was fishing and came upon them all at once. I heard a roar of some waterfall or other, and the first I knew, I saw the chasm immediately below me.

"What was their appearance?"

"There were two falls quite precipitous, and two basins. From the second basin the stream ran very smooth and placid again through a piece of woodland."

"Good!—great!—new falls!" came anew the chorus.

"What is the name of the falls, Mayfield?" inquired Allthings once more.

"The people thereabouts call them Gumaer's Falls."

"Horrid!—too common!—awful! Shan't have such a name!" was again the chorus.

"Let's give them a new one at once."

"Well, begin."

"Let us call them the Falls of the Melting Snow," suggested the sentimental May Blossom.

"That would do in the spring, when the snow is really melting," said Joe Jobson, a plain practical young fellow, who never had a gleam of fancy in his life; "but there's no snow there now, I reckon."

"What a heathen you are, Jobson!" broke in honest Allthings (who always spoke out); "the name applies to the water, not the snow!"

"Why not the name of the Falls of the Silver Lace?" asked the tall, superb Lydia Lydell, who was also given to poetry.

"Was there ever any lace made there?" again remarked Jobson.

"I move we call them by an Indian name," said Job Paddock, the schoolmaster, who was deep in Indian lore. "Let us call them The Kah-youk-weh-reh Ogh-ne-ka-nos, or the Arrow Water, or The Water of the Arrow; just as you fancy."

"Kaw—what?" again interrupted Jobson: "a real queer name that—Kaw-you-qweer-reh Oh-cane-my-nose!"

"Do hold your tongue, Jobson!" said Claypole, "you are enough to drive one crazy!"

"Mr. Jobson is not much inclined to poetry, I believe," lisped May Blossom, with a smile dimpling her beautiful mouth.

"Poetry is well enough in its place," grumbled Jobson; "in speaking exercises, and so on; but what's poetry to do with naming falls of water, I should like to know?"

"Let us call them Meadow Brook Falls," said beautiful Annie Mapes.

"There's no meadow in sight, and your brook is a torrent," said Mayfield.

"Well, what *shall* we call them?" burst out once more the full chorus.

"I think the best way is to go and see them first;" again grumbled Jobson, not much relishing the idea of all the company turning against him.

This was really the most practical remark yet made, as none of the assemblage had seen them but Mayfield, who absolutely declined suggesting any name, and accordingly Jobson's idea was instantly adopted.

The next day was settled upon for the jaunt, and consequently the company assembled at an early hour to start.

It was as bewitching an autumn day as ever beamed on the earth, such an one as Doughty loves to fasten upon his glorious canvas. It would have glittered with golden splendor, had it not been toned down by a delicate haze, which could scarcely be seen near by, but which gradually thickened on the distant landscape until it brushed away the outlines of the mountain summits, so that they seemed steeped in a delicious swoon.

We left the village, trotted up hill and down, and skimmed over flats, until we arrived at the long descent of a mile, beginning at the log hut of old Saunsalis, and ending in Mamakating Hollow at the outskirts of Wurtsboro'. Here we turned short at the left, and pursued our way over a narrow country road through the enchanting scenery of the Hollow toward our destination.

After passing farm-houses peering from clumps of trees, meadows, grain-fields and woodlands, we came to a by-road leading through a field. Here the little brook (Fawn of the "Bounding Deer") sparkled by our track, crossing in its capricious way the road, thereby forcing us to ford it, and then recross its ripples. We now came to the end of our road; and alighting, we tied our steeds to the willows and alders scattered along the streamlet's bank. Each one (laden with the pic-nic baskets)then hastened onward, for the low deep bleat of the "Deer" was sounding in our ears. We directly came to a saw-mill, with a high broken bank in front. Over this impediment our path lay, and over it we must go. Accordingly we did go; and descending the other side, the "Deer" was before us. An amphitheatre of towering summits saluted our eyes, clothed with wood and steeped in grateful shade. The gleam of the waterfall cut like a scimitar on our sight, flashing through its narrow cleft, whilst the bleating of the "Bounding Deer" was louder and sweeter. A beautiful place for our pic-nic —a mossy log or two by the streamlet, and a delicious greensward. The ladies busied themselves in unpacking the baskets, whilst the "boys" distributed themselves about the rocks. Forms were soon seen dangling from cedar bushes, and treading carefully among clefts and gullies. Some sat where the silver spray sprinkled their faces—some clambered the rocks jutting over the higher Fall—some scaled the loftier summits. All this time the organ of the cascade was sounding like the deep strain of the wind in a pine forest.

In about a half hour our pic-nic table was spread with various viands, the table composed of boards spread upon two of the mossy logs, the boards being the product of a saw-mill hard by.

The company seated themselves, and immediately a desperate charge was made by the whole force upon the eatables and drinkables, and immense havoc ensued. An entire rout having been at length effected, again the vexed question of the name to be given to the "Fall" was brought on the *tapis*.

"Let us call them the Falls of Aladdin," said enchanting Rosebud, lifting her azure eyes to the jewelled autumn foliage that glittered around.

"The Falls of the Ladder!" caught up Jobson: "the very name!—why, it describes the Falls exactly! I wonder we haven't thought of that name before. The water looks like a ladder exactly, coming down them big rocks."

"I'll tell you what," said Paddock, "I've now been all about the cataract, and seen it at all points. I've hit upon the very name, I think. What say you to the Falls of the Bounding Deer?"

"But where's the Deer?" grumbled Jobson, now thoroughly out of humor from the contempt with which his last observation had been treated.

"Do be quiet, Mr. Jobson," chimed in the girls, "and let us hear what Mr. Paddock urges in favor of its beautiful name."

"See," said Paddock, pointing upward, "see where the upper Fall bounds from yon dark cleft of rock, and, gathering itself in that basin for another effort, gives another leap down its path, and then, gathering itself once more in the lower basin, shoots away to the protecting woods!"

"Capital name! Just the thing, Mr. Paddock!" again broke out the chorus of girls, like a jangling of silver bells.

"The Falls of the Bounding Deer be it then!"

The name being thus satisfactorily settled, we all commenced scrutinizing more closely the lovely lair of the "Bounding Deer."

A dazzling display of tints was on the thickly mantling trees, changing the whole scene into a gorgeous spectacle. The most striking contrasts—the richest colors glowing side by side, flashed upon the delighted vision everywhere.

The elm dripping with golden foliage from head to foot, in a way which only that most beautiful tree can show (the drooping naiad of the brook), shone beside the maple in a splendid flush of scarlet—the birch, garbed in the richest orange, bent near the pine gleaming with emerald—the beech displayed its tanny mantle by the dogwood robed in deepest purple, whilst every nook, crevice, shelf, and hollow of the amber banks and gray rocks blazed with yellow golden rods and sky-blue asters.

How beautiful, how radiant, how glorious, the American foliage in autumn! No pen, unless dipped in rainbows, can do it justice. And, amidst this brilliant beauty, down her pointed rocks, down flashed the "Bounding Deer," white with the foam of her eager and headlong speed.

The boys now prepare for another excursion amongst the rocks of the "Falls."

Some climb the dangling grape vines; some clutch the roots of the slanting pine trees; and some find footing in the narrow fissures. Soon the grey rocks and yellow banks are scattered over with them. Ascending the very loftiest pinnacle by the roots of trees and the profuse bushes, the scene was wild, picturesque, and romantic in the extreme. A little below, bristled the points of the rocks with cedars, dwarf pines, and towering hemlocks, shooting from the interstices. At one side, through its deep gully, flashed the "Bounding Deer"—the waters pouring in its first deep, dark basin, cut in the granite like a goblet, thence twisting down in another bold leap into the second basin. Not a foam flake was on the surface of either sable cup, nothing but the wrinkles produced by the ever circling eddies. Below—past broken edge, grassy shelf, yawning cleft, and jutting ledge, was the broad, deep hollow through which the "Deer" (mottled with sunshine and shadow) leaped away to the woods beyond, whilst in the meadow was seen the little "Fawn" tripping along its green banks until lost in the verdure of the valley. Add to these, the glittering tints that had been showered from autumn's treasury, and the effect was complete. But, where are the girls?

"*Oui, oui!*" exclaimed the Count de —— (a French nobleman of illustrious descent, and a most amiable, intelligent, and accomplished gentleman), "where de *demoiselles*? I no see 'em!"

"The what?" asked Jobson.

"De demoiselles; de—de—what *you* call 'em, Monsieur Job?"

"Girls," answered Jobson.

"Non, non, non,—fie, Monsieur Job,—no girl; dey are—a—a—a—"

"Ladies, Count, you mean," answered Allthings.

"Oui, oui, oui—de ladees—*pas la-bas, pas la-bas!* They must be—a—a—*noyées*—what you call when you fall *dans l'eau* and *moures*—eh?"

"Drown," returned Allthings.

"Oui, Monsieur Allting—drown."

"Sure enough," ejaculated Jobson, looking down through the branches, "the girls are not there! Where can they be?"

"*O ciel!—noyées!—noyées!*" shouted the Count, plunging down the bank. "*Mon Dieu!—ces demoiselles dans les eaux!—au secours!—au secours!*"

The last we saw of the excellent Count he was going down the steep bank on the sliding principle, shouting with all his might, and presenting a rare sight of "ground and lofty tumbling" quite edifying to behold.

We now all looked. True, the deep hollow beneath was quite forsaken. No ladies were there to be seen. Marvelling somewhat at the sudden disappearance, we all descended from our respective perches, by the ladders formed of the branches, roots, and tough grape vines, and set foot upon the hollow where our dinner had transpired. Looking around at the banks by which we were surrounded, we at length saw the girls emerge from a twisted ravine at the lower part of the hollow, scarcely discernable from the foliage with which it was roofed, and found from the wreaths of moss, ground pine, and wild flowers in their hair and around their persons, that they had been also making explorations, although in a lower region than ours.

The Count now rejoined our party, after having peered most anxiously, and at various points, into the lower basin to find the drowned ones, all clustered together upon the short velvet sward near the streamlet, and Paddock was called upon for one of his Indian legends.

He said he knew one relating to this very spot, and accordingly commenced:

"In the old times, before the foot of the white man had startled the beaver from the stream, or his axe sent the eagle, screaming with rage, from his aérie on the lofty pine tree, there dwelt a tribe by these waters—an offshoot of the powerful Mohawks. They were called the tribe of the Deer, and had for their chieftan 'Os-ko-ne-an-tah,' meaning also the Deer. He had one daughter, beautiful as the day, who was named 'Jo-que-yoh,' or the Bluebird, for the melody of her voice. Jo-que-yoh was affianced to a young brave of her father's tribe, named 'To-ke-ah,' or the Oak. They were tenderly attached to each other. Often when the moon of the summer night transformed these rugged rocks to pearl, and this headlong torrent to plunging silver, did the two seat themselves by the margin of this very basin, and while Jo-que-yoh touched, with simple skill, the strings of her Indian lute, To-ke-ah sang of love and the sweet charms of his mistress. In the war-path the young brave thought only of her, and the scalps he took were displayed to her sight, in token of his prowess. In the chase, he still thought of her solely, and the grey coat of the deer, and the brindled skin of the fierce panther were laid at her feet. The vest of glossy beaver fur which encompassed her lovely form was the spoil of his arrow. And the eagle plume, which rose gracefully from her brow, was plucked by his hand from the wing of the haughty soarer of the clouds, that his unerring bow had brought to the dust. Time passed on—the crescent of Jo-que-yoh's beauty was enlarging into the full height of maiden grace, and the tall sapling of To-ke-ah's strength maturing into the size and vigour of his manhood's oak. Another moon, and he was to lead Jo-que-yoh as his bride to his lodge. The happy day at length arrived, and as soon as the first star trembled in the heavens, the joyous ceremonial was to take place. Sunset came, steeping the scene around in lustrous gold, and Jo-que-yoh, arrayed by the maidens of her tribe, sat in the lodge of her father awaiting the star that was to bring her love to her presence. Blushing and trembling she saw 'Kah-quah' (the Indian name for the sun) wheeling down into the crimson west, and now his light was hidden. Blushing and trembling, she saw the sweet twilight stealing over the endless forests, and now the star—the bright star of her hope, came creeping, like a timid fawn, into the purple heavens. She heard a footstep, she turned—'To-ke-ah,' trembled on her lips. But it was not To-ke-ah. It was Os-ko-ne-an-tah, her father, decked in all his finest splendour, to give away the bride. To-ke-ah she knew had departed in the afternoon, upon a neighbouring trail, for a brighter eagle plume to adorn the brow of his lovely bride on this the evening of their bridal. Something has detained him, but he will soon come. She fixed her large dark elk-like eye upon the star. Momentarily it brightened, and again another footstep. It was the maiden she had despatched upon the rocks to watch, for her, the approaching form of To-ke-ah. Large and brighter grew the star, but still the absent came not. A shuddering fear began to creep into her bosom. Nothing could detain the absent from her but one reason—death! Larger and brighter grew the star until now it flashed like the eye of To-ke-ah from its home in the heavens. Still the absent came not. Tears began to flow, and she at length started in wild fear, from her couch of sassafras to the towering rock to see if she could not behold the approaching shape of To-ke-ah. By this time the sky was sparkling with stars, and a feeble light was shed upon the forests. She saw the pointed rocks around her—she saw the two leaps of the torrent, through their rugged pathway—she saw the still, black basins on which the stars were glittering, but no To-ke-ah. 'To-ke-ah! To-ke-ah! Jo-que-yoh awaits thee!' she cried; but she heard only the plunging of the torrents, and the song of the whippowill, wailing as if in echo to her woe. Tremblings seized her limbs, her heart grew sick, and she was nigh swooning upon the rock

when she saw a form hurrying from the woods where the trail began. 'To-ke-ah!' she shrieked joyfully, 'I have been sad without thee!' and she was about casting herself into the arms of the form, when she found it was the youth who had accompanied To-ke-ah in the chase.

"'Is not the brave here?' asked the youth, with astonishment; I left him at the first leap of the torrent, searching for the eagle-nest that is in the cleft in the rock!'

"With a wild scream Jo-que-yoh rushed away again to her wigwam; with a wild scream she asked for To-ke-ah, and no answer being returned, she darted to her canoe, fastened in the cave above the upper leap.

"'I go for To-ke-ah!' she screamed, as she seized the paddle, and unfastened the willow withe, and the canoe darted into the stream, directly towards the bend of the torrent. The starlight displayed her slender form to the agonized sight of her father, plunging down the foaming cataract, and she was seen no more! The canoe overturned, emerged into the basin, and dashed down the curve of the second plunge. The father, followed by those present, rushed down the precipice to the basin below, and there were the fragments of the canoe floating around in the eddying waters. A light shape was also seen in the dark pool, and leaping in, Os-ko-ne-an-tah dragged to the margin the drooping form of his daughter. She was dead! A stream of blood poured from her fractured temple, and the father held in his arms only the remains of the loved and still lovely Jo-que-yoh. But a warrior now came rushing down the rocks with 'Jo-que-yoh! Jo-que-yoh!' loud upon his tongue. It was To-ke-ah. He had wandered farther than he thought, and, hurrying home had found the wigwarm of Joy-que-yoh empty. Dashing down the precipice in his mad search, he now came upon the sorrowing group. 'Jo-que-yoh! Jo-que-yoh!' he screamed, tearing the dead from the arms of the father, but Jo-que-yoh did not answer. 'Jo-que-yoh!' said the proud forest man, bending his head aside in his uncontrollable grief; 'I am lost without thee!' But no Jo-que-yoh spoke. She had gone to the far land of the happy in search of To-ke-ah.

"Then took Too-ke-ah the lifeless maiden in his arms and cast himself prostrate on the earth.

"'To-ke-ah!' said the father, 'a great warrior should not weep like the deer in his last agony. Rouse thee; it is Os-ko-ne-an-tah that speaks!'

"But To-ke-ah answered not. He only lay and shuddered.

"'Shall the tall tree of my tribe turn to a willow?' again asked Os-ko-ne-an-tah, and this time sternly. 'Rise, bravest of my people; behold! even the maidens see thee!'

"But To-ke-ah answered not. He only lay and shuddered.

"Then bent Os-ko-ne-an-tah over both, and essayed to take from To-ke-ah the form of Jo-que-yoh. But the moment the father touched his daughter, To-ke-ah leaped to his feet with Jo-que-yoh in his arms, and pealing his war-hoop, flourished his keen hatchet over the head of the father.

"'Go!' shouted he, whilst his eye flamed madly in the light of the pine torches that now kindled up the scene. 'Go! Jo-que-yoh is mine. In death as in life, mine and mine only!' and again he threw himself, still holding her to his heart, headlong on the earth.

"Then went Os-ko-ne-an-tah sadly from the spot, followed by all his people. Still lay To-ke-ah there, grasping the form of his dead bride. The bright star glittered above the two, and then grew pale in the advancing dawn, but still he stirred not. Brightly rose the sun, striking the scene into sudden joy, but still he stirred not. Noon glowed, and then the sunset fell, but To-ke-ah still lay there with the dead one in his arms. Night darkened. Again the star stole out in the red twilight, again grew bright and gleamed above the spot where To-ke-ah rested, but still no motion there. Once more rose the sun, and his first beam rested on To-ke-ah, but still there he lay with the dead one lying on his bosom.

"At last he rose, and delving a grave in the sod with his knife and tomahawk, deposited therein the form of the maiden, and refilling it with his hands, stretched himself upon the mound. Os-ko-ne-an-tah had in the meanwhile often approached him, but the moment he appeared, up sprang To-ke-ah with his threatening tomahawk, and only when the father left did that tomahawk sink, and the brave again resume his posture. Eight days and nights passed, the most tempting food and coolest water were placed near him upon the rocks, but still he stirred not. Food and water were untouched. At last, at the close of the ninth day, a thunder-cloud heaved up its black form in the west. Forth rushed the blast, out flashed the lightning, and the thunder was terrible to hear. But in the pauses of the storm there came a strain of guttural music from the grave of Jo-que-yoh—it was the death song of To-ke-ah. Short and faint and broken to the listening ear of Os-ko-ne-an-tah came the song, and at length it ceased. Cautiously approached the father with a torch, for even then he expected to see the flash of To-ke-ah's hatchet over his head. Cautiously he approached, but the form stretched above the grave of his daughter was motionless. Cautiously he bent over him, and then he turned him with a sudden movement, so that he could look upon his face. To-ke-ah was dead! The faithful warrior had departed in the shadowy trail where Jo-que-yoh had gone, and both were now engaged in the feast of the strawberry in the bright hunting grounds of Hah-wen-ne-yo.

"When morning came the grave of Jo-que-yoh was opened by Os-ko-ne-an-tah, and the form of To-ke-ah, still arrayed in the weapons of a chief, was deposited in a sitting posture by her side. Again was the grave closed, and often did the young men and the maidens of the tribe repair thither, the first to celebrate the praises of To-ke-ah, and the latter to sing the virtues of Jo-que-yoh."

Paddock ceased amidst the plaudits of the company.

"He must have been a great fool to starve himself to death," said Jobson, "when he could

have killed himself in a shorter time with his hatchet, or even by drowning himself in the pool!"

"What a barbarian you are, Jobson!" said Allthings, "every thing is matter of fact with you. Do be still!"

"Well, but I don't see the common sense," persisted Jobson, "if he was determined to kill himself, of leaving all the pies and things that they brought him, and starving himself and getting wet in the bargain, when he had a shorter way of doing the job!"

"Suppose you go and ask him, Jobson!" said Paddock, smiling; "I don't know his reasons, if he had any. At all events, I tell the tale as I heard it, and can't alter it!"

The Count had listened to the story with all his ears, but evidently, from his imperfect knowledge of the English language, without half understanding it.

"Pauvre demoiselle! so she did a—a—a—what ye call dat (making as if pitching headlong), a—a—a—"

"Tumble!" ejaculated Jobson.

"*Oui, oui, oui*, toomball, toomball down de—down de *roches—roches*, pauvre demoiselle! did she se blesser?"

"She went down the torrent, Count, in her canoe and was dashed to death;" exclaimed little Annie Mapes.

"Oh, oh, pauvre demoiselle!" answered the Count, sorrowfully. "The lovaire did *courir* from her—ah—ah—pauvre demoiselle!"

"No, no, Count!" returned Anne impatiently, "her lover did not forsake her. She thought he was dead, and went in her canoe after his body!"

"Pauvre demoiselle! and did she *trouver* him?"

"No. She was killed, and her lover had been detained in the chase, and he came afterwards and found her dead, as Mr. Paddock has just said!"

Oui, oui, oui, me understand, he try to run away, and fall down—me understand—*oui, oui, oui*—me understand."

"*No, no*, Count, you are all wrong; he starved himself to death from the grief for her loss!"

"*Oui, oui*, me understand; he try to run away—fall down—get no food in de *roches*—but he sing to keep courage up—*oui, oui*, me understand—bootiful story, bootiful story, Monsieur Paydook! vrai bootiful indeed! He lay there *long temps*—six, eight, ten day you say! and den he sing, sing, sing, to keep courage up, for want of food! Bootiful story, bootiful story!"

Finding it was in vain to enlighten the Count, Annie gave over her task, and the Count kept repeating, as if to himself: "*Oui, oui*, bootiful story, Monsieur Pay-dook, bootiful story! *bien* bootiful story indeed! pauvre demoiselle! pauvre demoiselle! Joe—what you call it. She too good for Monsieur Took Ear. He run away—he fall down—he sing. She die to get rid of him. (Shrugging his shoulders and grimacing most laughably.) He run away—he fall down—he sing! pauvre demoiselle!"

"I think he must have been crazy!" said Jobson, "not to eat when he could get a chance, and he hungry too, lying there a week or more; and only think, on the damp ground all this time. I wonder he didn't catch the rheumatism!"

"No, crazy, monsieur Jobsoon! crazy! no he sing to keep courage up. I sing sometime to keep courage up ven I think of *la belle France*—of Paris! Bootiful story, Monsieur Paydook! *vrai* bootiful story! Mooch obleege, mooch obleege!"

By this time the sun was setting, and the hollow was filled with sweet rosy light. Every leaf flashed, and the "Bounding Deer" was tinged with the beautiful radiance. Soon the light crept up, leaving the bottom of this huge rocky chalice in shadow, whilst the rim was encompassed with rich brilliance. The sun poured down one stream of glory through a cleft in the bank or side of this Titan Goblet, like the visioned future which glows before the sight of happy youth, and then vanished. The gold rim vanished also; still there appeared to be no disposition among the party to leave the scene. Twilight began to shimmer, and now the stars trembled forth from the dusky sky. At last night settled on the landscape, and the girls expressed a wish to see the hollow lighted up with torchlight. Scattering ourselves amongst the trees of the bank, some splinters of the pitch pine were procured, and matches kindled each splinter into thick crimson flame. I clambered up as far as the basin of the "first bound" of the "Deer," and looked down to enjoy the scene. Scores of dark red torches were flashing in every direction, disclosing faces, forms, water, trees and grass, in broken fitful glances and in the most picturesque manner. Sometimes a deep light caught upon the edges of a hemlock, then upon the form of some graceful girl, then upon a huge rock, like the gleaming of stormy lightning, whilst the "Deer" bounded down, tawny as the shell of the chestnut. I looked at the basin at my foot. There were a score too of stars glittering there, but amidst them all was one large clear orb burning with pure and steadfast lustre. It was doubtless the star of Jo-que-yoh, and forthwith I named the basin the "Bath of the Star!" and the lower pool—oh, that shall be called "The Ladies' Mirror."

Soon after I descended and once more mingled with the party. Merry song and talk again winged away the hour, until a pale radiance on the highest cliffs gave token of the moon. Soon up she came—that hunter's moon! moon of October! and, like a golden shield, impended from the heavens. And how she kindled up the scene, that lovely moon of the hunter! And by her delicious light we left the hollow, put our steeds in motion, passed through the meadow, skimmed over the valley road, and then turned to the right, up the turnpike leading over the "Barrens," homeward.

How fragrant were the odors of the pine in the pure dry air, as we slowly toiled up the ascent of a mile towards the hut of old Gaunsalis, and then up and down over the hills, as the yellow bird flies, we travelled homeward. Past "Lord's Pond," through the turnpike gate, down the Neversink Hill, up the opposite one we went until we saw, gleaming in the heavenly moonlight, the welcome roofs of Monticello.

A CHUNK OF FUN FROM THE "NEW YORK DUTCHMAN."

AMERICAN FARMERS—If the markets are good, they turn their crops into doubloons—if they are not good, they turn them into themselves. Notwithstanding tariffs and free trade, it is questionable whether the whole world can show so independent a "feller critter" as the agricultural labourer of the United States.——NECESSARY EVILS—Butchers and bakers. If it were not for them, the way young folks would connubialise would be a caution to mothers. There is a stubborn reality about a "shilling a-pound for beef" that robs orange blossoms of a large portion of their attractiveness.——DOBBS SAYS that proverbs are the second-hand wisdom of knaves and fools. The only man who ever cheated him, he says, was a sanctimonious fellow who never uttered a sentiment that was not culled from the wisdom of Solomon or Poor Richard's Almanac.——PEOPLE ARE low-spirited, not because they have "got trouble," but because they hav'nt. An old maid with "nothing to worry her," will be as melancholy as dyspepsia—marry her, however, and make her the mother of four romping boys, and she will be as cheerful as sunshine. It is very seldom that hard working people commit suicide—suicides being one of the accompaniments of soft hands and indolence. The best thing a girl can take for an oppressed mind, is a husband. Marriage gives rise to a family—while the cares of a family give rise to so many other duties, that mothers have "no possible time" to think of either laudanum or ennui. Try it on.——IN THE opinion of Popps, it is not genius which makes the sculptor, but the material. A Phidias in wax, he says, ain't worth a cuss—while a Greek Slave in freestone will make any man a fortune in a year. And yet what's the difference? a statty is a statty, whether its made of putty or porcelain. Popps' remarks will bear dwelling on.——YANKEE SILSBEE says, the idea of dissolving the Union is one of the impossibilities. In his opinion it would be easier to lap up the Pacific with a two-pound terrier. Silsbee is right.——HEART'S EASE—To young gents, thousand dollar checks—to young ladies, marriage certificates.——A FRENCHMAN is about opening an "hymeneal academy" in this city, at which young ladies will be taught the marriage service, with all the proper sobs, sighs, and hysterics, in three easy lessons of one guinea each.——DELICIOUS—To have a pretty girl open the front door, and mistake you for her cousin. *Still more delicious*—To have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the buttons off your coat. "Ma, here's Chawles."——DR. MARCH says, the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like "flying around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing-brush.——TO FIND how many blind shillings go to a dollar, get an omnibus conductor to change a bill after candlelight.——MRS. SWISSHELM says, the reason one nation conquers another, is not owing to the kind of arms they use, but the kind of food. In her opinion, meat will triumph over cabbage. So long as cattle and Hindoos feed on cauliflowers, so long will bull-dogs triumph over the one, and the Tartars over the other. When Ireland frees herself from England, it will be when Ireland swaps off her potatoes and takes to pork. To expect freedom to come from buttermilk, is as absurd as to look for ballot-boxes in Russia.——BAD FOR THE HAT—To jump from a railroad train while going thirty miles an hour. Some folks say it is bad for the head also, but that is not so—for people with heads are never such ganders as to undertake the feat.——THE AUTHOR of the "Hexagonal Syrup," has just invented a new salve "for taking out fire." A gentleman who "burnt his fingers" in speculating in cotton says, a shilling's worth got up "such a reaction in his feelings," that he went into Wall-street and so cornered on Harlem railroad stock, that in less than an hour he was as whole as ever.——DOBBS SAYS, people would live longer if they were not so afraid of dying. The very means we take to "prevent catching cold," is the very means that bring about consumption. Fireheated sleeping-rooms do more towards keeping up the value of drugs and hearses, than all the wet feet that ever waded.——QUESTION IN NAVIGATION—Suppose a canal boat, in passing a raft, ships a lee-lurch abaft the binacle, what orders must the captain give to prevent the stove from getting the weather-gauge of the closet?——THE BEST cure for laziness is to take a boot and give the patient a leather tonic every now and then. For apprentice boys, two doses are generally sufficient. Adults require more.——IN RIDING on the "rail," always take a seat just in the rear of a fat old gentleman. In case of a collision, he breaks the hurt wonderfully.——THE CROWD that welcomed Kossuth was good for the milliners. Of two hundred women we saw near the Astor House, one hundred and ninety-nine had their bonnets so mashed by "the unbounded enthusiasm of our citizens," that they looked like coal scuttles in convulsions.——"MR. JONES, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean by that that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculp, myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does." Jones may be looked upon as a distant relation of the Chisel family.——THE TASTE for high-sounding names which distinguish our western friends when they take to christening towns and villages, is strikingly shown in a proposal issued by the post office, a few months since, for running a one horse mail from "Hindostan" to "Palestine," by the way of "Golgotha," and "Hookemsniffey."——A SIMPLETON—He who buys new boots when about starting on a pleasure trip.

CHIT CHAT.

Miss Catherine Hayes.—When *artistes* get on Brother Jonathan's side of the great Atlantic, they frequently experience unaccountable freaks of mind, much to the surprise of the American people, who, when they welcome the strangers, do not anticipate that they (the *artistes*) will presume on the generous outpouring of good-natured hospitality. The latest instance of this feeling has been exhibited in the case of Miss "Katty" Hayes—the Irish Swan, as she is termed by her admirers—who, according to the papers and all private accounts, has proved a very naughty ungrateful young lady, to the great perplexity of a number of respectable people in both England and America. It seems that Miss Hayes was engaged, for an American tour, by Mr. Beale, the eminent music-publisher of Regent Street, by whom she was sent, under the management of Dr. Joy, to the "land of promise," at a salary of £650 per month, and one-sixth of the profits that might arise from her vocal efforts. This, together with the payment of all expenses for herself and *suite*, constitutes what we would call, at the present state of musical affairs in America, a very liberal salary, and enough to content any lady with even more pretensions and popularity than the Irish swan. But it seems she thought otherwise, for she had not been in the United States more than a month or two, before she breaks her engagement with Mr. Beale, snaps her fingers at Dr. Joy; concludes arrangements with another party, and goes off concertizing, under different auspices, in the most alarmingly summary manner.

What are the results of such conduct? In the first place, her kind patron and friend, Mr. Beale (who has ever been assiduous, to our personal knowledge, in promoting her welfare), is subjected to a heavy forfeit, in consequence of having entered into a joint partnership with a party (who, it turns out, was irresponsible) in the United States. He, moreover, experiences severe pecuniary losses in taking the preparatory steps of sending the lady to America; and, worse than all, is subjected to a tissue of garbled newspaper reports, that put the matter in any other shape than its true light. When the "Swan" is asked the reason of this strangely ill-determined behaviour, she gives out as an excuse, that she was beset by the annoyances of Dr. Joy, or something to that purport. And yet, one week before she breaks her engagement, she writes as follows to Mr. Beale, from the "Clarendon Hotel," New York:—

"I have only to say of Dr. Joy, that he is unremitting in his attentions to me, and every wish of mine; and I believe all the party have but one feeling towards him of kindness and respect for his many good and excellent qualities."

Thus writes Miss Hayes one week previous to the date of her breaking her compact, so that, unless Dr. Joy changed the tone of his conduct marvellously, and converted himself into a "ready-made monster," her excuse falls ineffectively to the ground. We are afraid that Miss Hayes has been actuated by other and inconsiderate motives; and verily we must say, that her conduct, even putting aside her direct violation of a fair business contract, is but a sorry return for that fostering attention and unremitting kindness which Mr. Beale has ever shown her. The effort to cast a stigma upon the gentlemanly bearing of Dr. Joy is almost too frivolous and paltry for comment, although it serves to show an element in the constitution of the "Swan," which we really did not expect. Miss Catherine has either been carried away by the hearty well-meant American enthusiasm that greeted her arrival in the New World, or a change of air has estranged her business recollections and sense of gratitude, which the sooner she recovers the better. This is a strange world, and full of strange people.

An Editor—unless he be unwarrantably and inconsistently squeamish—has always among his *quantum* of "exchanges" a paper or two for which he has a strong and decided affection. In the great desert of journal-sterility, there must always be an oasis or so to which the taste fondly turns with the unvarying certainty of finding something genial and pleasant. In our weekly bundle of American "exchanges" there is no paper that kindles our mind's eye with more enthusiasm than the *New York Dutchman*. There seems to be a lurking smile peeping out of the edges of the very brown wrapper that encloses it; and if Messrs. Griffin and Farnsworth (the editors) would only witness the avidity with which a score of American wags wait until we open it, and first run our eye through it (a curious optical tour), in order to roar over the editorial "crumbs," they would say that the *Dutchman* was, indeed, in high vogue in "merrie" England. What *Punch* is in England, the *Dutchman* is in the United States, with, of course, the exception of the *picters*. There is the sly humour of Tom Hood, and the stubborn sententiousness of Dean Swift combined, in some of its articles, while the corps of contributors are folks up to all sorts of droll rascality. We should like the *Dutchman* to have 5000 circulation on this side of the Atlantic. The subjects of Her Majesty would be all the better for it.

"Uncle Josh." Silsbee has appeared, at length, in a change at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, after playing the *Forest Rose* nearly one hundred nights. This is a triumphant run for a slight piece, and augurs favorably for the sustaining talents of the principal performer. The *Yankee Pedlar*, by Mr. Bernard, is a clever little trifle, and the hero, Hiram Dodge, is played with great unction and irresistible comic humour by Mr. Silsbee, who, as in the *Forest Rose*, has the whole burden of the piece entirely on his own shoulders. We learn that the management have in preparation a drama of vigour and interest, called *Sam Patch in France*, in which Mr. Silsbee will have an opportunity of displaying other and peculiar phases of his genius as a comedian. The two characters up to the present time played by him assimilate so strongly in style and meaning, that the London public are not yet prepared to speak of his versatile merit. *Sam Patch in France* will introduce us to new veins of humour, which we patiently await.

The Sunderland Examiner, in a critique of the *American Magazine* remarks, that it has contained the writings of *second-rate*, authors only. When we remember to have printed several poems by Longfellow and Bryant, two sketches by the late lamented Fenimore Cooper, an essay by Washington Irving, some four or five of Poe's delicious poems, besides effusions by Prescott, Willis, Hawthorne, Emerson, Griswold, Gen. Morris, Saxe, Mrs. Sigourney, Grace Greenwood, and a host of others of great ability, we naturally arrive at the conclusion that the *Examiner* is blindly ignorant, or wishes to be critical at the expense of truth.

The Bateman Children are drawing a crowded house at Drury Lane, on the "off" nights of Mr. Anderson (a very excellent, judicious actor), Miss Fitzpatrick (whose pretensions we have failed to appreciate), and that absurdly overrated creature, Miss Glyn. Since the opening of the theatre there can be no question that the "Batemans" have been *the* attraction, with all due deference to the pantomime and its people. Mr. Bunn displayed great generalship in engaging these wonderful American children; and we are sure he is now on the high road to fame and fortune.

Mr. Emery, of the Adelphi, plays Colonel Bantam, in Bernard's piece, the *Yankee Pedlar*, with much spirit and truthfulness. We have seen many a rich old planter, down in Old Virginia, strolling around his country seat on a hot afternoon, enjoying some *real* weed, in just such a dress as Emery wears. We do not know whether Mr. E. was ever on Brother Jonathan's side of the "big pond," but however this may be, he plays the kind-hearted, inflammable old American like a regular native. Emery is an *artiste*.

The Marionette Theatre recently fitted up in the "Adelaide Gallery," through the liberality and enterprise of T. B. Simpson, Esq., promises to become a popular and fashionable place of amusement. The company of little *artistes* engaged exhibit a real "talent," which up to the present time we fancied only belonged to *flesh and blood*; and the manager, a puppet also, on the opening night seemed to give utterance to thoughts worthy of the sharpest wit in town. We strongly prescribe a visit to the Marionettes to every lover of novelty and good-humour.

J. Williams, music-publisher, Cheapside, who bears the reputation of publishing as much good music as anybody else in the metropolis, has sent us a collection of songs for the piano, which, by the next issue, we will have looked over, and then shall be able to report of their merits. Williams' shop is a capital place for the ladies to "drop in," if they wish to hunt out a half-a-dozen charming songs and piano-pieces to send to their friends in the country.

The Paragraphs about Kossuth in this number are copied from the best literary paper in the United States, the *Home Journal*, published by Willis and Morris, in the city of New York.

That "Chunk of Fun" in the present number is quiet, rather, but cute.

Read Clarke's "Nationality of American Literature" in this number. It is a spirited paper.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Cracker Bon-Bon for Christmas Parties,—Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. The title of this little book, with the name of Brough attached to it, suggested a pot-pourri of saucy, brilliant, cutting fun, but we opened it to be somewhat disappointed. The Christmas pieces for drawing-room representation, we fear, savour too much of the exaggerated burlesque school to become popular in this respect. Some of the jests and puns in "William Tell" are very bright, though, and look as if they had been turned by a practised joker. "The Popular Notions of Popular Actors" are out of place in a volume designed principally for the young, and would be more appropriate in the pages of "Punch" The doggrel lines in a "Pot of Preserves from Mount Parnassus" are better calculated for "pot" than any place that this moment occurs to us, while the blow at the present manager of Drury Lane may be called anything but a hit. It is but justice to the publisher to say, that the book is superbly got up, and characterised by that style of elegance and care for which Mr. Bogue's publications are so distinguished.

The Golden Legend, by H. W. Longfellow.—London: D. Bogue, Fleet Street.—We have not yet had time to read this latest work of the celebrated American poet. A critic in the New York *Home Journal* thus speaks of it—"The Golden Legend" partakes, in its structure and tone, of the old Pastoral, a sacred drama, Wordsworthian simplicity, Tennysonian images, with a faint dash of Faust, in the soliloquies of Lucifer. It differs from the author's previous writings, in not being concentrated in its effects; on the contrary, the plot is elaborately developed. Sacred things are dealt with in a familiar way, and the spirit of German customs and church superstitions, interfuses the dialogue and scenes. Scattered through the book are some very beautiful figures, descriptions and sentiments, expressed with grace. Almost every kind of metre is employed, from the hexameter to the most lyrical; a quiet but sustained interest animates the story, which has the aroma of fanciful quaintness hanging about it, sobered by antiquity and refined with human sentiment."

Alice Learmont; *A Fairy Tale*.—London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.—This is a most charmingly-told story, and just the kind of matter that should be put into the hands of children at holiday times. It is from the graceful pen of the author of, "Olive," "The Head of the Family," and various works of a similar character. The illustrations, which are numerous, are by James Godwin. We especially recommend this little volume to parents, who design to bestow upon their "olive braches" a memento at once simple and amusing.

Mr. Purday, the eminent music publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard, has issued, in splendid style, the *Yankee Polka*, by Strakosch, and a charming song sung by Jenny Lind in her American tour, called *The False Hearted*, an old-fashioned title, but a bewitchingly plaintive melody, by Ehrlich, a talented German composer. Our fair readers should add these pieces to their musical portfolios.

E. Rimmell, perfumer to Her Majesty, Gerard-street, Soho, has sent us a delicious little perfumed miniature almanack, printed on satin, and formed into a sachet, which every lady in the United Kingdom should have, to put in the best drawer among her "gloves and things." The perfume is most exquisite, and the almanack is always useful for reference. Mr. Rimmel's preparations have attracted a great deal of attention among the fair sex, and deservedly so, as they are compounded with great taste, and ornamented in a style of unexceptionable elegance.

WHAT THE PRESS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM SAY OF US!

The American Magazine.—Right welcome is the American friend who has squatted himself so quietly down in our literary fields. We gave him a hearty welcome last month, and we are glad to see that the right hand of good fellowship has been extended to him on all sides, so that, as far as the press at least is concerned, he is surrounded by troops of friends. The magazine must have given satisfaction wherever it has found its way: and as it hoists the American flag as its peculiar cognizance, a fact which we before notified, we have no doubt that the novel appearance of a stranger amongst us, waving his colours in friendship, has attracted the attention of a goodly multitude. The articles this month are of excellent quality, being chiefly original, and by the best American writers, including H. W. Longfellow, N. P. Willis, H. H. Paul, E. Everett, Martin F. Tupper, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Oswood, &c. We spoke last month of the superb quality of the illustrations, and with the present number is given a fine view of Boston.—*Birmingham Mercury*.

The American Magazine.—This is Part I. of a very attractive-looking serial, with the "stars and stripes" most jauntily displayed on its front, in flaming colors; a beautiful engraving of the magnificent Capitol of Washington; and an array of contributors, numbering such names as Daniel Webster, Professor Longfellow, W. C. Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Prescot, Dana, Lowell, Willis, &c., &c. "Brother Jonathan" seems likely to prove as dangerous a rival in the field of literature as he has lately proved in other departments, and we warn our English *literati* to look well to their laurels. "The Raven," by Edgar A. Poe, is one of the most original and strikingly beautiful poems we have met with for many a day.—*Sheffield Free Press*.

America has at least six periodicals *entirely* composed of selections from the literature of Great Britain; but till the present magazine appeared, we had no periodical exclusively devoted to selections from the fugitive literature of America. These facts are stated by the editor of the *American Magazine* as one among many reasons for starting his periodical. American fugitive literature is rich in gems of every hue and degree of brilliancy—gems which Britishers, revelling as they may in countless treasures of their own, will yet welcome and appreciate; hence this magazine, which certainly in this first number presents a handsome well got-up appearance, with a beautiful engraving of the Capitol, and some excellent specimens of prose and verse, from a host of the very best American writers. There are no continuations—each number is complete in itself. This is a proper and acceptable arrangement.—*Coventry Herald.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The third part of this spirited magazine is embellished with an exquisite steel engraving of the picturesque city of Boston. The great statesman, Kossuth, has written a letter to the editor, Mr. Henry Howard Paul, in which he wishes his magazine "every success, as a most laudable enterprise, to show to the Old World the rising literary greatness of the New." * * * As a specimen of the literary contents, we extract Whittier's "Yankee Zincali," regretting that our limits will not permit us to give more.—*Sheffield Free Press*, Dec. 30.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—"Welcome once more brave" Brother Jonathan—emblem of the great fact of the future, the Anglo-American alliance. May your "stars" cheer the dark night of European despotism, and your stripes fall on tyrants instead of *slaves!* The frontispiece representing the "Schuylkill Water-works at Philadelphia" is a beautiful steel engraving. One of the smartest things in the present number, though not the best, we guess, by a long chalk, is Sane's "Rhyme of the Rail."—*Sheffield Free Press*, Jan 10.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Last month we spoke favorably of this new candidate for popular favor, and we have now the December number before us, and see no reason to modify the favorable opinion we have given. The contributors are guarantees for the respectability of the publication and no doubt a bright future awaits it.—*Wakefield Journal.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE gives us its third part this month—a part which fully carries out the promises of its projectors. It is a clever, intellectual magazine, which deserves all the honor and patronage which, there can be no doubt, will be showered upon it. It is no slight satisfaction to us to observe that the opinion we ventured to give of this periodical at the outset has been but the opinion of vast portions of the metropolitan and provincial press.—*Nottingham Guardian.*

Howard Paul's AMERICAN MAGAZINE has achieved a high success, as we thought it would, and predicted it would, nor will that success exceed its merits, however great it may be.—*Bradford Observer.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This periodical, lately called into being as a result of the brotherhood of nations, ratified and sealed by the Great Industrial Exhibition, keeps up its character as a journal of the current writings of eminent literati of America. The names of Longfellow, Mrs. Sigourney, and N. P. Willis—whose pens enrich the pages of this journal—give to it a sterling value.—*Lynn Advertiser.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The first number of a new serial bearing the above title has just come under our notice, and from the dazzling array of authors, high in repute, and of established literary merit among our trans-Atlantic brethren, we cannot but auger well of its talent, whatever question among the innumerable periodicals of the day may arise as to its probability of success. It has one great recommendation, it is not fragmental as many of our cheap publications are; every number is complete in itself, and we are not annoyed when we arrive at an especial point, by the vexatious *to be continued*. The work is embellished with a beautiful steel engraving, and a wood cut of the schooner America. It is got up very elegantly, the exterior being as attractive as the interior is talented.—*Port of Portsmouth Guardian.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—As might not unreasonably have been expected, our descendants across the Atlantic have hitherto drawn mostly upon Old England for their literature, reproducing it at a cheap price, and extending its circulation far and wide amongst the many millions of the people with whom the prosperous States are now teeming. Events have lately happened in England to induce us to take a more kindly interest in each other, and "Brother Jonathan" has given us two memorable proofs that he is not to be despised either for his invention, as in the case of the America, or his ingenuity, as in the case of the lock-picking business. He has also shown that in patriotic feeling, and the intensity of his affection for high-souled aspirations, his heart beats soundly, as in the case of the Hungarian refugees, and the memorable regard that has been evinced for Kossuth,—and we are not without hope that in a very few years we shall see a noble spirit prevailing with regard to the greatest blot on the American escutcheon—the great question of slavery itself. Nothing we are sure is more calculated to produce this than a cultivation of a friendly feeling between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, and while we are told that there are so many as six eclectic periodicals published in America, composed *entirely* of the literature of Great Britain, all of which command a wide circulation, there has hitherto been no literary medium in London devoted to American interests. This the present work proposes to supply, and, if we may judge by the part before us, both by the typographical execution, and its literary merit, it will prove in all respects a credit to America, and be the means of enlarging extensively a knowledge of some of the very beautiful productions of the authors of that country, some of whom have already obtained the highest character for their literary merit. The October number contains articles from the pens of some of the most eminent of the prose and poetical writers of America, including Webster, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Poe, and Mrs. Sigourney. We give our trans-Atlantic friend a cordial greeting, and trust that he will become a permanent and interesting resident amongst us.—*Plymouth Journal.*

This miscellany, though printed in London, is entirely American—its pages being devoted to the literature and other matters connected with our trans-Atlantic brethren, and presents much instructive matter.—*Plymouth Herald.*

We have perused the *American Magazine* with great pleasure and predict for it that success which it in every way deserves.—*Waterford Mail.*

No. III. of the *American Magazine* is illustrated with a fine steel engraving of Boston and Bunker Hill, and the contributions are varied and instructive.—*Glasgow Saturday Post.*

Brother Jonathan here comes out brightly with stars and stripes. The magazine, which is in size and form similar to the cheap monthlies, contains a fine engraving of the principal front of the Capitol at Washington. One of the peculiarities of the magazine is, that every article is complete in one number, and there is of course no continuations. The articles in the present number are nearly all written by well-known authors. We observe the names of Daniel Webster, Henry Longfellow, R. W. Emerson, Mrs. Sigourney, &c., are among the contributors to this part. We hope to be able to review the articles at greater length in another number, but meantime we have no hesitation in saying that the part before us displays a great amount of talent of a high order. It is beautifully got up, and will no doubt have an extensive circulation in the Old and New Worlds.—*Glasgow Examiner.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The literature of America is but little known in England, save through the pens of Washington Irving, the late Fenimore Cooper, and Longfellow. It has been presumed that America has no other literature but that which she filches, heavy and light, from England. This is not the case. It is true, Brother Jonathan is "about early;" he knows what is good, and is never loth to obtain it whenever he can, as quickly as he can, come it in what shape it may. He has a ready appreciation for the excellent in literature and fine arts, and he will have them, whether raised in a foreign clime or in his own. But this very appreciation of merit gives birth to a number of writers in his own land, who are not only capable of estimating, but of producing; thus American periodical literature abounds in productions very little, if at all inferior to those emanating from the pens and brains of our own light writers. The names, in addition to those we have mentioned, of Cullen Bryant, Haliburton (*Sam Slick*), Poe, Emerson, Willis, Hawthorne, Taylor, Elihu Burritt, Morris, Mrs. Sigourney, Fanny Forester, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Osgood, Grace Greenwood, Alice Neal, &c., are well known in the United States as the authors of very charming tales, essays, and poems, which, if known here, would be read with avidity, and create a much higher standard than has been awarded to American literature. Impressed with this fact, Mr. Henry Howard Paul has, aided by an indefatigable publisher, started the *American Magazine*. It was natural that we should look with some curiosity to see the result of an undertaking so interesting, and so well deserving of support, and we were gratified to find that the editor had executed his task with a skill and ability which reflects credit on his judgment and taste. Many of the names, deservedly high in reputation, stand forward prominently as authors of articles of the most interesting kind. Tales, essays, and poems are given, highly worthy specimens of trans-Atlantic literature; and the very important feature may be added, that there is nothing offensive to morality, or to even a fastidious taste, displayed in any one article that has appeared. The *American Magazine* is interesting in its purpose, excellently well edited, and should grace—as an example of the literature of the sons of our forefathers, dwelling in a far land—our library shelves.—*London; Home Circle.*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, lately started in London for the purpose of presenting to the English people the choicest productions of American writers—in fact, to do for our authors what *Littell's Living Age* does for theirs—has made a palpable hit. The surest proof that a periodical is making its mark, is the extent to which its matter is copied into other periodicals. An *extract* is a compliment paid by the best judge of what the public taste demands. We conclude, therefore, from the frequent use made of what appears in the *American Magazine*, by English papers, that it has only to continue as it has begun, to achieve a signal and lasting success.—*New York Home Journal.*